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THE GAVEL:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO

ODD FELLOWSHIP & GENERAL LITERATURE.

Rev. C. C. BURR and JOHN TANNER, Editors.

VOLUME I.

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1845.

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The Lithograph in the October No. should be bound in the first of the Volume. Also the last four pages of this number.



Yours in F. L & J

Asbury Brown

THE GAVEL.

JOHN TANNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, SEPTEMBER, 1844.

NO. 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER ONE.

GRAND REPRESENTATIVE A. HEYER BROWN.

THERE are those in every community who, in the sphere in which they act, sustain a character of prominence, and are usually designated as the active or working men of the institution to which they become devoted ; and should a stranger inquire for some one as a likely person to give information concerning it, in any connection, the answer is the naming of the individual whom most have seen sustaining that institution inquired for. Such has been the character of Grand Representative Brown, the subject of this sketch.

He was initiated into the Order March 28th, 1837, at the formation of Firemen's Lodge, No. 19, of which he has since continued a member. He was at once appointed to some minor office, and on the 29th of June following was elected V. G., and has never from that time been without some office, either by the partiality of his own Lodge or by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State.

Such continued confidence could only be gained by close attention to, and a judicious administration of, the various trusts reposed in him. In August of 1839 he was elected D. G. M. by the Grand Lodge of this State, which office he declined. He was thereupon re-appointed D. D. G. M. of the district of Albany and Rensselaer counties, which office he had held during the preceding year, and which situation he continued to hold in succession for four years. During his time as D. D. G. M. he organized and presented charters to Franklin Lodge, No. 24, at Troy; Niagara Lodge, No. 25, at Buffalo; Trojan Lodge, No. 27, at Troy; Star Lodge, No. 29, at Lansingburgh; American Lodge, No. 32, and Phoenix Lodge, No. 41, of Albany; and Watervliet Lodge, No. 38, at West Troy—and assisted Grand Master Kennedy to organize and open the Grand Lodge of Connecticut. He was also a petitioner for the charter of En-hakkore Encampment of Patriarchs at Albany, and was elected the first C. P.

The time, attention and expense necessarily required to accomplish so much, has been no obstacle with him, but has been cheerfully bestowed; and this it is that has directed observation so much to him by the members of the Order in this state. Always prompt, efficient and decided, he was known to be reliable in any emergency; and added to

these such other essential qualifications as an intimate acquaintance with the work of the Order, and an intellect well stored with the general knowledge of men and things, agreeable manners, happy in conversation, and it will be conceded at once that his honors were no accidental accumulation. They have all been bestowed as the meed due to ability and integrity.

On the 6th of June, 1843, by Special Dispensation, he organized and opened Onondaga Lodge, at Syracuse, and in March of the current year, by Special Dispensation from the Grand Sire, he proceeded to Montreal, Canada East, and instructed the petitioners for Hochelaga Encampment at that place. He also organized and presented the dispensation for Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 3, at St. John's, Canada East.

It is gratifying to contemplate the success of our beloved Order in its rapid advancement throughout the country, and in that contemplation the persevering friends who sustained its cause, through all the obstacles that present themselves before any institution, and particularly such as have risen up to face ours from its very commencement in this state, the friends who have contributed so much to its advancement both in its extent and in its usefulness should not be forgotten, but standing at once pillars and ornaments of the fabric should be beheld and respected with it.

A just appreciation of his services by the Grand Lodge of this State, procured his election as Grand Representative from that body to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, and his performance of the duties pertaining to that trust were creditable to the Representative and to the state. His general knowledge of the Order, in its extent and detail both in this country and in England, peculiarly fitted him to enter upon those duties without waiting for the experience to be forced upon him which only fits most legislators for the places to which they have been elected.

Numerous testimonials of respect from different bodies of the Order have been voted him. Among them perhaps the most honorable, because coming from those with whom he was the most intimate—those who would appreciate his services and private character at their true worth, was the presentation of a beautiful gold medal, by his Lodge, in 1841.

Bro. Brown is still a young man, and with his devotion to the cause, and his abilities to act creditably any part conferred on him, we trust his laurels have not yet been completed, nor the star of his usefulness yet reached its zenith.

LECTURE.

BY BROTHER L. VAN WIE.

BEFORE THE I. O. O. F. OF THE CITY OF ALBANY.

BROTHERS—I am considerable of a matter of fact man, am pleased to understand that which may be understood, and for all else do not give myself much trouble. I have had my days of high imaginings and enthusiastic notions, but experience and reason, as well as necessity, have taught me to try to think soberly and with cautious regard to things which are.

In appearing before you this evening, I do not flatter myself that I shall much instruct or enlighten you in reference to the features of the system in view of which our fraternity exists, nor shall I be able distinctly or strongly to point out to you its importance in a practical point of view—for I am as it were among you but of yesterday; but as I know, thus I judge. If I judge well, well; and if not, well. I give you the earliest impressions of a learner, and of one who is yet such.

Associations of the kind we suppose ours to be, and similar ones, have existed from time immemorial. What were the moving causes of their formation I cannot say, but I have often indulged the belief, and even now adhere to it as a pleasing possibility, that in ancient times the men thus associated were master minds in their particular profession, and suspect that the symbols yet remaining among associations kindred to our own, might lead us to a solution of the otherwise difficult problem.

They were no common men who planned and executed, and theirs' no common minds that conceived the noble structures, the glorious temples of antiquity, the remnants of which, though in ruins, even now excite feelings of awe, admiration and wonder, in the minds of all who behold them, standing in all their vast magnitude and ruined splendor; monuments of an age long past; and to which in conception or execution, modern times furnish no parallels, though possessed of the plan and specimen.

To this association of mind I attribute the wonderful knowledge evident in such structures.

But in our Order, as now, in that no reference is had to the calling of an individual as a mark of fitness to enter the Order, it is rather the representative of principles, the reception of which generally would tend to render earth a paradise, and *restore* to man the lost image of his Creator and Beneficent Author.

The aim of the institution of Odd Fellowship is not impracticable, nor does it require us to cast aside our hold on earth, to deny our earthly nature, or to reach at things and thoughts above our comprehension, or to fall down and worship an enigma, and give implicit confidence to assertion in proportion as it surpasses our comprehension. It is strictly rational and eminently practical; of use throughout the civilized world, and by its signs we are enabled at once to recognize a friend and a brother in one to whom we should be unable to commu-

nicate by word of mouth. It requires no unattainable perfection, but its requisites are of men and as of brothers.

We are a band of brothers combined, not for the purpose of denying to others the diffusion of light and knowledge, but to preserve inviolate and remote from imposition and fraud those principles which we have avowed our willingness and intention to cherish and sustain. Fraud and deceit are the most fruitful as well as the most commonly resorted to modes for successful imposition, and many are the hearts of charity and kindness, which have been steeled to the cries of humanity, and have denied the needed pittance to suffering men and brothers, because previous imposition had taught a stern discrimination to judge harshly of the unfortunate one. Thus we are taught the necessity as well as the wisdom of some test by which to judge the claim of those who demand our aid as brothers of the mystic tie, and which we cannot consistently deny while ability remains to us and the social virtues of Odd Fellowship receive our regard.

The armour of our brotherhood is easily described, and none are so weak but they may wear it. It needs no long trial of patience, strength and self-denial, but from all these it removes the sting and the consequent weakness of over exertion, and these, my brothers, are too generally, heavily taxed among the self-styled chosen of this world as the condition on which the bestowal of any good thing is based; but we Odd Fellows, are men with small claim to God-like nature, or superiority in those heavenly graces which so usually lead men to show the demon that possesses them, when in the enjoyment of a short lived power. We are *not* such, we claim and we strenuously insist upon the claim, that we are mere men, and in view of the duties we owe our God, our country, our neighbor, and ourselves, we insist upon the exercise of those feelings which render sacred the bonds of society, and give a zest and a pleasure to all its enjoyments. We ask no dominion over mind; we do not deal in souls, nor do we expect to make a profit from our connection with the good work of alleviating the distress of our brothers, administering to the wants of a widowed wife, or orphans unfriended, unpitied and alone, amidst the much show of doing great things and mighty, merely from a love to God—what we do, is because we love man, and reverence and love God for his attributes of love and mercy, the exercise of which we expect some day to need, as imperfect and dependent creatures.

As men, we are brothers bound firm in covenant of friendship, love and truth. Our friendship is not an indiscriminate preference, and without regard to merit. We love those who love us and our principles, who will act up to them, and show the world through all the path of life, the fearless demeanor and the well based fortitude of an honest man and a good Odd Fellow.

It is not the fortitude which arises from a disregard of public opinion or a defiance of the world's prejudices which should commend itself to us, but we should be anxious to cultivate those principles, and be actuated by those motives which have ever received the praise and the commendation of good men. We never trouble ourselves with discussing the relative merits of creeds or forms of belief as modes of

attaining the favor of God, but we hope to deserve the approving commendation of a God loving mercy, by works of kindness, love and charity—believing, that in doing all the good we can, we shall most assuredly do well, act as men, and take from the path of life the cruellest thorns of wrath and wrong.

These are not the only ends sought to be attained in our Order, although in themselves, if no other could be attained, they are worthy, and should commend it to the good opinion and warm approbation of every man possessed of a proper degree of self-respect and self-love; these are considerations which concern all, and come directly home to every man's business and bosom.

To-morrow is in the dark womb of an unknown and unfathomable futurity, and it may separate us from some tie on earth, which has to this hour served to render life a blessing and a boon, and we may then be left as a tree in the midst of surrounding desolation, with none to love, without a sympathising brother or mate; and though we bear fruit, or blossom as the rose, there may be none to partake of our sweetness, and none to be pleased with our odour, or in the midst of energy and activity, we may become listless, inactive and indifferent to the glorious beams of the genial and enlivening sun, the soft rays of the modest and loving moon, and even the starlit heavens be as though they were not for us; and then we may question ourselves, why all this darkness? Why is suffered to come between us and the beauties of God's universe this dark, crushing and blasting cloud of despondency, indifference and despair? 'tis this, we never sought and therefore never found a friend. We have perhaps stifled our love, and with it crushed our hopes, crucified our whole soul, and brought on it in life, the pain of a dark and agonizing death. This, my brothers, is no fancy picture; experience guides the pencil, and knowledge gives the coloring. The affections and sympathies of our nature belong to and are a part of our enjoyment, and if not cultivated become dry, sterile and blasted.

If we suppress the throbbing heart of love, check the warm sympathy and the tear of benevolence, we destroy our inmost soul, and seethe and blast as it were, in its own product, the source of all enjoyment.

I have, if these positions be true, shown that our own welfare is consulted by fondly regarding those subjects which our affections and sympathies lead us to love or prefer, and thus, that kindness and love, like virtue, are their own great rewards, bringing peace, content and enjoyment in their highest degree. From these considerations I am led to believe, that in friendship are the highest prospects the world holds out to man.

But what may not be said of love? that last remnant of man's lost inheritance—an earthly paradise; what has it not consented to bear and suffer to alleviate the miseries of life, to smooth the pillow of death, and give to despairing humanity the hope of future bliss? Man cannot conceive, nor language express, the height, the depth and weight of that misery, which infinite kindness bore for love of us. And shall not we love our brothers, when we may thus give light, and beauty,

and order, to the soul previously dark, deformed, and bound in slavish fears.

In every view of our duty as Odd Fellows, we are bound to fidelity and truth; as men, individually, we owe little to the world or the world's worshippers; they have their reward; they have slaved and sought, and not in vain, and now are enabled to forget their duty to their fellow men; and have sat down content, while many, immeasurably their superiors in every thing which adorns the character of men, are neglected and insulted with degradation and contumely; or perhaps not merely thus, rank injustice and the fraud the powerful approve, may have made the one, and ruined the other; yet all is well, and successful fraud sanctions the means.

A brother's aid may then be needed, and in many cases safely given, to rescue another from the fangs of such a harpy; whether it be the genteel speculator or the professed sharper, with whom we have to deal; society abounds with such men, and instances of the kind are too common to need proof.

It was aptly and truly said by one who never speaks in vain, "To thine own self be true, and it doth follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." The way to be true to ourselves and our brothers, is open and plain, to Odd Fellows most especially; our association is bound with covenant bands, and words of vast import, pregnant with man's true welfare, and if we act, as act we should, the open part of true men and good Odd Fellows, we shall never have cause to regret our association, nor regard as just, one accusation that railing ignorance may bring against us. The greatest benefactors of mankind have had their enemies, and we have ours—but it matters little so long as we know and are persuaded that our course is correct, and we have nought to reproach ourselves with.

It is objected to our order that it is a secret society, and this objection is perhaps most commonly urged by those who have no secrets; men who do their alms to be seen of others, and blow loud and long blasts, in trumpet tongued tones, to let others know they are now conferring favors; who talk much of charity, but confine it to donations made to believers within the circle of their own limited and exclusive connection; and these are they who judge most harshly those of whom in the nature of things they know least.

Again, it is objected that we have our secrets, signs, tokens, &c., but this objection as coming from most of our opponents, is surely most senseless, and only reflects on their want of judgment, the maliciousness of their ignorance, and proves the baseless censure they are prone to indulge in.

Let us for a moment compare the assertions of these men with their practice. They are generally the firmest and most intolerant believers in the genuiness, credibility and authenticity, of those most symbolical of all *symbolical* writings, the prophetic parts of the Old Testament Scriptures; and judging from what is open to the judgment of all, I assert that the perfection of prophetic inspiration, seems to have been attained rather in the use of symbolical expressions, than in the intelligibility of the facts asserted, considered by those men, nevertheless, as revelations.

of events with which the future was pregnant; yet such are the men who most usually object to our Order, that in its general organization and system, symbols are resorted to, to hide the truth and to keep hidden under a bushel the light we possess. But partial views of truth, ever originate injustice, and consistency is a jewel of too pure a water for such to be possessed of. They must be better before they can be wiser men.

But they have within the range of their own received sources of wisdom, parallels to this mode of symbolizing, and the benefit we expect to receive, is thus held out to them, if they will attempt to lay hold on it.

I am persuaded that this is a mode strictly accordant to the most profound views of the human mind, and has a strong resemblance to the most enthusiastic representations made of the dealings of God, with those most favored with his mercy and kindness; for illustration I refer you to the New Testament dispensation, wherein it is stated, that such as above spoken of "shall receive a white stone, whereon is a name engraved, which no man knoweth save him to whom it is given;" and again it is said, "I will give him the bright and the morning star."

This resemblance, I do not pretend to account for, not being learned in the antiquity of the Order, nor conversant with the circumstances under which it had its rise, as a practical association of brotherhood; but at all events, in this case, as in that, I am persuaded that the enjoyment and pleasure of the individual receiving it will be advanced. Practical necessity, as well as experience, conclusively prove, that men must have something to keep; and surely, secrets of the kind we have, though benefiting ourselves, can never harm those who are ignorant of them, while the best evidence of our fitness to receive and enjoy further benefits, and to administer to the enjoyments of others, our brothers, exists in the determination we shew, to retain the secrets committed to our keeping.

We, by our forms, are taught due respect to superiors, and this is reasonable and becoming. It tends to cultivate the finer feelings of our nature, to strengthen our self-respect, and to confirm us in the necessity of order, decorum and kindness, in the maintenance of harmony in the family to which we as Odd Fellows belong.

These are conducive in more than one respect to our own enjoyment, as they remove causes of anger, heat and strife, and give general satisfaction, while thus we preserve our mind in that state which enables us to judge aright and act wisely.

The various symbols and signs which we have, are not unmeaning; they point to facts in the history of ages past, and have a bearing full of important truth on the welfare of every member of the order. They extend further, they are facts which now exist, and truths which are active, though the ignorant acknowledge them not, and the self-styled enlightened give them no reception; they are facts which will exist long after those who refuse to receive them cease to be.

Insight into the principles and tokens of our Order, will bring to the level of reality, many portions of Scripture which are usually painful

to contemplate, from their remoteness to our nature, and the unattainable perfection attached to them by the high and undefinable reachings of an unbridled imagination.

There is, my brothers, in this world an inexhaustible fund of ignorance and superstition, and its chief power, consists in the mastery given to imagination over reason. This has tended more to confuse and confound the human mind, than all the difficulties which attach to an understanding of truth and justice, or religion, in its highest and noblest sense.

The requisitions of a system which always keep us straining after a perfection wholly unattainable, and impracticable in view of our earthly connections, have only served to keep men suspended between heaven and earth, dangling in air, and catching at shadows, while the substance neglected, loses its fitness for enjoyment, and men have ceased to be manly in denying their nature.

Not so with the truths we love and the principles to which we have given our adherence; they are practical, and pursued as they may be, I trust will make us wiser and better men. How well fitted to impress on our minds the instability and passing splendor of earth's enjoyments, are the lessons taught us at our initiation, and how necessary the caution we receive, that we should quit us like men, with fortitude amidst all the vicissitudes and changing scenes of life. These are sermons which need no commentary, and pictures of reality, which all may hear, see and understand.

How like good friends and true lovers of our welfare speak our officers; and when we avow our obedience to, and promise to these a secret service in Odd Fellowship, we but consult our own true good. He that is faithful in these things will receive the more, over which he may exercise the same prudent caution, and is now serving an apprenticeship to his future prosperity.

Thus viewed, our association is a great good; and I have no doubt, if wisely and honestly pursued, it will tend to strengthen and invigorate the mind, to render it stable, fixed, equable, and energetic, and thus add years to life, and to the strength and enjoyment of those who strive to appreciate its benefits by a firm adherence to its requirements.

Its moral precepts, contemplate the welfare and respectability of every brother, as through them it will deserve respect, as an independent order, while its requisitions in this respect are such that no brother, who regards his own welfare, can think of them but with pleasure, as he congratulates himself in the thought, that there are many men and true, who have given their allegiance to those principles, and solemnly and seriously, promised to uphold, abide by, and maintain them, so that living or dying they live in and die with them.

Excess is pointed out as a vice to be shunned, and as a cause of inability to fulfil the various duties resting on men, as members of society, and as holding the various relations of sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers.

In reference to higher and brighter destinies, its principles teach us to hope for an entrance into the Lodge of the Great Grand Master of the Universe, and require us to take heed to our ways, if we wish to pre-

serve any part of the bright impress of that seal of the Grand Master above, which distinguishes us as men and rational beings, and shews our right to admittance in that lodge when the portals of earthly lodges shall cease to resound to our enter sign, and earthly pass words be of no avail.

As Odd Fellows, we know no distinctions in religious sentiments; but all are at liberty to make what professions they please, while the endless discord of religious disputation, is not, and it never should be, allowed to mar the harmony of our brotherhood. By pursuing this course, we shun the causes which have drawn so strong lines among men, and of nations and people of the same tongue, made the most cruel and unrelenting enemies.

From the earliest ages of antiquity, partial interests and clashing opinions, have served to keep the world in a ferment, and while these have claimed and too generally received, the exclusive regard of mankind, the principles of truth and fidelity, humanity and honor, have been neglected, and outraged, by the wily few, ever ready to take advantage of the remissness of the confiding many, and to bind in chains of darkness and ignorance, those who stood wondering at and admiring a power, which they alone had called into being; thus it ever is when men are false to themselves.

But if we stand firmly, based on truth, and bound by the ties of friendship, no scheme of falsehood or of fraud, can be successful against us; as well might the empire of night, at broad noon-day, attempt to regain her ascendancy, and clothe in darkness the beautiful earth, as fraud to vanquish truth.

From a beginning much less than that to which we, as an order have attained, systems have originated and flourished, which have revolutionized the earth; and if the increase and principles of our order be not great and ultimately triumphant, we shall have to reproach ourselves for want of active and energetic attention to their requirements.

The precepts of our order, teach aptly the practical duty of all good Odd Fellows towards the aged and infirm; and I venture to say that no brother present has ceased to remember with what alacrity and pleasure he extended his aid to help to his feet some aged and trembling form. It should be the general study of Odd Fellows to think of the feelings our forms and rites, while at work in the lodge, have a tendency to excite within them, and resolve to love and practice such, for their own sakes. They are the dictates of our inmost nature: soul-revelations, not shrouded in mystery, or clothed in symbolical expressions; they are the best prophecies of our future welfare, and point us to the source and cause of all pure feeling. If we act out these feelings, under circumstances such as those which excite them, we shall never cease to be good Odd Fellows, the order never want honor of men, or those in her ranks who will adorn and ornament her precepts.

In thus acting we shall have unmixed pleasure, not only as the result of our kindness, but from the knowledge that we are enabling others to be pleased and happy. Life will wear away as the God of nature designed, in ease, content, and peace; our sun go down in light, and our memory be clothed in a halo of grateful recollections.

THE PROMISE.

BY MISS M. STILES.

It was the midnight hour, but still was the sound of revelry heard in the proud halls of Clanmouth House. The splendid mansion of one of England's haughtiest nobles was in a blaze of light, and the good, the high born and beautiful, were there gathered to while away the passing hours. Lady Clanmouth, in all the pride of beauty and rank, was standing in a conspicuous situation, dispensing around her beaming smiles. Her daughter, with the signet of loveliness impressed upon a somewhat pensive brow, was beside her—and yet it seemed that Alice Clanmouth's thoughts were far away from the garish scene, for she was sunk in a deep and apparently painful reverie. A gay voice startled her,

"Come, Miss Clanmouth, do take compassion on me. I have been asking the favor this half hour."

"My dear Alice, where are your thoughts," said her mother; "do you not see Lord Glenborne; pray oblige him, my love."

Alice suffered the young noble to lead her to the dance—but ere she had trod one gay measure, a servant hastily entered, and presented her a note. She glanced at the writing, and, hastily breaking the seal, read one line. She became very pale. "Excuse me, my Lord," said she, and with a quick step left the ball room.

In the same street, and but a door or two from Clanmouth House, was another mansion equally splendid and aristocratical; but it was shrouded in deep gloom. In one gorgeous and stately chamber, Mrs. Tracy, the mistress of all this splendor, lay upon her death bed. Pale and emaciated as she was, there yet lingered on her face the remains of great beauty. Servants were gathered round that couch with looks of deep grief, for dearly they loved her who had been gentle and kind to all. But was there no kindred hand to wipe the death-damps from the sufferer's brow? No kindred voice to whisper hope to the fainting soul? There was none. She had come from the bright Italian land, to dwell far from them in her husband's house. He had died and left her alone with two sweet children, on whom she had poured out all the overflowing love of her warm heart. Her son, a gifted being, had been for two years past with her aged father, and her decline had been so rapid, that the news had not reached him, as they supposed. At the foot of the bed knelt her daughter, a child of ten years old, with her fair ringlets shading her face which was laid on the bed, where she had sobbed herself to sleep, overcome with the first strange grief of childhood. The door softly opened—a light step approached the bed, and Alice Clanmouth clad in her festal robes, was by the sufferer's side. A radiant smile broke over that pale face. Her voice, thrilling and sweet, broke the deep stillness:

"My Alice, oh! this is kind indeed."

"Dear, dear, Mrs. Tracy!" exclaimed the now weeping girl, "Why did you not let me know before, that you were more ill?" and she held a reviving cordial to the pale lip, and kissed the wasted cheek, now deathlike in its color."

Mrs. Tracy raised her head, and resting it upon Alice's bosom, spoke in a low, faint tone, "The sands are almost run out, Alice. Would I could see my boy but once again! But His will be done!" she murmured, raising her eyes to heaven; then, gathering all her strength, she said, "Alice, my sweet Alice, let me say all I would, whilst time is given me on earth. You love my Walter, and I firmly believe that you have ever been the idol of his youthful dreams; but Alice, gifted, and winning as I know he is, there has often a misgiving come over my fearful heart. I fear, from his last letters to me, that the world has held forth too fascinating a draught to his lip; that the cup has been wreathed with flowers, and he has quaffed it, unmindful of the poison within. Alice, I fear he has forsaken his God, Oh! you know not the agony that has bowed down my spirit, when this thought came over me." Overpowered by her feelings she sank back on the pillow. Pale as marble, but with a hand that trembled not, Alice Clanmouth, bathed her brow, and turning out some drops that stood by the bedside, persuaded her to swallow them. Again she roused herself, and with startling energy grasped the arm of the fair girl, whilst her glaring eye was fixed full on her face. "Alice promise me, now on my dying bed, never to forsake Walter; to try, when all others cast him off, to win him back to heaven." And Alice Clanmouth in the deep stillness of that hushed sound, made that solemn promise, and the mother's blessing was the last word that met her ear. Mrs. Tracy sunk into a deep sleep, and the faint light of the sick chamber made her countenance seem so ghastly that Alice felt her fortitude forsaking her. She had sent the little Udora from the room, in charge of the nurse, and was now alone with the dying. She bent above her, and watched the deep shadows stealing over a face, made perfect in its beauty. She hastily wrote on a slip of paper, and stepping lightly into the ante-room, gave it to one of the servants, and again resumed her place by the couch.

Lady Clanmouth's last guest was departing, and wearied with the evening's revelry, she flung herself upon an ottoman, musing upon Alice's continued absence, for she well knew that it was to Mrs. Tracy's she had gone. An hour passed on, and she was beginning to feel alarmed, when her husband entered.

"Here is a line from Alice Fanny. She begs us to come to her, as Mrs. Tracy is dying, and Walter has not returned. My sweet child! she will need our support in such a scene, for she will not leave her."

Wearied as she was, the lady immediately rose. "So ill! I knew it not—or my place should have been by her side, instead of this scene of mirth. Come, let us go to Alice."

The first gleam of the rising sun crept into the sick room, when those who had kept a sad vigil by Mrs. Tracy's couch, saw that the spirit was freed from its earthly tenement. A smile was still upon the lip, and without one struggle that sleep had become an everlasting one. Overcome by the scene and sad forebodings of her own heart, Alice dropped senseless beside the dead, and was borne by her father from the room. Lady Clanmouth drew the weeping Udora into ano-

ther apartment, striving with the tenderness of a mother to soothe her childish griefs, whilst the last sad duties were performed.

Days passed on, and then the gathering sound of many feet was heard in the dwelling of Mrs. Tracy. The plumed hearse was at the door and the long line of carriages, with all the form and splendor with which the motionless form was to be carried to its last resting place. The family vault was in T——, about a half day's journey from London, and the funeral train, moved slowly down the wide street and disappeared. The sun was just sinking when the touching service of the Church of England was read over the cold remains of one who had been well loved. Her tenantry, each with some badge of mourning, bore upon their countenances, the traces of grief for the mistress who had so often sympathized with them in their joys and sorrows. The old pastor of the village church had just commenced the solemn words "dust shall return to dust," when there was a commotion amongst the crowd, and a young man, of noble port and bearing, but travel-soiled and agitated, his dress bearing marks of negligence and haste, rushed forward. "Walter Tracy!" passed from lip to lip, coupled with some epithet of pity. He caught a view of the coffin, with its velvet pall, and throwing himself upon it, called wildly upon the name of his mother, until Lord Clanmouth advanced, and forced him from the scene. Then the final words were spoken, and the coffin of Mrs. Tracy lowered into the vault of her husband's ancestors.

Again it was the sunset hour. In a room, that Mrs. Tracy had always appropriated to receiving those whom she held most dear, where she could throw off the ceremony and state with which her rank invested her, now knelt her son—a sense of utter loneliness, bearing down his proud spirit; a picture of his mother hung above, and around were all the mementos of earlier days. All the treasured memories of his childhood, when he was a sinless boy, came back upon his heart. He felt that he brought not back with him the purity of old, that he had gone forth into the world, and that its breath had left its taint upon his brow, and laying his head upon his mother's chair, where he had often knelt at his evening prayer, he gave way to all his gushing grief. A light touch on the arm caused him to raise it, and Alice Clanmouth was before him. He clasped her hand, but did not speak. She knelt beside him.

"Walter! dear Walter, cannot you pray! there is One above who can shed healing balm upon the wounded spirit, and bind the broken heart."

A deep flush passed over his face, and there was evidently a struggle in his mind. He raised himself to his full height, and in a moment, restored to calmness and composure, answered somewhat proudly, "Alice! I know my mother is removed from the trials of earth; therefore, let us not mourn her."

There was something in his look and tone, that fell coldly on her heart—and she felt as if the star of her destiny was about to be overshadowed in gloom.

A year had gone by, and Walter Tracy had courted pleasure in all its varying forms. There was a coldness in his smile, a sneer ever

upon his lip, when he was called upon to mingle with the great and good, who had been the chosen friends of his parents. Even towards Alice, his own Alice, there was a change in his manner—a restraint—as if he were afraid she could read the depths of his soul. His seat at the board of Lord Clanmouth was often empty, and his place in the House of God always vacant.

The family of Lord Clanmouth, were at their country seat in —, and Walter had promised to follow in a few days; Udora Tracy had been committed to their guardianship, and was now an inmate of their dwelling. There was a peculiar sweetness in her disposition, that won all hearts—and to Alice, especially, she clung with trusting love.

Alice was an early riser, and had wandered forth alone. There was a freshness in the morning air; a beauty in the scene—that held her entranced. The breeze became freighted with the fragrance of early flowers, and the sunlight made the dew-drops that yet glittered upon them to seem as the silver veil of the fairies; and the heart of the beautiful girl glowed with gratitude to Him, who gives to earth's places the mantle of beauty. A small river wound through her father's grounds, and seeing specimens of a rare plant on its banks, she stopped to gather it for her mother. Her hat was thrown back and her cheek flushed with exercise as she bent intently over it. A step startled her, and Lord Glenborne, springing from his concealment, was at her side.

"Lord Glenborne! How you surprised me!" was her involuntary exclamation. Then seeing him agitated and serious, she exclaimed, "But tell me why my gay friend wears this unwonted expression? Ronald Glenborne always rides a full tilt against Monsieur Melancholy."

"Alice, I came not here to jest. I have known you from your earliest childhood, and am too deeply interested in your happiness not to warn you of your danger. You will soon be the wedded wife of Walter Tracy; but, Alice, do you know him to be the devotee of pleasure—an apostate from his God?"

Alice Clanmouth, pale as death, sunk upon the turf. She could not refute that dark saying, and covering her face, she wept in bitterness of spirit. She had feared it—and now that the lips that knew not falsehood had spoken the words, she felt the ban was indeed upon the soul of her betrothed. Lord Glenborne stood near, with a countenance upon which distress was strongly depicted.

"Alice," said he, gently taking her hand, "will you thus cast away your happiness? Will you wed one who must be an alien from all that you hold sacred and dear? I myself heard Tracy defend his infidel principles, even in an assembly of his former friends. Alice, my sweet Alice, I have never spoken to you of my deep and my passionate love; but break this ill-omened engagement, and your path shall soon be in sunny places. He is unworthy of you."

Alice rose with the dignity of a high-minded woman.

"Lord Glenborne, in consideration of our early friendship I have listened to you, and though I must believe your assertions, yet if you

would but preserve that friendship, breathe not again of love. My lot is cast with his—and, come weal or come woe, I shall have strength to meet it. And," she added, falteringly, "I may yet win him to heaven."

The young Noble turned away, feeling a foreboding, that she had sealed a sorrowful destiny.

Lady Clanmouth sat alone with her daughter in the calm stillness of a summer evening—the moonlight rested as a bright veil on earth, and fell as softly upon the tear-bedewed face of Alice, as if there was no sorrow in that young heart; she was clasped in her mother's arms, and she clung to her as if loth to leave the resting place of her childhood. For a long time there was a deep silence, and then that proud lady, even amidst the blinding tears with which she bent to kiss her beautiful child, murmured—

"Oh! dearest, how can I part from thee! How will my heart pine for the voice of my beloved, and the sweet face that has ever smiled upon us. Oh! Alice! Alice! would that Walter Tracy was more like thee! But to-morrow is your bridal, and your mother will give you to him whose love is yet untried, without a tear; yet, my sweet child, in hours of trial or grief, remember that your mother feels for, and sympathizes with you."

Alice dried her tears, and raising herself from Lady Clanmouth's breast, smiled sadly.

"Mother! I have heard tell of the happiness of the young bride, and the fair wreath that her fancy always weaves. Such are not my dreams, dear mother. I know there is a mission before me—a high and holy one—and by my solemn promise to the dying, and the deep love of my earlier years I will fulfil it! And now, mother, bless your child in this last hour of unreserved confidence, and forgive her if she has ever wilfully given thee a pang."

And the mother did bless her as she knelt before her in her purity, and put up a prayer for her happiness.

Walter Tracy and Alice Clanmouth were wedded. The bells rung out their merriest peals, and there was feasting and revelry in the stately halls of Clanmouth Castle. All deemed that the young bride was happy, and her lover's voice

"deep, gentle and low,
Vowed to protect her thro' weal and thro' woe."

And he, too, deemed that he should never give her brow a shade or her heart a wound.

A year rolled by and leant upon a couch and shaded by the heavy crimson draperies of the window, was the young wife of Walter Tracy. There were the traces of suffering upon her lovely brow, as she was sunk in a deep reverie. The gleam of many lights in the sick apartment served but to make its loneliness more visible. Her own attendant, who had been with her from childhood and accompanied her to her husband's home, entered, and with the privilege of an old domestic, drew near her mistress.

"It is very late, my lady, and you are feeble to-day. Do try and go to rest—my master will not be home to-night."

"No, Lucy, my good girl, I cannot rest. But do you go—I shall not want you to-night, and old Pascal will sit up for Mr. Tracy."

"No, no! my lady, I will not leave you. Do let me remain this once?"

And the affectionate girl persuaded her mistress to take some refreshment, which she did to oblige her, and then retired to a small room adjoining, that she might not appear to watch Mrs. Tracy. Night waned, and Mrs. Tracy had obtained one moment's forgetfulness in a slight sleep, when she was startled by her husband's loud knock. She turned pale as he entered.

There was a change upon the once open brow of Walter Tracy, and his countenance had a dark and gloomy expression. He drew near his wife and gazed upon her sad pale face.

"Methinks that you have grown somewhat cold in the reception of your husband, Madam," said he bitterly. "This melancholy face, which you always wear in my presence, seems as if intended as a reproach to me, because forsooth I am driven from my own home to more congenial scenes. I would gladly take you with me, but you do not choose to go."

Alice covered her eyes, a moment, and then looking full at her husband, said, mildly—

"Walter, there was an hour when you would have left the gayest scenes for my society. You know well that your wife should not be seen in the haunts of pleasure that you frequent; and if our house is not gay, is it not because your absence will not allow me to draw around me my early friends, lest they should see my husband's neglect? No, Walter, unkind as you have been, still I would guard you from censure. Walter Tracy, in the silence of the midnight hour I have knelt and prayed the Holy One above to turn you from the path of sin." And rising, she knelt at his feet, looking so angelic in her innocent purity that even her husband's callous heart was touched. "Walter, when I watched beside your dying mother, I promised never to forsake you, and by that mother's sacred memory—by the prayer so often breathed at her knees—and all the sweet memories of your childhood, oh! turn from your course! turn to Him whom you have forsaken, and He will abundantly pardon."

In spite of himself, Walter was affected. He loved Alice, it is true, as far as one so perverted in feeling could love—but he was more fond of her surpassing beauty. He raised her in his arms, and soothed her with caresses until the fair girl's heart was comforted in the hope of winning again to the paths of peace the chosen of her youth. Alas! it was a delusive hope!

In one month Walter Tracy had lost at the gaming table the whole of his vast fortune, and had even the meanness to wrest from his young wife her jewels, and what gold she had in her own possession. He was a beggar, and the wide domains of his ancestors were given to the hammer. He quarrelled with one of his infidel associates, and a challenge was the consequence. He was dangerously wounded, and was conveyed to a lodging in a remote part of the city.

Extended upon a miserable bed, in a mean room was the once gift-

ed and noble Walter Tracy. Life hung by a thread—and his ravings were terrible to listen to. He called incessantly upon the name of his wife, unconscious that she, in her devoted love, was hovering over him. Beseeching her, in agonized accents, to pray for his soul, and then, whilst those round his bed, shuddered to see the strong man brought so low—he would weepingly deplore his apostacy and call upon the name of the Being he had so often outraged, and strive to repeat portions of his boyhood's prayers.

At the end of some days a change took place, and there were hopes of his recovery. His wound slowly healed, but ere another month unfavorable symptoms appeared, and the physicians declared him declining fast.

One evening, after laying some time in a quiet slumber, he called Alice to him. Her bright curls rested upon his cheek, and he drew her to him and kissed her fervently. Her heart was too full for speech. Then—for the first time for many days, he spoke rationally, but so low and tremulously that she bent to catch the dear accents.

"Thank you, my own love, for your kindness and care. That I am forgiven for all my harshness, I well know—but there is a pardon to be asked for greater errors. Alice, though I fain would have been an infidel, yet there was always something within that whispered of the Deity. I was not at heart an unbeliever, and now, when the veil is rent away, do I feel my deep sinfulness."

Even in that hour of anguish, the heart of Alice knew a touch of joy. She clasped his hand, and again he threw his weak arm around her and gazed long and mournfully upon her altered face.

"And now, my own Alice, read to me from that blessed volume that has been your support in trials."

And the soft tones of her voice spoke comfort to the sufferer's soul. Then she knelt by the bedside of the beloved one, and poured out her fervent, heartfelt prayer. A deep sigh from Walter caused her to start up. She gave one look at his face—and sunk senseless to the floor. When she awoke to consciousness her head was resting on her mother's breast, who had sought her in affliction, and the tears of the widowed one were wiped by the fond parent's hand.

Two years passed by. Alice mourned, but not as one without hope—and ever she felt that it were better for Walter, with his blasted reputation, to go down to the grave, than to live and meet the sneer of the world that his spirit could not brook.

Two years, and again Alice is in her own early home, but with a more softened expression upon her sweet face. She was wandering far away through the green wood and by the sparkling river—and a tall and stately cavalier, with a dark eye and noble brow, joined her.

"And you will reward my long years of suffering and unrequited love, my sweet Alice? Bless you for the word. You acknowledge that a woman may know a second love."

And Ronald Glenborne threw his arm round the form of her he had loved so long and so well—and whom he had won for his own.

Again there was a bridal in Clannmouth Castle—and there was confidence, aye, and trusting love too, in the glance of the bride. And

the vows were taken, and the prayers read. And as years rolled over the fair head of Alice Clannmouth she never repented her second choice, although she sometimes dropped a tear to the memory of him who had been won by her devoted love to heaven.

THE RIVALS.

A PENCIL SKETCH.

ZEUXIS was the pride and boast of Athens. His pencil had no rival, and thrice he had been crowned victor at the Olympic games. The dwellings of the rich and noble, and the temple of the gods were decorated with the fruits of his genius. He was courted by the wise and powerful. Admirers came from distant cities to look upon the Athenian Painter whose name was on the lips of all men. Even the proud ruler of Palmyra sent a deputation to invite him to the Palmyrene court. Contemporary artists acknowledged his superiority, and Apollodorus, father of the Athenian painters, declared that "Zeuxis had stolen the cunning from all the rest." Thus flattered and caressed, Zeuxis became proud and haughty. He found no rival; for he knew no equal.

The *Athlothetae* employed him to paint a Wrestler or Champion to adorn the peristylum of the Gymnasia. Assembled thousands gave a simultaneous shout of applause when the picture was exhibited on the first day of the games. The victors in the *chariot race*, the *athlete*, the *discus* and *cestus* were almost forgotten amid the general admiration of the picture of Zeuxis. Conscious of his superiority, the artist wrote beneath the picture, "*Invisurus aliquis facilius quam imitatus;*"—"Sooner envied than equalled."

This inscription met the eye of one who believed it not.

The third day of the games had terminated. The last rays of the sun yet lingered upon the grey summits of the Acropolis, and burnished the crest of hoary Olympus that gleamed in the distance. Zeuxis sat alone with his wife and daughter, listening attentively to the strains of a minstrel who swept the lyre for a group of joyous damsels assembled near the grove sacred to Psyche. As the music ceased a deep sigh escaped the daughter, and a tear trembled in the maiden's eye.

"Ha! Cassandra," said Zeuxis, "why that tear, that sigh?" A deep crimson suffused the face of the maiden, but her lips moved not.

"Tell me, Cassandra," said the father, inquisitively eyeing the blushing damsel, "tell me what new grief makes sorrowful the heart of my daughter? Thinkest thou yet of the worthless Parrhasius— even now upon the eve of thy nuptials with the noble Thearchus?"

"Nay, dear father," said Cassandra, "it was the music made me weep. It awakened memory to the happy hours spent with my dear Portia, who is now among the immortals. Four years ago we danced together to the same strain, and the lyre was touched by the gentle Parrhasius."

"*Gentle* Parrhasius, sayst thou, Cassandra; *gentle* Parrhasius! Wouldst thou call him gentle, the poor plebeian, who sought to rival the noble Thearchus in thy affections?—who openly avowed in the streets of Athens, that his pencil would yet make Zeuxis envious?"

"And yet he *was* gentle," replied Cassandra, and the big round tears coursed down her cheeks.

The brow of Zeuxis lowered as he beheld the emotions of Cassandra. Four years had elapsed since Parrhasius had asked her in marriage. Affection, deep and abiding as vitality itself, existed between the amiable couple; but the ambition of Zeuxis made him forget his duty to his child, and he resolved that the wealthy and noble Thearchus, the son of one of the judges of the Areopagus, should be her husband. When Parrhasius modestly pressed his suit, Zeuxis became indignant and called him a plebeian—a poor Ephesian—unworthy an alliance with the daughter of the great Athenian painter.

The spirit of Parrhasius was aroused, and standing up in all the dignity of conscious genius, he boldly repelled the insults of Zeuxis, and, with a voice that reached the ears of Cassandra, he exclaimed, "Know proud man, that thou, the unrivalled master of Greece, of the world, will yet envy the talents and fame of Parrhasius, the poor plebian of Ephesus!"

The rage of Zeuxis was unbounded, and he ordered the servants to thrust the youth from his presence. The order was obeyed, and ere the setting of the sun, Parrhasius departed from Athens to practise his skill in seclusion at Ephesus.

For four years no tidings of the exile were conveyed to Cassandra, yet hope whispered that his prediction would be fulfilled, and that destiny contemplated their eventual union.

This hope had thus far delayed her marriage with Thearchus. Her father, to add splendor to her nuptial rites, and gratify his passion for popularity, resolved to have their union consummated during the festival of the Olympic games. For three years she contrived to delay the ceremony, for she loved not Thearchus. But now, Zeuxis was resolved, and had made preparations for the celebration of the marriage on the last day of the games. The herald had already made the proclamation, and all Athens hailed with joy the approaching nuptials of the noble Thearchus and lovely Cassandra.

* * * * *

"Come, come, Cassandra," said Zeuxis, caressingly, "these tears but ill become the daughter of the Athenian painter on the eve of her nuptials with one of the noblest sons of Greece. Forget the childish passion that attached thee to Parrhasius, and thank the gods that Fate expelled him from Athens."

"Would you see your Cassandra happy?" said the weeping maiden.

"I would indeed," replied Zeuxis, "and it was for her happiness that I spurned the Ephesian, and favored Thearchus."

"But Thearchus has no place in my affections," replied Cassandra. "I love him not, and to wed him is but to plunge me into deeper misery! What is wealth, what is nobility and the applause of the people,

if the affections of the heart have no participation therein. They are but the ministers of woe to the broken spirit. Without love is no happiness; without happiness, what is life? I would sooner wed a peasant than an archon, did he but bring with him the riches of true affection."

"Madness! madness!" exclaimed Zeuxis. "This philosophy may do for a peasant maiden, but it should not pollute the lips of a daughter of Zeuxis. Talk of Love! Why it is but a passion of circumstances. To-day it burns with volcanic violence, to-morrow it is but a glimmering taper."

"It may be so with the sensual," replied Cassandra. "With them indeed it is a passion of circumstances. Yet, after all, it is *not* love. It is but a poor semblance of the holy passion. Pure affection springs not from the dross of earth, the wealth, power and pageantry of individuals, or of society, nor from the ephemeral loveliness of the human form. Such is but lust, and deserves not the name of love. When moral and intellectual worth—the beauties and amiability of character—the noble evidence of exalted genius excite our admiration, and win our affections for the possessor, then, indeed, do we love a worthy object. Such, dear father, was my love for Parrhasius, and notwithstanding thy will must shortly unite me with Thearchus, yet first love cannot be extinguished."

Zeuxis was silent. He loved his daughter almost to adoration, yet burning ambition would not permit him again to delay the nuptials on which he had resolved. He kissed the tears from the cheek of Cassandra, and was about to retire for the night, but the maiden seized his hand, and looking imploringly in his face, said—

"Hear me once more, dear father, ere the decree of my unhappiness has irrevocably gone forth. Hope whispers in my ear that the prophetic taunt uttered by Parrhasius may yet be verified. Thou knowest the genius and spirit of that youth, and I know that thy gentle nature will now forgive him the utterance of words spoken in passion. Forgive and Cassandra will be happy."

"For thy sake I will pardon the rashness of the Ephesian boy," said Zeuxis. "But why thy hope? Wouldst thou see thy father rivalled, and the voice of Athens loud in the praise of another?"

"Nay," replied Cassandra, "It is not for that I hope. But thy daughter loves Parrhasius, and may the gods make him worthy of that love in the eyes of her father. This is the foundation of my hope. Is it not just?"

"Truly," replied Zeuxis, and bade her good night.

"One word more!" exclaimed Cassandra, still clinging to his arm; "one more boon, and Cassandra will be completely happy. Promise me that I shall wed Parrhasius, if his prediction be fulfilled."

"I promise," replied Zeuxis, conscious that her hopes were groundless, and that the last day of the festival would see the daughter of the Athenian painter become the bride of one of the noblest youth of Athens.

On the following morning Zeuxis prepared for the games. Just at the moment of starting, a helot approached him with a roll, directed to

"Zeuxis, the unrivalled painter of Greece." He unbound it and read:—

"*Parrhasius, the plebeian boy of Ephesus, to Zeuxis, the great Athenian artist, greeting:*—Ten days, and the games of Olympia will terminate. On the ninth I challenge thee to a trial of skill.—The subject is left to the choice of the challenged."

Zeuxis rent the challenge in a thousand pieces, and burning with rage exclaimed, "Tell your master that Zeuxis stoops not to compete with plebeians. Tell him I trampled his insolent challenge beneath my feet, even as I would crush its author. Begone! Gods, is it come to this?" continued he. "Must I first bear the taunts of that boy, and then, in the face of thousands, have him challenge me to trial. I know him well. If I refuse, a herald will proclaim that refusal in every street of Athens, in the Gymnasium and the Circus. It must not be." And he commanded the helot to return.

"Tell your master," said he, that I accept the challenge—the subject, fruit." The helot departed.

"Now," said Zeuxis, "my triumph will be complete, and Cassandra's delusion will be broken.—Now will I prove that the insolent Ephesian is unworthy the notice of one so superior and truly noble;" and with proud step he proceeded to the circus.

In a few hours all Athens was in commotion. A new impulse had been given to the popular excitement, and the first sound that fell upon the ear of Zeuxis, as he entered the circus, was the voice of a herald proclaiming that an Ephesian painter had challenged the great artist to a trial of skill.

The fact soon became known to Cassandra, and joy beamed into the heart of the maiden. Although she knew not the name of the competitor, yet she was sure it was none other than Parrhasius. None heard the voice of the herald with more gladness than that devoted one, and the gods received her adoration and praise.

The time fixed upon for the trial arrived. The thousands collected to witness the games, flowed like a living torrent through the eastern gate of the city, and halted upon the hill which overlooked a flowery plain, bordering upon the Illyssus. Sol had passed over half his journey to the meridian, when, amid the thundering shouts of the populace, Zeuxis with a proud and haughty step left the pavilion of the judges, and with a tablet in his hand, on which was painted a cluster of grapes, proceeded to the plain. Upon a column erected for the purpose, near a grove, the artist placed his painting, and withdrawing the curtain that covered it, returned to the pavilion. All was silence amid that immense multitude, and the songs of birds came up from the grove as if they were chaunting an eulogy for the great painter.

Suddenly a deafening shout of "Zeuxis and Athens!" arose from the throng. A whole bevy of birds from the grove had alighted upon the column, and eagerly sought to devour the pictured fruit!

This was deemed sufficient evidence of the superiority of the Athenian, and the people clamored loudly for the crown of laurels and the branch of palm for Zeuxis. But the skill of the competitor was yet to be tried. Pale and trembling, the Ephesian stepped forth from the

pavilion, and not a voice greeted him save one. It was the silvery tones of a fair youth, half enshrouded in a mantle, who cried out, "Victory for Parrhasius!"

"Victory for Parrhasius!" echoed a few, but their voices fell like lead upon the young painter. As he passed, with his tablet in his hand, the spot where Zeuxis was receiving the congratulations of the multitude, the proud Athenian, in a haughty and scornful tone, cried out, "Come sir, away with your curtain, that we may see what goodly affair you have got beneath it."

Parrhasius approached his scornful competitor, and handed him his tablet. Had a thunderbolt fell at the feet of Zeuxis he could not have been more astounded. The curtain was painted upon the tablet, and was so exquisitely wrought, that even the practiced eye of Zeuxis did not detect the deception.

"I yield! I yield!" cried the Athenian; "Zeuxis beguiled poor birds, but Parrhasius hath deceived Zeuxis! Bring the laurel and the palm; my hand alone shall crown the victor!"

"And thy promise!" exclaimed the fair youth just mentioned, bounding forward and grasping the hand of Zeuxis. The mantle fell from the shoulders of the youth, and Cassandra, with all the loveliness of virtuous affection, received the passionate embrace of Parrhasius. The crown of laurels and the branch of palm were brought, and there, in the presence of assembled thousands, Zeuxis decorated the plebeian of Ephesus as victor. Mounting a pedestal, he addressed the multitude. He recounted the passion of Parrhasius for Cassandra, and of his promise; and told of the engagement with Thearchus. But the shouts of the multitude interrupted him, and the names of Parrhasius and Cassandra fell from every lip.

A noble youth came from the pavilion with another branch of palm, and placed it in the hand of Cassandra. It was Thearchus. He had witnessed the devotion of the lovers, and his generous heart melted at the spectacle before him. He had tenderly loved the maiden, but he nobly resigned all.

Matrons and virgins strewed with flowers the path of Parrhasius and Cassandra as they returned to the city; and on the following day their nuptials were celebrated with a splendor fully adequate to the wishes of the ambitious Zeuxis.

The games ended—the city became quiet—a few years of happiness cast their sun-light around the foot-steps of the great painter, and he went down into the tomb honored and mourned by a nation—by a world, wherever his fame spread. His mantle fell upon Parrhasius, who is revered as the greatest painter of antiquity.

UNION ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, was instituted at Hudson on the 18th ult. by P. C. P. Charles McGowan. The following are the officers for the present term:—Jas. Batchellor, C. P.; M. L. Pults, H. P.; Stephen A. Coffin, S. W.; Wm. R. Steel, S.; Henry Doty, T.; Gordon Dixson, J. W.; John L. Hill, Gn.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OURSELVES.—In presenting to the public, as well as those with whom we are more immediately associated, a new publication for approbation and patronage, propriety, not less than custom, dictates that we should state the reasons which have led to the enterprise. Such a statement, moreover, seems to become imperative, when it is recollect-
ed that similar undertakings have been heretofore attempted, which have either resulted in the utter disappointment of the hopes of their projectors or been inefficiently sustained. Without unnecessary prelude, then, we shall state why we now attempt the oft-repeated experiment of the publication of an Odd Fellows' Magazine.

To all, it must be apparent that the field of labor is *large* enough. The institution of Odd Fellowship has extended its jurisdiction and authority in this country till its influence is limited only within the boundaries of civilization itself—its adherents embracing the good and great among every name and creed. In this state alone, it has planted, within ten years, over 120 Lodges, and enrolled the names of more than 12,000 members, while its present prosperity is unparalleled by any former period of its history, and its past increase is but an earnest of its future growth. There is obviously, then, no lack of room in which to work, and it is to be hoped no want of disposition to sustain the laborer. A cheap medium of information—through which may be obtained a knowledge of the progress of the Order, the events that affect its welfare, and for communicating the feelings and views of sections and individuals of our common brotherhood—has therefore seemed to us not only desirable, but necessary. Such we shall endeavor to furnish, in a style and at a price, which, while it will adorn the library and drawing-room, will be within the reach of every one to whose instruction and benefit it shall aim to contribute.

If the field for operations is thus ample, the topics for useful discussion are not restricted. Much good can be accomplished by faithful expositions of the purposes and influences of our organization, for extended as is our Order, and numerous as are our numbers, there are yet many who need correct information as to our objects and tendency. Prejudice still lives even where misrepresentation has been silenced, and either, or both, can be best met by a true knowledge of our principles and the objects of our existence. An enemy may be thus converted into a friend ; at the same time the inquiring may be enlightened, the weak strengthened, and the strong encouraged. But independent of subjects of this general utility, there are many others of more direct interest to ourselves, which cannot fail to be acceptable and useful. Collisions of opinion may, it is true, arise in the discussion of some of these topics, but it shall ever be our endeavor to avoid any thing that can give offence or irritate the feelings of those who may withhold assent from the opinions promulgated in our pages. In this respect we hope to practise the cardinal principles of our institution.

While, however, our leading object is the advancement of the Order with which we are connected, it is intended to give the GAVEL a literary character which shall not detract from its value to our

brethren, but which will commend it, it is believed, to the attention of those to whom a work exclusively devoted to our peculiar interests would possess few attractions. Our chief reliance for support is certainly upon the Order, though we hope for patrons among the candid and inquiring yet without its walls, who would be intelligent in relation to an institution which is fast acquiring a commanding position among the benevolent associations of the country, and already constitutes an important element of society.

With this explanation, we commence our labors. . What the end will be is hidden in the future, but we have confidence in a successful result. We enter the field with no ill will towards any of our fellow laborers. Knowing that there is room for all, we tender the hand of friendship to each. Peace is our desire, and the "good of the Order" our aim. In the pursuit of this we shall strive to maintain "a strict adherence" to the spirit and letter of that injunction which enjoins in all intercourse and association "a due observance" of the precepts of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

"RESUSCITO."

THE Grand Lodge recently renewed the charter of Hope Lodge, No. 3, originally chartered in 1826, and which charter they surrendered back in 1830; the most of the members going into Union Lodge, No. 8, that Lodge being formed by the three Lodges, Hope, No. 3, Philanthropic, No. 5, and Clinton, No. 7, surrendering their charters and the members of them receiving another charter for Union Lodge, No. 8. Hence the name of Union Lodge.

Hope Lodge, No. 3, is now the second number in point of age in the State, No 2 being long since defunct. It was re-opened on Tuesday the 16th ultimo, by D. D. G. M. True, and bids fair to extend its usefulness for a long time to come. Its revival was a favorite measure with the mass of Odd Fellows in the city, and its re-opening was hailed by the brethren with the ardent gladness that greets the return of a lost member to the fold.

HOPE ! There is something inspiring in the very name ;—"the highest degree of well founded expectation of good," is pronounced by Webster as its definition—and with Benevolence and Charity as the basis of its principles of action, Love and Truth for its guide, how can it fail of success when placed in earnest hands with warm hearts and generous minds to direct them ? To fail were next to impossible.

It was really pleasant to see the brethren of the city thronging in to greet the new family, and welcome back their return, as a neighborhood would greet a respected citizen long absent from his home ; and the re-opening of the long empty mansion brought the welcome assistance of ready hands to brush away the cobwebs and wipe off the dust accumulated by so long disuse. And when we remember that this was the Pioneer settler in the good cause, and that the thriving community of Odd Fellowship here, are the offspring, the children of

the restored family, we may not wonder at the greeting they received.

It has been thought by some that the institution of a new Lodge here was injudicious at this time, as there was ample room in the others to accommodate all. The same objection has been laid at the door of every new applicant since Hope Lodge was first organized in this city, and it is in the recollection of the writer that the Lodge was opposed by some as entirely unnecessary, because there were societies enough already; and there are not wanting those in every community, who would place such, and a great many more and worse stumbling blocks before any new enterprise or extension of an old one. It is an old saw that "every shop will have its customers," and the more societies there are for doing good the more will probably belong to those societies to do good, and the extension of the blessings of the order should be paramount with every brother, as it should be with every citizen.

There is ample room for all and if each shall exert themselves as becomes men in earnest in their undertakings, each Lodge will assist the other in the extension of its benefits, by adding to the good character of the order, and making its usefulness more apparent to the mass of the people.

Long may they all prosper in fraternal harmony, and the only strife known among them be the strife of excelling in doing good, relieving distress, opening the hand to want, and extending love to all.

EN-HAKKORE.

WE have just seen a most beautiful embossed impression of the seal of Hope Lodge, No. 3. It was designed and executed by Bro. B. C. True, of this city.

NAMES OF OFFICERS elected and installed in Hope Lodge, No 3, Robt. H. Pruyne, N. G.; Peter Relyea, V. G.; G. W. Bell, Sec.; J. W. Harcourt, Treas.

ODD FELLOWS' DIRECTORY.—In consequence of the many alterations which will soon be made in the Directory of the Order, we have concluded not to publish it until the appearance of our second number.

SCIOTO LODGE, No. 31.—Bro. Day, in his letter, says—A new Lodge was instituted by the M. W. G. M. in the town of Portsmouth, Scioto county, on the 5th of June last, to be hailed as Scotio Lodge, No. 31. I understand that it is adding to its numbers rapidly.—*Ark.*

SEVERAL articles on the subject of the Order, have been crowded out in consequence of the length of our Miscellaneous Department.

(~~It~~)—It was our intention to present with our first number a Portrait of G. R. A. Heyer Brown, but the execution of the Lithograph being very unsatisfactory, we have with much reluctance been compelled to defer its publication. It will appear in our next number.

I. O. O. F.

THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I

ALBANY, OCTOBER, 1844.

NO. 2

[Written for the Gavel.]

POWER OF GENIUS.

BY C. C. BURR.

"No tears for thee! the lingering gloom is ours—
Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,
Never to die."

A PRETTY story enough is related of the wild boy of Newstead Abbey, who, by the death of the grandson of an old man at Corsica, was left with the title of lord. On hearing of this, George ran up to his mother, and asked if she perceived any difference in him since he was made a lord, as he could perceive none in himself. The next morning, when his name was first called out in school, it came with the title of "Dominus" prefixed to it. Unable to give the answer "adsum," he stood abashed before the comical gaze of his school-fellows, and at last burst into tears. But what could the title of "Dominus" do for that talismanic genius which was slumbering there in the soul of young Byron? It is like "planting May-flowers round Trajan's column." What a merry-making sound that would be, the title of Captain Shakspeare and Lord Newton? Genius is a title higher than kings can confer. That title came from the Creator. The world cannot take it from him who wears it. We know there is a wondrous pity in this very sympathising and extravagantly charitable world for the fate of genius; there is so much of it which is never heard of—compelled to die in obscurity—held down by poverty—poor genius, to live unknown and die unhonored! All this is very clever in the good world, no doubt, to be so sincere a mourner that so much genius dies in obscurity. But there is somewhat of ignorance in that weeping. Genius never heard of! live in obscurity, die unlamented!—talk of the sun shining and never being seen, of the blazing comet pouring itself through the heavens, and never arresting the gaze of mortals! Talk of that! As easily might a sick woman's hand hold Niagara in its palm, or crush the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm, as poverty can extinguish the fires of genius. In whatever soul God kindles those fires, they burn unextinguishable except by death.

Look at that boy of Stratford-on-Avon; and what of him? a very obscure, dirty, uninteresting lad—the rascally little deer-stealer of his native village, prosecuted for the theft—who cares for him? He will teach you to care for him; he will teach this world to be still that he may speak. Shakspeare is in him! The fires of genius are

there deep down in the soul of that despised and ragged deer-stealer, and his name shall be Shakspeare, ringing in all the earth. Poverty hath no power on a soul like that.

Then those names that will be great forever, Pope, Burns, Chatterton and a long list like them. Wealth and colleges never made such men as those. They may make *learned* men, but they never made a man of genius. Look at Mahomet, born in the desert, and coming up to manhood without a book, and with no man to teach him. This man is doubtless to die here in this sandy solitude and be forgotten. Forgotten? Never! there is genins in him. That man shall build a shrine, and more than one hundred and twenty millions of men shall bow before it. They have already worshipped there twelve centuries; and all the rest of mankind stand back in terror at his name.

But still we are told in newspapers and commentaries on history, that circumstances make great men, do every thing for genius, call it out from obscurity, where it would otherwise die but for these gracious circumstances. What circumstances called out Mahomet? What could the Arabian desert do for him? It is better asked, what could Mahomet do for the Arabian desert. The grim rocks of Mount Hara—the wild, voiceless solitude there—and the rude beings wandering up and down, with no speech of religion on their tongues—these called not after the name of Mahomet—there were no favorable circumstances for this man—but he called after them. The voice was heard, bounding from the rock-mountains, over the sands away, till life stood erect with a new impulse there. That was the voice of genius crying in the desert.

What could circumstances do for Shakspeare? He was greater than circumstances, and against circumstances he came out unbidden and filled the world full of himself. Who called out Franklin, that son of the soap-boiler? Doubtless it was those envious friends who ridiculed the first efforts of his genius. Peradventure it was those three rolls of baker's bread he ate in the streets of Philadelphia to save himself from starvation? No, there was genius in that boy; and when that is spoken, we have said that he will go out himself—when that is told, it is revealed that philosophy is to appear in the sky of Columbia. That boy will play with the lightning, nor will he wait long for circumstances to invite him to meddle with Jove's thunder-bolts.

This world has not yet forgotten Robert Burns, nor will it while the stars shine, that noble peasant who came out from behind his plow on the mountain's side, and stood with brow unabashed in the presence of haughty splendor, because he felt that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And defying the circumstances of writing in the provincial dialect of a rude northern land, still made himself the immortal representative of a nation's intellect. It will be a long time before *circumstances* will make a Robert Burns. Circumstances may make small men; but great men make circumstances. They fill this world full of events, and create the circumstances wherein they win their laurels. Did not Cyrus direct the energies of the world at Babylon? So did Cæsar at Rome, and Constantine at Byzantium. These men called upon their

times, and their voice was heard. Voltaire, Rousseau, Helvetius, Diderot, Condorcet, Raynal and d'Alembert, laid a train of circumstances which produced an explosion that shook the world to its centre. This was the work of genius—its awful voice thundering there, till the times awoke and gave back a deep answer.

There is a voice coming down to us, over the pages of history, showing us the power of genius striving with the tide, struggling loose from the trammels of pauperism, boldly asserting its rights to be heard in defiance of all circumstances; and let it be heard to rebuke the falsehood, that *occasions* make and call out men of genius.

Who called out John Keats, that melancholy youth of whom Shelley was proud to sing—

“Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity;”

and whose name is embalmed in his own *Endymion*, where he has himself sung in tones of deathless rapture—

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.”

This bright and pleasant genius was born at a livery stable in Moor-fields. Friendless and unknown his soul struggled loose from its obscurity by the vitality of its own powers. The *circumstances* attending him was a birth in a livery-stable; but no matter, there was genius in him, and he has written “*Hyperion*. ”

Shelley’s matchless hymn to intellectual beauty applies to genius—

“The awful shadow of an unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with an inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moon-beams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread.
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear and yet dearer for its mystery.”

Such is genius. A pervading fiery spirit, burning within the man, flashing out its light and heat in all the earth, never to be mistaken; never to be quenched; enthroned and invisible within the soul. That is genius.

I HAVE already enumerated the principles of our Order, and I presume that none will deny, that if men were to act in accordance with that feeling of universal love and benevolence which they inculcate, the world would present a far different scene. Envy, base and loathsome as it is, would cease its eternal efforts to drag down honest merit to its own degraded level—slander, to hurl its envenomed and malignant shaft—avarice, to wrong the unwary and grind the poor,—and even hatred and revenge, to nerve the murderer’s arm. Peace, harmony and concord would assert their empire, and the thorny path of life be converted into flowering fields of happiness and ease.—*Odd-Fellow*.

[Written for the Gavel.]

"FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY."

FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY; what a moral triad! More beautiful than the winding stream or waving mead—than aught which mortal art hath ever made; formed in Heaven, and sent forth upon glorious mission amid the rapturous chant of angels. What stars are to the midnight sky, or sunlight to the earth; what dew is to the thirsting flowers, or forms of beauty to the eye of genius,—is this motto to the human heart. It is the disciplinarian of our noblest affections, the purifier of the secret founts of feeling, the tranquillizer of the storms of passion, the firmest supporter in the hour of trial and despair, and the assuager of woe in its myriad forms.

Girt with its own bright and celestial light, it goes down into the far depths of the soul, and mingling silently with all its powers, sometimes manifests itself in those sublimities of thought and action which rivet the gaze of nations, and live on through the lapse of time, cheering and upholding the doers of good and lovers of truth. At others, it appears in that calm energy, and that subdued but unchanging earnestness which are the originators and perfecters of all beneficial reforms and great achievements.

Faith, hope and charity, when allowed full scope to purify human motives and regulate human conduct, interfuse throughout society an atmosphere of beneficence and love, a spirit of joyance, a holy rapture of feeling. These are the magic words which Heaven's own hand inscribed upon Virtue's shield, when she went forth to struggle with Satanic adversaries. These make up the heraldic ensign which stands emblazoned on the entablature of all moral excellence. These are the words, too, which are written in characters of immortal light upon the gates of the eternal world.

The meaning of Faith, as here used, is obvious. It signifies, not things believed, or any form of belief, but the principle of trusting and confiding; a principle as boundless as the universe, as exhaustless as air. Its growth in the mind, though not unfrequently spontaneous, is oftener the slow product of many efforts and experiences, of reason wandering impotent amid the countless mysteries of our being. Indeed the necessity of its existence is generated by the peculiarities of our nature and situation. We are finite creatures, placed among infinities. We are enigmas, surrounded by still darker enigmas. We have an ever growing curiosity, an ever unsatisfied desire, to penetrate the vast range of spirit and matter upon which our vision has not been unclosed. Faith reconciles us with this state. It prevents our misty doubts from growing into shapes of horror; it carries us over the shoreless ocean of the unknown, and plants our footsteps firmly upon the walls of Heaven and eternity. It is at home in regions where the imagination never wings its flight. Reason can trace the comet on its car of flame, and declare its periods; it can weigh mountains and measure seas; it can reveal the nice affinities of thought, passion and will; and yet the orbit in which it moves, compared with that of Faith, is like that of an insect around the taper's blaze, to Saturn around the Sun. Where Fancy and Reason weary in their proudest efforts, there Faith assumes the soul's guardianship, and places it

amid the untrodden realms of another world. Its vision is the only one that can gaze upon the heights and depths of Deity.

To the religious mind, Faith is a most powerful auxiliary; indeed it is the one thing indispensable. It answers its ever recurring doubts, strengthens it in combat with worldly forces, and bridges over the gulf of death, ensuring it a triumphant entry into the portals of Heaven.

It would be impossible to enumerate the examples of its influence upon human conduct; to tell how often it has emboldened weakness to meet and triumph over the exulting and the powerful, how often it has nerved despairing souls to deeds of majesty in behalf of truth, justice and liberty. Its sustaining energy was with the hoary Patriarch when he passed up the gloomy side of Mount Moriah with his son for a burnt offering. It was with the leader of God's chosen people, when he walked through "the dividuous waves of the chainless sea," and when he drew forth from the barren rock and brazen sky nutriment for famished multitudes. Faith, like a beam of glory, illuminates the whole course of scriptural providences, sometimes displaying itself in strains of poetic fire, at others, in that quiet but sublime energy which goes forth to high and perilous labors. But it was as an auxiliary of a new religion that it assumed its divinest forms. Embodied in the radiance of Bethlehem's star, it called the dead to life, the diseased to health, and the sorrowing to gladness. It made faltering tongues sublimely eloquent. Prevailing alike over the subtleties of Pagan logic and the might of armed legions, it proclaimed the words of celestial truth from the Athenian porch and the Roman forum, and sent up the hymns of happy spirits amid the shouts of heathen revelry. When the violence of opposition was changed to the rage of persecution, and the youthful vigor of Christianity was about to give way to the threatenings of power, Faith was among men, persuading to splendid sacrifices and to unrepining endurance. Timid souls, inspirited by its language, walked forth with undaunted mood to the flames of martyrdom, and by its true children death seemed rather a thing to be courted. Faith arose, too, in glorious array, with the morning beams of the Reformation. It visited the monk of Erfurth, and impelled him to go out into the world and declare the deep convictions of his soul. Encased in its mystic panoply, lighter than air yet stronger than iron, he advanced with unwavering step to the accomplishment of a mighty purpose—the disenthralment of the human intellect. It empowered him, after having announced to an august and crowded diet the novelties of his belief, to stand unterrified amid the frowns of earthly rulers, and the maledictions of a vast spiritual despotism; and though a mere man, to gather from the grandeur of his mission the dignity of a celestial.

In 1620, a lone band went forth from the shores of England, upon an unknown sea, in quest of a higher worship and a better home amid the forest wilds of a new world. And Faith was with them. No tongue can tell how much it did during that dismal passage for human destiny. Often its light was the only one that beamed upon the storm-driven wave, its voice the only one that addressed sorrowing hearts. It was with them amid the heavings of a stern November sea, and told its life-giving power in the songs of praise that then

ascended from the depths of human suffering. It was with them at their landing and in all their subsequent trials. When famine, disease and danger bowed to the earth the might of masculine energy, and blasted the devoted, clinging affections of woman's heart, when it seemed that the germ of a better liberty, after having crossed a thousand leagues of ocean, must perish; that the most heroic fortitude was unavailing, and that those stern men must yield to despair; Faith then flashed out in deathless lustre, it counted the solitary beatings of care-worn hearts, it nourished with ethereal food expiring virtue, and awoke crushed spirits to visions of immortal blessedness, and to a higher and loftier conception of their earthly destiny. Such was Faith with the Pilgrim Fathers. It was with the sons of men at a later period. It gilded the first dawning of our republican nationality, and when tyranny threatened us with ruin, it told the timid and wavering of the defenders of human rights that the arm of Heaven would ever be bared in the cause of truth and justice. It was with the chosen leader of our armies, amid the cloud of battle, and cheered him onward, ever, through scenes of death and woe to the consummation of American freedom. These are some of the more illustrious instances of its power. Important as they have been, they yet constitute but a fraction of its work. The great majority of its achievements have been performed in silence and obscurity. None but the records of another world can reveal how much it has done for human happiness, how many a lonely spirit it has sustained through life and cheered in death, how many a misty doubt and frightful phantom it has dispelled from the unquiet dream of mortality, or how many a truth-defending blow it has struck. Faith is the diadem of Religion, the tireless friend of the soul in its earthly pilgrimage, the co-laborer with humanity in achieving its destiny.

Hope rests on a foundation less broad than that of Faith, and though the range of its activity often verges upon, it never coincides with that of Faith. Hope is to Faith what the germ is to the plant, the child to the man. Its prerogative is rather to cheer and console, to sustain and soothe, than to impart that strong energy and high resolve which fearlessly meet the trials of life, and strike terror into the foes of justice. It is a kind of universal presence, inhabiting "earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore," as well as the crowded metropolis. It springs up within us naturally, as vegetation from the earth or light from the sun. It calls each slumbering feeling into play, and urges us onward to the path of pleasure, or to glory's bright career. It mingles, like rills of sweetness, with all the purposes of youth, chastens with mild radiance the lofty enthusiasm of manhood, and causes old age to glow with its reflected beauty. It smiles upon the labors of genius, and as it bodies forth forms of grace and grandeur, points it to the plaudits of an admiring age. And when woe is upon us, with all its crushing power, in the blackness of its might, Hope, the blameless parasite of the soul, still trims in some lone chamber of the heart its cheering lamp, and invites despairing strength to action, by pointing to new rewards and attractions. Reason strips life of its phantasies, and pictures our natures with a stern severity. It sees man's fate darkly, and ever forebodes new evils to the aspiring spirit. But

Hope, the joyous effluence of Heaven, surrounds life with a fair, luminous mist, which dims our vision to forms of danger and despair. It makes worlds of ideal excellence, and peoples them with hues and harmonies beauteous as those of evening.

"Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreath's for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour
The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower,
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring,
What viewless forms the Eolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away."

Mild Charity—fair daughter of a purer world, who can tell thy loveliness? The gentle beauty of the day-star, floating through the aerial sea, is thine. By what moral arithmetic can thy countless blessings be estimated? By what power of language can justice be done to thy excellencies? Charity is the vivifier of virtue and the awakener of sympathy. It softens down the sterner features of character, and assuages the pangs of sorrow. It guides the thread of life through this dark and dreary world, and knits together troubled souls with the ties of universal brotherhood. Its light upon the hearts of men is not the glancing beam that touches the earth and flies back to its source again; but a steady and unfading blaze, like that of a meridian sun.

The exercise of this principle is enjoined upon us, not more by the necessities of our being than by the pleasurable emotions it excites, not more by the mandate of the parent of all virtue, than by the weaknesses of our own natures. How it binds up the wounds of care-worn spirits, with what tenderness it looks upon the errors of poor falling humanity, and lets fall its mantle, broad and glorious as heaven's canopy. Charity "thinketh no ill;" it is opposed to all that injures character, or produces pain—to evil speaking and evil acting. It is a foe to the poison of a sly and secret insinuation, and the invective of open malignity, to the poignancy of Satire, and the light hearted but cutting jest. Charity is a universal and ceaseless laborer. It goes with healing in its wings to places of want and sadness, where the pride of power and the glare of wealth never reach. It discourses to the desolate heart a solemn but rapturous music, and gives a celestial energy to the down-trodden spirituality of our nature. Nor is it without its fitting rewards. The realms of poesy are filled with tributes of admiration to its beneficence, and monuments are reared to its name in the memories of men, which shall outlive those of a vulgar glory.

Such is a brief delineation of the members of that glorious moral triad, Faith, Hope and Charity. Individually, they are allied with much of beauty and excellence, and act powerfully upon the well being of mankind. When united, they are almost omnipotent in the cause of truth and virtue. Humanity, under their influence, becomes one vast organic harp, which trembles into harmonies of sweetness, as over it sweeps the steady breeze of intellectual life.

Albany, August, 1844.

PHOENIX, 41.

VICE stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.—*Symbol.*

[Written for the Gavel.]

THE following lines were written after a late visit to the residence of F. Allen, Esq., of Gardner, Maine. This residence is situated about half a mile from the village of Gardner, on the bank of the Kennebeck. In all the valley of that beautiful river there is not a lovelier spot than Allen-dale. The cottage sits half concealed by the greenest foliage in the world, in a modest vale, which is formed by a high hill that lifts its rugged brow far up over the banks of the river. Beauty and sublimity seem to have met together in this spot. Science and poetry have consecrated it too. Mr. Allen has long been distinguished as one of the first lawyers in New-England. And Mrs. Allen is well known to the literary public as the author of several valuable papers, and among them the "Poetical Geognosy," a work which bespeaks extensive scientific researches, and not without some merit in a poetical way. Their daughter, Miss Eleanor Allen, is known as an occasional contributor to our literary Magazines, and especially by her "Siege of Agrigentum," a work which is written very much in the style of Pope's Homer, and which abounds with passages of the finest poetry. From this description it will be perceived that the literary pilgrim who may be fortunate enough to receive a welcome to Allen-dale, finds for once at least an oasis in the desert of his life.

ALLEN-DALE AND THE KENNEBECK.

BY C. C. BURR.

I'm ling'ring there sweet Allen-dale,
Along thy pleasant banks of flowers,
Where countless fragrant lilies pale
Smile on the stranger in thy bowers;
Where oft I stood to gaze awhile,
At evening's set or morning light,
To feast my heart on beauty's smile,
Or scan the way of science bright;
Where muses oft delight to bless
The maid of sweet and artless song,
Distilling on the Poetess.
The brightest dews of Helicon—
Still wreathing on her brow of white,
A chaplet pure of spotless name,
Woven of softest rays of light,
Descending from a star of fame.
And there along thy banks of green,
Old Kennebec so peaceful laves—
Reflecting in his silver sheen
The glorious sun's meridian blaze,
Or catching in his mild delight,
While gentle zephyrs stir his breast,
The brightest rays of starry night,
And softest tints of evening west.
Long time ago on thy fring'd banks,
Far up 'mid hills and valleys green,
I ran my wild and youthful pranks,
And ever wanton'd in thy stream:
I sat me down beside thy wave;
When yet a child I loved to hear
Thy ripples splash, or softer lave
Against the rocks as I do here.

I saw the moon sleep on thy breast,
And stars lay down in thy bright deep,
All mirrored in thy shining crest,
Like angels smiling in their sleep.
Of late by thy bright shore I stood,
With brow of care and visage pale,
And shed my tears in thy deep flood,
As thou roll'dst by, sweet Allen-dale.
While there I sat and mused on thee,
From windows open to thy tide,
And felt my heart more blest to be
Again where thy bright bubbles glide,
I saw thy wide and ample stream,
Reflecting sights of beauty rare—
Millions of flowers and fringes green,
From Allen-dale were mirrored there:
And oft along thy silver wave,
From this sweet dell and cottage dear,
Proud names are list'ning to thy lave,
Or smiling in thy waters here.
And while they stand to see thy flow,
Or listless o'er thy ripples bend,
Remind them by thy murmurs low,
To give one smile for thy old friend.
Adieu, adieu, sweet Allen-dale,
With flower banks and mount sublime;
Too long I'm lingering in thy vale,
Thou so hast won this heart of mine:
So bright thy paths with beauty's smile,
And pleasing science not less rare,
I ne'er can leave that vale of thine,
But still am fondly ling'ring there.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp, to be satisfied with its own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

[From the Independent Odd-Fellow.]

SOUVENIRS OF AN ODD-FELLOW.

When are we happiest, then? Oh, when resigned
To whatso'er our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind
Creatures of earth! And trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:
Oh, we are happiest then.

Miss Brown.

HAPPINESS has been a phantom of human pursuit from the hour of the first sin through all succeeding time. As the wants of society multiplied, objects of pursuit became more numerous, and humanity for uncounted centuries, has been running through life, pursuing shadows in various directions, like school-boys dispersing at play-time to chase butterflies as they gayly flutter from flower to flower over the whole extent of the enameled plain. Happiness! what a delusive word when applied to earth, its associations and pursuits. Who has ever found it? Can wealth, or fame, or any possession bring it to our hearts? Deluded by hope, we gaze upon bright pictures in perspective, but one by one they fade away, like the scenes of the *dissolving tableaux*, ere the eye or heart has enjoyed them. Go ask the broken-hearted youth, who weeps over the cold grave of his young heart's love, why he lingers about that spot? He will tell you all his bright dreams of happiness lie buried there. Go ask the gray bearded sire, and he will tell you that earth and its dreams are all vanity, vanity and vexation of spirit. Oh! if we could cause to pass in review before us the countless dreams of the young, as they have arisen and faded in disappointment and sorrow, what a sad phantasmagoria would be exhibited; how false and fleeting would earthly happiness appear. Happiness, true happiness, is an exotic; it is transplanted from heavenly climes, and nurtured in the human heart by faith in the Son of God! This is the happiness of patience and humility in life, and triumph and majesty in death, that clothes a worm of dust in the garments of triumph and victory, and seals his title-deed to an inheritance incorruptible in the heavens.

This was the character of my reflections as I stood in the church-yard beside *two graves!* and in the softened media of memory looked back to the young day-dreams of the sleepers. Purer dreams of happiness never cheered the heart of humanity than those in which they once indulged; but ere their sun had reached its meridian the picture was surcharged with disappointment and death, and their cold graves are but two other beacons lighted along the highway of life to guard others from similar folly.

Henry Smith I knew from childhood; a nobler hearted boy never laughed and shouted in gay and thoughtless innocence than he; his manhood fulfilled the promise of his youth. He had one fault—he looked to earth for happiness. Among his first acts on attaining his majority, was to become an Odd-Fellow, and well and nobly did he discharge his vocation as such. One of the graves was his!

Who in ***** does not remember Ann Elmore, a laughing, blue eyed Hebe. Wherever she went she diffused her own sweet spirit. There was a gay warm heart beating in her bosom; the poor called her an angel, and many a dying eye has rested in its last look upon

her sweet face as she wiped the death-drops from the brow of suffering. Her sweet tones still linger in my ear, as she whispered comfort to the sick, or in the hour of joy sent out her innocent ringing laugh upon the heart. Hers was the other grave!

Henry and Ann loved from childhood; they were destined for each other; their parents smiled upon their mutual love, and amid prayers and blessings they plighted their nuptial vows, and never did wedded bliss seem to be more perfect and complete. Henry was a rising man—his profession engaged largely his time, yet was he punctual to the duties of Odd-Fellowship. Often, while Noble Grand of his Lodge, have I seen him and his wife visiting together the sick brethren, or if their families were ill, Ann was certain to be with them, ministering by a thousand attentions to their wants and sufferings. This pair were Odd-Fellows indeed, and often have I heard the remark made, that the conduct of Henry and Ann did more to remove unjust prejudices from the Order, than every thing else beside. Noble, generous and high-minded as he was, Henry had one fault—he was a slave to that corrupt and barbarous opinion, that deep insult, implicating his honor, could alone be washed out with blood. His profession (law) naturally led him to take part in party politics, and in this, as in every thing else, what his hand found to do he did with all his might. During the excitements of an animating canvass, he had in a political speech reflected severely upon the course pursued by the opposite party. This led to an altercation between him and the candidate of that party, who attributed his defeat to Smith's speech; an apology was demanded and refused, and a challenge passed. Fearful of the interference of friends, the preliminaries were soon settled; the parties met; Henry fell mortally wounded. He survived some eight or ten hours—long enough deeply to repent his folly, and breathe his life out in the arms of his distracted wife. Poor Ann! how were all her dreams of happiness crushed. Oh, how full of the eloquence of despair her tearless eye and frenzied look, as she took the last kiss from the cold lips of him she had so fondly loved: and when amid the tears of those who prized him so highly, he was borne to his last resting place, she insisted on following him there; what heart but beat with sympathy for that suffering one, as when the first clod fell upon his coffin she gave one long scream of agony, and was borne fainting from the grave by her friends.

This occurred in the spring, and ere the leaves fell, Ann slept beside him. I stood in her chamber beside her dying pillow; I never saw her look more lovely. Her parents, Henry's too, were there, and to their grief she sought to administer consolation by pointing them to that blessed home where she expected to meet the husband of her love. "Earth," said she, "has no joy for your poor Ann; I loved Henry too fondly—too well; God has taken him from me to teach me the vanity of fixing my affections upon things here; I had many sweet dreams—many sweet hopes, but how soon they faded one by one. 'There is nothing true but Heaven.' Oh! my dear parents, let us part to meet where we shall never know sorrow or parting." The clergyman approached to administer the "last supper;" she smiled sweetly as she said to her weeping friends, "with desire have I desired to eat this passover with you; henceforth I drink no more of the fruit of

the vine until I drink the wine new in my Father's kingdom." Turning to the Noble Grand of our Lodge, (a relative of the family,) she requested him to bring the family Bible and to present it to the Lodge as her dying gift. "Henry," said she, "loved the Order; I know it is good and useful; keep this as a memorial of *our* love; you will find our marriage recorded by his hand; I leave it to your friendship to record our early deaths."

Her exit was soft and gentle as the departure of the summer zephyr; like the dying swan, her last song was the sweetest. We laid her beside her husband. "They were lovely in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided." A plain marble monuments their graves, and the tear of affection waters the rose tree planted at their head! Their memories live in the hearts of their friends. See you yon portrait robed in crape, immediately behind the Past Grand's chair in —— Lodge hall—that *was* Henry Smith.

But my reader may ask where is he who lured poor Smith on to death by taking advantage of his false notions of honor. Where is he? Lounging about the lowest tippling houses—a miserable, hopeless drunkard. There is a retributive Providence! In vain may the murderer hope to escape. Whether he takes his brother's life in the midnight brawl—by assassination, premeditated—or in the cold-blooded barbarism of the field of honor—he will suffer, and suffer here, in anticipation of a heavier doom hereafter.

Here is but a brief picture of the evanescence of earthly happiness; it is fleeting as the morning cloud or early dew. How important to act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, making his law the rule of our practice, that we may live usefully, die happily, and be at last admitted to the Grand Lodge above, to the company of the just made perfect, around the throne of the Supreme Creator of all things.

ALFRED.

DEEDS OF FAME.—How ill do authors calculate on the deeds by which they are to survive the grave! Petrarch lives in his sonnets, while his better and more elaborate works are unknown. A pearl added to Cleopatra's fame, and an asp secured it. Henry the Second was a man of much learning and many fine qualities: but he is remembered chiefly as the paramour of fair Rosamond—nothing more. The pebbles of Demosthenes are oftener quoted than his orations. The housewife's cake which the great Alfred burned, is more frequently alluded to than any thing else in his history. The pale, consumptive, broken-hearted life of Charles Brockden Brown, the father of American literature, is much better known than even the titles of his best works. Rare Ben Jonson is oftener discussed for having said "bah!" to the king, when the monarch told him he did not look as though he could say "bah to a goose," than for the best of his productions.

On such shreds, alas, we hang our human fame.

NEVER say you can't, but let your motto be try.

[Written for the Gavel.]

"FORMATION OF CHARACTER."

NUMBER ONE.

BY LANSING VAN WIE.

THE first persuasion of a mind matured is, that the capacity of man is susceptible of cultivation, and that that capacity holds out in prospect, results of improvement which may warm the coldest and most indifferent, and add to energy and hope the crown of humanity's blessings, and the reward of a grateful and thankful world.

On the assumption that we are subjects of improvement and cultivation, we may unhesitatingly assert, that that mode of training and instruction which contemplates the whole man in his varied and important connections and relations in life, conduct and hope, is that which is most especially worthy of being regarded as the measure of his character and the true guide to its formation. The sanction of law is the penalty attached to its infraction; and why is this the case? The law is that rule which the experience of all has concurred in regarding as necessary to the preservation of the rights and interests of all, and he who will deliberately disregard its requirements, is thought worthy to suffer its penalty. Now if in the organization and nature of man, there is aught that assumes, or may be made to assume, the stability of law, and we may infer from instruction and experience what its nature is, we are justified in regarding that law and this stability as that appearance or phase of nature which demands regard primarily, and as of first and greatest importance in the appreciation and elucidation of man's true nature and integrity. The mind of man, like the placid lake as it sleeps unruffled by the power of the fretting winds, quickly receives, and in much of permanence retains, expression of thought and sentiment which meets its congenial nature and coalesces with the source that gave it birth. There is no proposition ever submitted to human reception, which has met or meets with more general acquiescence than the good and true rule, "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." And why is this general reception, and why that acquiescence which we never fail to remark in all to whom it is proposed? We see it in the simple fact that all men love justice, and what is justice none deny when they themselves are so placed as to need the extension of her power and the benefit of her interference; and indeed, the denial of this simple truth, even in common sense views of expediency, involves so much of moral turpitude and precipitate vice, as that few, very few indeed, it is apprehended, dare hazard the experiment. But assent to the truth of a proposition will never compensate the demand it has on all to control our practice, and that it comes to pass that all will assent to, while few are practically true to its requirements, is not the result of our nature as a whole, but the effect of partial, interested and selfish inclinations. These creatures of circumstances not congenial to the enjoyment of the whole man, have usurped the throne and the power of justice within us, and lord it over to the prostration of much that gives to intellect its sources of pleasure, and God, that beauty and reverence which all whose hearts

are in the right place, never fail to entertain towards Him, or experience when contemplating the manifold attributes of his nature. I mean that all-pervading, and so far as we can judge, indiscriminating mercy and kindness shewn to the just and to the unjust, to the Jew, Gentile and Christian, distinctions apparently not recognized in heaven, or in the ministration of heaven's King, towards his creature man. These are sources of never failing enjoyment, and regard to them makes up so much of positive necessity in reference to the claims of social communion and right, that nothing less than anarchy, confusion and ruin can be expected where injustice reigns, and the claims of right and justice are unheeded and uncared for. Who are unjust to man cannot be just to God, for He is justice itself, and requires truth, love and mercy in all. While the consummation of his earthly mission, met in peace on earth and good will among men, how can it be expected that he will smile on or sanction with his blessing, schemes of oppression, tyranny and wrong, when injustice and fraud are the bases of success, and heart-rending imposition the means to effect it. The common sense of mankind, as well as the experience of all, at once assent to the necessity that where justice reigns and mercy smiles on the imperfections and wanderings of men, gratitude and confidence in those who experience their power, are the inevitable results that there virtue, manly freedom and true greatness will ever dwell and seek shelter, while puny, and thus rendered powerless vice, will hide her head and fly to regions more congenial to her nature and her strength: here she cannot flourish; a lingering death, neglected and alone, condemned and shunned of all, surely and certainly awaits her. It has been said with the peculiar force of that master of thought, Young, " 'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man." Mighty, not to the pulling down of the strength of those who participate in the life-giving energies of virtuous morality, or who hang on the honied accents of justice, teaching kindness, benevolence, charity and sympathy to and for our fellow creature man, but mighty in the influence which truth and virtue give their votaries, commanding respect and esteem in that simple greatness which justice always adds to those who love her and attend her dictates. Esteemed and respected, such a man passes through the world a light and a joy to all who gaze upon him, and such a man shines out amidst surrounding darkness, a beacon and a guide to all who wish to attain so desirable a pre-eminence.

Thought on the actions and life of such men, good and great as all confess, is a constant source of delight, and such are examples to be glad of—green spots in the midst of surrounding and sterile barrenness, personifications of eternal principles of truth and beauty reflected from the great source of both.

So necessary a feature in the character of all that is estimable and truly amiable, cannot be dispensed with, and he who stints himself to a certain and limited acquisition in the *rationale* of justice, will proportionally lessen the enjoyment which arises from conscious rectitude and a mind at ease, each of which are in themselves perennial sources of real substantial pleasure and delight.

Truth is but justice to ourself, for nought in the extent of earth's meanness is equally contemptible as the man of falsehood and deceit.

The restless ocean, casting up mire and dirt, has not more cause for ceaseless turmoil than has this man for anxiety, if on either he depends for success. Not so with the man who stands on the unchangeable rock of truth; 'tis sure as heaven, and firm as the basis of its continuance; a refuge here is simple as 'tis sure, for those who flee the world's harrassing cares and speculation's fathomless abyss. Man may embark on the sea of uncertainty, and give loose reign to his imagination and fancy, but, like the wearied, tempest-tost mariner, relieved at last, he gladly seeks this home and rests, if rest he will, beneath the grateful shade of certain and defined experience, of truth, the eldest daughter and best guide of future expectation. It has been truly and beautifully said by one whom experience and uncompromising necessity had taught truth's value, that on this foundation we may stand firm, smile at the surplicious frown, give truth its due force, and scorn the embroidered lie. In a merely practical point of view, the necessity of strict truth none can deny, and doubtless all are aware of the very unpleasant consequences of a disregard of it. The feelings which arise in the breast and mind of a man of falsehood are most unpleasant, fear, anxiety, suspicion, deceit, and indeed every cowardly virtue has there its origin and force, its full play and widest domain. Fear of detection is on constant watch, and the slightest appearances often cast from its equilibrium and coolness, a mind that, engaged in praiseworthy intentions, would have been equal to the most persevering efforts.

Suspicion sits brooding like an incubus over every fair feeling of a soul that now fears, though it naturally loves the light, and trembles lest the darkness it courts should be removed, and the lie that it fondly and foolishly caresses, exposed in its foulness or its imbecility. Poor servant of a faithless master, that oftener betrays than protects its votaries! Such is the man who prefers the devious and serpent-like ways of falsehood, to the plain, unvarnished and peaceful ways of truth. About her shines in unmistakable reality all the particular features of certainty which serves to guide the enquirer, enlighten the obscure, and elucidate the hidden; to invigorate the wearied one who has wandered and toiled in vain in the maze and darkness of conflicting opinions, who has become indifferent because his labor has met with no sufficient reward, in search of the substantial and the certain; where so much of uncertainty and indefiniteness abound, surely she is a blessing and a gift of brightest hue, a gem of purest ray, which cannot be too highly esteemed. To possess such is within the power of all, it is one of the commonest blessings of our life, and perfectly consentaneous to our whole nature, if that nature be not rendered vile by a determined perversity, to persist in which requires more of effort than is requisite to ensure a regard for truth in all our doings and imaginations. Even the imaginations of our heart can be rendered truthful by an honest love of truth and a perseverance adequate to the common affairs of man and society.

It was a sentiment of one of those ancients, whom too generally our religious prejudices lead us to regard as heathens, that having herself suffered adversity, she had learned to pity, to succour the distressed, and such sentiment, then as now, commands, as it justly receives, our

warmest approbation, and again evinces the perpetuity of those feelings which nature in her integrity dictates, and men who rightly think never deny assent or regard to. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn, and this truth in the light of civilization, Christianity and knowledge of even the nineteenth century is undeniable. And why? Are the claims of humanity less because knowledge, has increased and civilization advanced? Ah no! but Christianity has failed to produce thus far, its contemplated and legitimate effects; warring interests, contention, discord and minor differences of opinion, have ousted the weightier and more important features of religious organization, and mercy, justice and truth in their simplicity been too little regarded. If even in those things which concern our highest hopes, and connect us with eternal destinies, we find the appointed guardians of these principles derelict and wanting, we on the broad basis of humanity may hope for better things, and "hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong, man's heart at once inspirits and serenes." "Tis hope that originates so much of that pleasure which gives to life enjoyment and delight, it adds, even when entertained in reference to the prospects of those whom we love, a zest and feeling, which the intellectual nature of benevolence always finds in sympathy and truly heaven-born charity. But when that sympathy and charity are extended to the race of man in its prospects and future expectations, rational and desirable because of the need as well as the merit of humane action, nothing can equal the energetic and really pleasure-giving thought with which it blesses the mind, while it clothes the soul and intellect in almost heavenly love, and radiates fervent desire for the true welfare of our fellow-men, to all who have a mind to appreciate their claims and a soul to warm by the intensity of its fervor. Again, in the kindness which it dictates, there is nought of that sullen harshness which impels its possessor, as though he were infallible, to judge with unrelenting severity and unforgiving spirit the venial faults of those who are his fellows in imperfection and error, who need and receive at the hands of a higher than all, the pardon and forgivness of their wanderings. It gently smooths the rugged paths of this world's strife, and out of discouragement, evil and perplexity, educes energetic confidence, reliance and decision, clothing all in the garb of resignation and a faith which seems a child of Heaven, an antidote to all earth's ills. Who would not thus hope to be thus blessed, and how nobly free and truly great is that character which rests in justice, does mercy, loves truth, and hopes because the Father of Light has promised these, and such as these, a triumph and an everlasting power? What, if these positions be true, should be our action in regard to the immense mass of mankind who sit in thraldom and in darkness, and feel nought but the oppressor's rod, experience nought of kindness from the rich and wealthy, but "the proud man's contumely, and the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy takes." If we love justice we shall hate oppression and the oppressor, and though mercy may dictate a feeling of kindness, discrimination should enforce the necessity that man must be protected and humanity asserted, even at the risk of crushing the oppressor, unworthy and unfit as he is to meet even the judgment of his fellow men. Hatred of oppression seems then to be

the necessary and legitimate effect of a love of justice, and we may well doubt the soundness of any man's ideas of justice or truth, who will attempt to defend or advocate the continuance of a system of oppression and tyranny, into which enters scarcely a recognition of right or privilege extended to its subjects. This is harshest cruelty; and fiendish malice could no farther go. To justify imposition, tyranny and wrong, is to aid, to strengthen and to uphold the oppressor, on whom the God of Heaven frowns, and against whose acts every son of man should loudly, constantly protest, until even the oppressor tremble.

[Written for the Gavel.]
I M P R O M P T U.

TO J. B.—BY PHIZ.

Nav, lady fair, thou wil' not chide
The flowings of a poet's tide,
To see thee is to elevate
The heart above what thou must hate.

Where the gods have been propitious,
Poets will not dare be vicious;
They bow in virtue at the shrine
Of heavenly graces, such as thine.

The faultless beauty of thy mien,
E'en such as fairies may have seen;
The friendly beamings of thine eyes,
Like purest light of summer skies.

The blush of beauty in thy cheek,
And glow of passion on thy lip,
Which, as I gazed upon awhile,
I thought thee all an angel's smile.

All these have pledged secure thy charms
From naughty poets' earnest arms;
And but allow them to admire,
Yet still consume with hopeless fire.

Oh, were I but the mountain wind,
That steals thy gentle steps behind,
Thy brow of sweetest white to greet,
And smiles to kiss thy beauteous cheek.]

Then should I be as pure as thou,
Nor drag so much of earth as now,
Still in thy gentle presence keep,
And on thy softest blushes sleep.

By heavens! I swear that wind I am,
Nor am I any more a man;
Oh, let me blow upon thy brow,
And sip one draft of nectar now.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE EDITOR'S BOW.

It is through many misgivings and doubts that I have been willing to assume the responsibility of editing the Gavel. Any person who is acquainted with the pressure of engagements in which I am absolutely plunged, will readily account for these doubts without attributing them to an affected modesty on my part. I am too conscious that I have not leisure to discharge my duties as faithfully as I could wish in this station. The idea of adding to the list of good magazines already published, another of common-place character is perfectly frightful to a man of my nerves, and would be as surely odious to me as sour-kraut to a French lady. If such an event did not break my heart, it would too certainly corrupt my temper. And if I have judged right, there are enough mad editors in the country even now, to exasperate the world by their ill manners. If the Gavel shall be able to sprinkle oil upon the libidinous waves of insulted life—to bring tears of pity and smiles of joy out on the sullen brow of the world—make man better acquainted and more in love with man, I shall be proud of the Gavel; if not, ashamed. I humbly ask the indulgence of the public while I try. I come not to censure, but to love and be loved. And if I stir up hate in the way of honest duty, I have nerves to bear that too. For most of the literary men in our country I am happy in entertaining a profound respect, and take a pleasant pride in their works. It is no mean thing to live in the times that are full of the literature of Cooper, and Irving, and Willis, and Neal, and Bryant, and Greeley, and Pierpont, and Emerson. I am glad to be here in these times; though least of them all, and not even daring to look up and say *we* as yet, I am glad to be here.

With the editorial world I believe I am at peace; with all except a few unpardonable sinners, whose literary offences and rabid tempers will never be forgiven them by any man who expects to own his country. Am I now introduced? and is my bow approved by the critics? No matter.

The Gavel is not yet what it shall be. Since engaging to superintend its columns, the editor has not been at home three whole days at any one time, and his matter has been prepared at little snatches of rest taken at hotels, while packed away in upper rooms, the companion of cob-webs and crikets. Besides, he has the promise of able assistance, which is a redeeming hope I think.

We have a large number of literary friends scattered over the country, to whom we send this number of the Gavel. If for friendship's sake, or pity's sake, or any other sake they may be pleased to send us an article occasionally, they shall receive our best editorial bow, besides the gratitude which shall be poured out without measure upon them.

OPPOSITION TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

SEVERAL of the religious denominations in New England are quite insane on the subject of Odd-Fellowship. It is certainly a new chapter of the ridiculous to see grave and reverend ecclesiastical bodies assembling with prodigious pomp to debate whether men shall be allowed to unite in a common brotherhood with pledges of mutual assistance and respect. What man that loves his wife and babes will respect any church discipline that denies him the privilege of providing for himself and family against the cold hour of sickness and want? What man that respects himself will not smile with defiance in the face of such assumption? But the churches utter their threats in vain; for they can never shake the good faith of a single intelligent and worthy Odd-Fellow. Were all the popes, from Pope Leo the first of Rome to pope Impudence the first of New-England, to utter excommunicating bulls against the Order, they would never give so much as a shock to its firm foundation of friendship, love and truth. An institution which grows out of the wants of baffled and afflicted life, and which meets the wants of that life, which are unmet by any thing else, has nothing to fear now, thank God, from the poor babbling of assumption and ignorance. The dark days when truth and goodness had aught to fear, have gone, I hope, and popes and devils, whether of Rome or America, are harmless now. The surges of the world are every where setting to a common centre, the improvement of man, and the protection of his hopes. The infant's sorrowing cry alarms the world now more than the roar of cannon. A widow's sigh, or an orphan's tear, startles the energies of man as never before; and society, struggling in the pangs of a new birth, pants after health and manhood. Not health and manhood are intimidated by Colvers and excommunications. Not husbands and fathers, seeking after protection for their wives and children, will be driven from the pursuit by elders and conferences. Not these.

THE METHODIST CHURCH AND ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—The committee on Odd-Fellowship, of the Maine Conference, have reported against the Order—1st. Because it is a *secret* society. 2d. Because, considering the power of the gospel, it is *unnecessary*. 3d. Because, it is liable to *abuse*, and hence *dangerous*. The first resolution, declaring a sufficiency in the gospel for all *charitable* purposes, was passed; the remainder of the report was laid on the table to make room for the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we consider ourselves bound as ministers of the gospel of Christ, to avoid all such questions and measures for or against Odd-Fellowship as produce excitements and stir up strife among our people.
2. *Resolved*, That we will not attend or encourage meetings of Odd Fellows of any kind, and we affectionately invite all our ministers and members to do the same.
3. *Resolved*, That this Conference will consider any of its members who disregard these resolutions as offending against the authority of the Conference.

There is a marvellous degree of wisdom manifested in these resolutions which we may, without breaking any law, laugh at a minute. The first resolution sets forth distinctly the determination to avoid all "measures for or against Odd-Fellowship," &c. Then, the second solemnly affirms that they will not "attend or encourage meetings of Odd Fellows of any kind;" and the third declares that if any of the

members do attend Odd Fellows' meetings, the Conference will deal with and censure them. And all this is "avoiding all measures against Odd-Fellowship!" Verily there must be some wise heads in that Maine Conference. But the resolutions of this conference remind us of the monster of which we have read in classic fable, whose tail beat his own head to pieces.

These people know not what they are doing in threatening to ex-communicate their brethren for attending the meetings of Odd Fellows. At their meetings means of relief are ordered for the sick, and appropriations made to feed and clothe and educate poor orphans. All the measures of these meetings are for the protection of unfortunate brethren—to drive out hungry want and cold despair from their dwelling, and wipe the hot tear from the widow's cheek. Such meetings are an offence against the authority of the Maine Conference! But we can tell the Maine Conference that every worthy Odd Fellow belonging to it, will say to such *authority*, 'get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an *offence* unto me.'

In vain the conference talks about the power of the gospel as having rendered such measures unnecessary, as that power is now displayed in any church on earth. Alas, a man will go hungry as long in the church as out of the church. His orphans will go without food and clothes and books, not a whit less for his church membership. Hunger is as *hungry* in the church as out of it, and destitution is as severe there, as out among the unbaptized sinners of the world. When the widows of the deceased members of the churches may take their little children by the hand and lead them up to the altars where their fathers worshipped, and there find bread and clothes and books and money, then will it do for the Maine Conference to talk about Odd-Fellowship as unnecessary in this respect.

In a kind notice of the Gavel, which appears in the Democratic Free-man of Syracuse, we notice the following paragraph:—"We regret that it should appear to be the duty of any liberty party man, secretly to labor to injure our success as a publisher and editor in the cause of liberty, because we are an Odd Fellow. That such is the shameful fact to a considerable extent, we have the means of knowing." Too plainly he figures most amiably in a *liberty party*, who will not allow his friend the privilege of providing for himself and children against the day-storms. Pin a pair of long ears on his head, Brother, he will do his own *braying*.

RESTORATION OF WASHINGTON LODGE, No. 12.

At the recent session of the R. W. G. Lodge of this State, a re-charter was granted to Washington Lodge, of this city, and ordered to be removed to the city of New-York immediately upon its organization.

On Tuesday, 10th September, D. D. G. R. Benj. C. True, attended by P. G. John Tanner, of No. 41, as G. W., P. G. T. R. Courtney of No. 3, as G. Sec'y, P. G. Frederick Ingmire of No. 5, as G. Treas., and P. G. Eugene Kissam of No. 23, G. Marshall, and several P. G.'s

and Brothers, appeared in Athenæum Hall for the purpose of instituting said Lodge, in accordance with a Special Dispensation.

On calling the roll of the Petitioners, P. G. William Ferguson, P. G. J. B. Pewtris, Bros. Wm. Cobb, Isaac B. Briggs and Charles Joy, answered to their names and were re-instated members of the Order.

The following Bros. from New-York, whose cards accompanied the charter, came forward, were admitted, and then proceeded to the election of officers and the organization of the Lodge. P. G. D. D. Egan, P. G. James Stephens, P. G. George Gillett, P. G. Benj. F. Hendrickson, Bros. Seymour J. Strong, Richard F. Hartshorn, Wm. McCormick, Alex. Black, and Wm. Hill.

P. G. David D. Egan was elected and installed N. G.

P. G. Geo. Gillet, " " " " V. G.

P. G. Jas. Stephens " " " " Sec.

P. G. Benj. F. Hendrickson " " " " Treas.

The brethren took their departure in the evening boat for New-York, apparently much pleased with their visit to Albany, and Washington Lodge entire left the capital for a wider sphere of action and usefulness. And from the character of those into whose hands it has gone, we feel assured that it will long live to honor its name, and bless those who take it hence.

CELEBRATION AT HUDSON.

THE first anniversary celebration of Allen Lodge No. 92, I. O. of O. F. of the city of Hudson, took place on the 29th ult. The oration was pronounced by Brother Chapin, and was certainly worthy of Brother E. H. Chapin, which is saying enough, we conclude. And it is saying enough of the Odd Fellows of Hudson to say that there are no better Odd Fellows in the State, which we believe is true. The following was the order of exercises:

HYMN, by the Choir, written by Rev. Brother J. N. MAFFIT.

PRAAYER, by the Chaplain.

ANTHEM, by the Choir.

ADDRESS, on the Institution of Allen Lodge, together with a statement of its present condition, by Brother E. B. SHAW.

ODE, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH, by the Choir.

ORATION, by Rev. Brother E. H. CHAPIN, Past Grand Master, of Massachusetts.

ORIGINAL ODE, written for the occasion, by Rev. Bro. C. C. BURR, and sung by the celebrated ORPHEAN FAMILY, who in the kindest manner volunteered their services for the occasion.

We are a happy, singing band—

Odd Fellows true and strong,

And now we come at your command,

To greet you with a song;

No more let grief and woe abound,

For in our happy land,

A faithful brotherhood is found,

That ever firm shall stand.

Come on, come on, come, brothers come,

Our hearts shall never fail;

We'll carry friendship, truth and love,

To soothe the widow's wail.

Wherever lone and friendless now,

The wandering exile goes,

Whose heart has owaed the friendly

vow,

That feels another's woes,
There comes a gentle soothing voice,
Like blessings from above,
That bids the weary heart rejoice
In friendship, truth and love.

Come on, come on, &c.

The tear that scalds the orphan's
cheek,

No more unseen shall flow,
A brother's smile shall kindly greet,

The weeping mourner now;

And oft along life's weary way,

Where cares and sorrows press,

Will we with friendship's gentle sway,

The lonely bosom bless.

Come on, come on, &c.

THEATRICAL EDITORIAL.

THE editor in his chair at four o'clock in the afternoon. Enter a clerical friend from the west, covered all over with dust, and unshaved for seven days. After brushing and blowing four minutes and a half, and spitting twice on the carpet, the act opens as follows :

*F*riend. Well, I see by an Albany paper that you are going to edit an Odd Fellows' paper?

*E*ditor Yes, sir.

F. Good many of your friends out west are sorry you are an Odd Fellow.

E. Then I am sorry to hear that I have a good many silly friends out west, or worse than silly.

F. Silly or worse! what do you mean by that?

E. Why, I know that no wise man will oppose Odd-Fellowship before he knows what it is; and I know that no good man can oppose it when he knows what it is.

F. But you know it is a secret society?

E. Whose business is that if it is a secret society? So is every well regulated family a secret society. There is in that holy sanctuary of love, a private peace and communion which a stranger must not intermeddle with.

F. But the cases are not parallel. Odd Fellows close the doors upon their uninitiated friends, and talk of matters which they dare not allow to be known out of doors. And have we not a right in such cases to infer that it is no good they are doing? How know we but they are plotting against society?

E. So does every well regulated family close its doors on the uninitiated. And who has ever made a fool of himself by complaining of this right of a private family? What would be thought of the man who, on seeing his neighbor shut his blinds and lock his doors, should instantly commence abusing him, and report that he was probably grinding knives to cut his neighbors' throats?

F. But the character of most private families is a guaranty against such suspicions.

E. So is the character of every Odd Fellow's lodge a guaranty against such suspicions.

F. We cannot so well judge of the character of an Odd Fellow's lodge as of a private family.

E. We can better judge. Odd-Fellowship has never yet been seen doing but one thing—supporting the sick, watching by the bed of anguish, burying the dead with brotherly hands, educating orphans, and wiping the tear out of the widow's eye. Why, sir, it is a poor compliment to a man's head to be even suspicious of such an institution, where every public act of its whole existence is such as Jesus of Nazareth would approve. I hope that my *friends*, of whom you speak, will not claim to be among my *associates* while they quarrel with such works as these.

F. Perhaps they have condemned Odd-Fellowship without knowing what it is?

E. Sir, the Scripture says that if a man judgeth a matter before he heareth it, it is a shame unto him.

F. Well, I confess that I begin to think better of Odd-Fellowship than I did.

E. And I begin to think better of your judgment than I did. I believe you are a wiser man than when you came, sir.

The parties both laugh heartily, and the editor offers his friend his arm-chair in token of reconciliation.

PROGRESS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

THIS progressive age has lost none of its improving influences upon the order of Odd-Fellowship. Indeed, while many other useful institutions have remained comparatively stationary in their condition for usefulness, the order has received in this country the most useful additions to its work, and the most healthy corrections of the abuses which it brought with it from Europe.

These are facts gratifying alike to our moral as to our national pride. That an institution which has had an unparalleled spread throughout England, embracing hundreds of thousands in its fold, should on reaching this country, at once be touched by the remodelling hand that peculiarizes our every thing national, is indeed no wise strange, and will be looked upon with increasing pride the more the extent of its improvements are known. That much still remains to be done, no one familiar with its whole work can for a moment doubt, and the generally expressed desire to extend the *Americanizing* process to the entire work will soon become too importunate for the Grand National authorities to either misapprehend or delay.

The introduction of the order here, as elsewhere in this country, brought with it the pernicious influences of dissipation that then pervaded every thing social. And the charge made by its enemies that it encouraged habitual indulgence in drink was but too true. It did partake largely of that social character which mutual companionship at that day everywhere cemented by the free use of "generous drink." It did not form an exception to the general class of social gatherings by being more addicted to that pernicious fashion, but like every meeting of friends, whether at the bridal feast or the funeral obsequies —the political or fireside gatherings, the circulation of wine or stronger drinks was indulged.

But thanks to the foresight of its friends, it was among the first to banish the bowl, and now is found the wholesome law incorporated in nearly every Lodge, that "no refreshments other than water shall at any time be permitted in any room connected with or used by this Lodge." And it is understood by all that the separation of all Lodge rooms, or meetings from taverns or porter houses is indispensable when accommodations can be had elsewhere. And nearly every Lodge have named drunkenness as one of the crimes punishable with suspension or expulsion.

We shall recur to this again, and show to what other improvements the order has been subjected in this country.

MYSTERY.

SOMEHOW there is a charm in mystery after all. Every body dislikes mystery, every body steps back before it, and yet somehow there is a charm in it. And there is a pleasure in being mysterious. So good old Friar Bacon thought, when he wrote the "Opus Majus"; and he stoutly endured ten years of imprisonment, rather than lose the reputation of a conjurer among the silly Franciscan monks of his own order. It is the charm of mystery that has sustained the most terrible superstitions of the world; that reared the temple of the Druids in the Gallic forests, and erected the altars of the Helvetian monks. The natural fondness of man for mystery is clearly seen in the old fact that no new forms of religion have risen up to make much progress in the world without the mystic charm. This principle interprets religious history, and presages futurity. It shows us in the popular feelings and traditions of one age, a reflection from the preceding; and from the prevailing habits and speculations now, it enables us to foresee what is coming. For this principle that has travelled down to us afar off, from the beginning of sixty centuries that are past, stands up in the earth a full giant now, clad in the cob-webs of the ages through which it has come; and I see not but it may travel on sixty centuries more, nor lose much of its brawny sinew and iron flesh. Nor am I disposed to quarrel much with her dusty tread, seeing that she is so common a favorite with the poor ages of the world. "*Vive la Mystere!*"—What would men's heads or hearts look like if they were stripped naked as truth? And what would become of the sweet privilege of speculating and building glorious theories on the past, if the shadows of mystery were lifted off. Who hewed out the temple in the caverns of Elephanta? Who built the great wall of China? Who carved the great eagle in the Corinthian palace at Balbec? Who lifted the masses at Stonehenge? Who embalmed the Egyptian mummies? What produced the French Revolution? Did Napoleon Bonaparte really kiss Madame La Comtesse de Genlis, or did he not? Who was the first man that invented sleep to receive the blessing of Sancho Panza? Who invented toasted cheese? Verily here is a region shadowy with the wings of mystery; and but for these *shadows*, what would become of the popular lectures before Lyceums and Young Men's Associations. Alas! our professors would have no themes for speculation, nor could scholastic dullness dogmatize where wisdom doubts, if mystery sheltered not their brood. There is no amend for the loss of this in professional literature—no *quid pro quo*, alas!

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN THE WEST.

AN Odd Fellows' Hall is to be erected in Cincinnati, and will be completed during the winter. The building is to front on two streets, and the floor of the second story is to be thrown into a saloon eighteen feet high, for concerts, lectures, &c. There are 850 Odd Fellows in Cincinnati. In Ohio there are 32 lodges.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GRAND LODGE OF U. S.
Baltimore, September 17, 1844. }

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—The Grand Lodge met yesterday and received the reports of the Grand Sire, Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, which were mailed to you yesterday. A very full attendance was had, nearly every state being present.

To-day the election of grand officers took place, with the following result:

P. G. M. Thomas Sherlock, of Ohio, Grand Sire.

P. G. M. George W. Churchill, of Maine, Deputy Grand Sire.

P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, of Maryland, Gr. Recording Secretary.

“ “ “ “ “ Gr. Corresponding Sec.

P. G. M. A. E. Warner, “ Grand Treasurer.

A charter for a Grand Lodge, to be located at Montreal, C. E., and one at Detroit, Mich., was granted this day. Several amendments to the Constitution, as proposed, were made, and some rejected.

Yours, fraternally,

B. C. T.

BR. JOHN TANNER.

New-Brunswick, N. J. Aug. 26, 1844.

Bro. J. TANNER—Raritan Encampment, No. 8, was instituted on the 17th inst. by G. P. John Mc Cully. The following are the officers elected and installed for the present term:

Otis D. Stewart, C. P.; John L. Page, H. P.; Robt. W. Thompson, S. W.; Isaac McGenis, Scribe; Ralph Stout, J. W.; Geo. W. Pitman, Gr.

I herewith forward you the names of nine subscribers for the “Gavel,” which you will please forward as soon as convenient.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN L. PAGE.

EXCELSIOR LODGE, No. 126.—This Lodge was duly instituted on Monday evening last. The R. W. Grand Master was present, assisted by Deputy G. M. Fardon, G. S. Treadwell, G. W. Lowton, G. Mar. Davids, G. C. Dikeman, P. G. M. McGowan, and P. G. S. Kennedy. During the evening the Lodge was visited by D. G. S. Stewart, of Missouri, and G. Rep. Allen, of that state.

Bro. Walter B. Townsend, was elected and duly installed as N. G. for the current quarter. S. Jenkins, V. G.; Wm. W. Corlies, Sec.; Joseph Baker, Treas., and A. S. Atkinson, Permanent Sec. We have the happiness of possessing a personal acquaintance with Bro. Townsend, and have no doubt but that he will make a most efficient and popular officer.

This Lodge has the material for doing much good in the cause of Benevolence. Success attend them.—*Golden Rule.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

WE acknowledge our obligations for a copy of the "Ceremonies of Dedication of the Hall of Maine Lodge Number one," of Portland, with the address delivered on the occasion by Br. Charles Holden. This celebration took place on the 24th of July, and was probably one of the most splendid displays which the good people of Portland have witnessed for a long time. The address by Bro. Holden is an excellent one; plain, calm, sensible, worthy of Bro. Charles Holden.

THE ARK AND ODD FELLOW'S WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Columbus, Ohio.—This work was commenced in January last, and the publishers have kindly sent us all the back numbers. Its pages show a great deal of editorial care and ability, and it is every way a faithful work for the order. The Ark is conducted by Brs. John T. Blair, P. C. P. and Alex. E. Glenn, P. G.

"**THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW**, Richmond, Va."—An ably conducted and beautiful monthly, edited by Br. J. M. Ford. The third number is before us, full of welcome news and good reading.

THE SYMBOL for September is received, rich as ever in the good things of literature and Odd-Fellowship. Its editor, Rev. E. H. Chapin, is undeniably one of the most vigorous and beautiful writers in America.

OUR acknowledgements are due to Mr. N. Orr, of N. Y., for several numbers of the "**ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE**," also for No. 1 of the "**ILLUMINATED TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE**," by Charles and Miss Lamb. The illustrations are by Mr. N. Orr and Brother. The works are for sale at Jones' and Gavits.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We have received a number of excellent papers in exchange for the "Gavel," but our limits will not permit a more extended notice. Will the editors of the **Covenant** be kind enough to forward their magazine?

GRAND LODGE.

THE following charters for Subordinate Lodges were granted by the R. W. Grand Lodge of New-York, at its session, September 4, 1844, viz:

Canaseraga Lodge, No. 123, Domsville, Livingston County.

Black River Lodge No. 124, Watertown, Jefferson County.

____ Lodge, No. 125, Vernon, Oneida County.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 126, city of New-York.

The charter of Washington Lodge, No. 12, of Albany, was restored, and ordered that the lodge be removed to the city of New-York.

The following appointments were then made:

D. D. G. MASTERS.—Constantine Sargent, of No. 66, Dis. of Kings; P. Conine, of 81; Dis. of Queens; Dexter Gilmor, of 70, Dis. of Oneida; S. H. Cook, of 102, Dis. of Saratoga; David P. Forrest, of 72, Dis. of Schenectady; John B. Wandle, of 83, Dis. of Rockland.

THE author of the following very pretty lines is unknown to us. We have taken the liberty of adding a caption to them, which he will please excuse. We should be happy to hear from the same source often.

[For the Gavel.]

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

ALL hail! thou philanthropic Love !
 Enkindled in a Brother's breast,
 A foretaste of the bliss above,
 That waits upon his rest.
 Tho' misery task him tear for tear,
 Yet Godlike happiness is near,
 The broken heart to soothe and cheer,
 Ah! what can be more blest !
 Thou bind'st in one unbroken band,
 From clime to clime, o'er every sea,
 The choicest spirits of each land,
 And bind'st to make them free
 From dark corruption's filthy chain ;
 From malice, envy, and the train
 Of endless passions they sustain,
 From guilt and misery.
 Thou still'st the passions, as the breath
 With which the boisterous waves were quell'd :
 The timorous Dove, thy wing beneath,
 Finds every fear dispell'd.
 The wayfarer—tho' sore beset
 By danger, hunger, cold or wet—
 With thee may claim a refuge yet,
 Nor think to be repell'd.
 On thee the orphan firm relies,
 Nor leans he on a broken reed ;
 Thy smile revives the drooping eyes
 That weep a parent's need.
 That sun of which thou art a ray,
 Surveys thy path from day to day,
 Approves thy works and gilds thy way,
 And ever bids God speed.
 Still may'st thou be the moving spring
 Of every action, each desire—
 Till virtue, honor, peace shall sing
 Round thy decayless fire—
 And all of Adam's race shall prove
 The sweets of Friendship, Truth and Love ;
 And heart in heart, like brethren move,
 And to one Heaven aspire.

Albany, August 13, 1844.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday afternoon, the 17th inst., by the Rev. M. L. Scudder, Brother EDWARD WILKES, printer, to Miss SARAH A. VANCE, all of this city.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our melancholy duty to record in the present number of the Covenant, the death of the Past Grand Sire JAMES GETTYS, of the District of Columbia, one of the venerated fathers of our Institution, who departed this life at Georgetown, on Thursday, the 15th August. He was in the fifty-third year of his age, and was known to many of the Brethren of the Order, especially in this city and at the national metropolis, as a zealous and efficient auxiliary in extending the sphere of its operations, before a knowledge of the correctness of its principles had removed the apparently deep-rooted prejudice against it which, in the first few years of its existence, appeared to have taken possession of the public mind.

Brother Gettys was initiated in the Georgetown Lodge No 2, on the 23d of January, 1828, by much respected Senior Past Grand Sire, on the occasion of the institution of that lodge, it being the first one which was opened in Georgetown. He was on the same night, in the organization of the new Lodge, elected to the station of Secretary; and from that time his influence became manifest from the active interest which he took in the welfare of the association, aided as he was by an extensive and favorable acquaintance with his townsmen, which he had acquired by a long residence among them, first in the pursuit of mercantile business, and subsequently in the capacity of magistrate, conveyancer, general agent, &c., as also by his connexion with the city councils and the levy court of the county.

In less than a year from the time of opening Georgetown Lodge, its members united with those of Central Lodge of Washington in petitioning for a charter for the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, which body was duly instituted at Washington in November, 1828, when Brother Gettys was elevated to the station of Deputy Grand Master, from which he was advanced at the next annual communication to that of Grand Master. It would be needless here to say that he discharged all his duties faithfully. In the latter office he was continued by re-election for four successive terms; and before the expiration of the last one, he was required to relinquish its duties in consequence of being exalted to the distinguished chair of Grand Sire of the United States, then just vacated by the worthy Founder of the Order in this country, whose pre-eminent services in its behalf so properly entitled him to fill it in the first instance. This occurred in the fall of 1833, and brother Gettys remained at the head of the order for two years, performing the functions of his office to the satisfaction of the Fraternity, and receiving from the supreme body a handsome compliment thereof on the occasion of his retirement by the expiration of his term of service. During the greater portion of the above period, and for two or three years afterwards, he also represented the District of Columbia in the Grand Lodge of the United States.—*Covenant.*

DIRECTORY OF THE I. O. O. F. OF THE UNITED STATES.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Grand Lodge,

Meets in the city of New-York quarterly, at National Hall. The officers for the present year are : Wm. A. Tyler, GM ; Wm. Fardon, DGM; John G. Treadwell, GS ; Moses Anderson, GT ; Cyrus Lawton, GW ; W. H. Dike man, GC ; A. D. Wilson and B. C. True, G. R.'s.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Columbia,	New-York,	Thur	74 Orange County,	Newburgh,	Wed
2 Friendship,	Pleas' Val.	sur'd cha'r	75 Cryptic,	Peekskill,	Fri
3 Hope,	Albany,	Tues	76 Rockland Co'ty,	Haverstraw,	Thur
4 Stranger's Refuge,	New-York,	expelled	77 Westchester,	Tarrytown,	Mon
5 Philanthropic,	Albany,	Fri	78 Croton,	New-York,	Wed
6 Good Intent,	Columbiaville, sur. ch'r	Mon	79 Onondaga,	Syracuse,	Fri
7 Clinton,	Albany,	sur'd cha'r	80 Cayuga,	Auburn,	Thur
8 Union,	Albany,	Thur	81 Jamaica,	Jamaica,	Tues
9 Tompkins,	New-York,	Tues	82 German Oak,	New-York,	Fri
10 New-York,	do	Wed	83 Piermont,	Piermont,	Tues
11 Gettys,	do	Tues	84 Chelsea,	New-York,	Fri
12 Washington,	do	Tues	85 Pacific,	Flushing,	Mon
13 Germania,	New-York,	Fri	86 Hosciuseo,	Kingston,	Wed
14 Teutonia,	do	Mon	87 Fidelity,	New-York,	Fri
15 Albany City,	Albany,	sur'd cha'r	88 Richmond Co.,	Factoryville,	Wed
16 German Colonial,	Albany,	Mon	89 Putnam,	West Farms,	Thur
17 Perseverance,	New-York,	expelled	90 Suffolk,	Sag Harbor,	Mon
18 LaFayette,	Channingville,	Thur	91 Fishkill,	Fishkill,	
19 Firemen's,	Albany,	Thur	92 Allen,	Hudson,	Sat
20 Manhattan,	New-York,	Mon	93 Samaratan,	Albany,	Mon
21 Poughkeepsie,	Poughkeepsie,	Mon	94 Eagle,	Brooklyn,	Mon
22 Knickerbocker,	New-York,	Thur	95 Shenandoah,	Utica,	Tues
23 Mariner's,	do	Mon	96 Rising Sun,	Lansingburgh,	Wed
24 Franklin,	Troy,	Wed	97 Ossinsin,	Sing-Sing,	Eri
25 Niagara,	Buffalo,	Mon	98 Saratoga,	Saratoga Springs,	Tues
26 Brooklyn,	Brooklyn,	Tues	99 St. Pauls,	Schenectady,	Tues
27 Trojan,	Troy,		100 Wyoming,	Attica,	Fri
28 Ark.,	New-York,	Wed	101 Cincinnati,	Batavia,	
29 Star,	Lansingburgh,	Tues	102 Kayaderossoars,	Ballston Spa,	Tues
30 National,	New-York,	Mon	103 Otsego,	Cooperstown,	
31 Olive Branch,	do	Wed	104 Stanwix,	Andover, Onei.,	Wed
32 American,	Albany,	Wed	105 Washington Co.,	Hartford,	
33 Metropolitan,	New-York,	Thur	106 Silver Lake,	Perry,	Sat
34 Marion,	do	Thur	107 Hinman,	New-York,	Mon
35 Covenant,	do	Thur	108 Hughsonville,	Hughsonville,	
36 Enterprise,	do	Tues	109 Syracuse,	Syracuse,	
37 Buffalo,	Buffalo,	Tues	110 Waverly,	Watford,	Fri
38 Watervliet,	West Troy,	Mon	111 Owasco,	Port Byron,	
39 Nassau,	Brooklyn,	Thur	112 Middletown,	Middletown,	
40 Greenwich,	New-York,	Mon	113 Mechanics',	New-York,	Fri
41 Phoenix,	Albany,	Wed	114 Chenango,	Cxford,	
42 Meridian,	New-York,	Wed	115 Rome,	Rome,	
43 Concorde,	do	Tues	116 Ontario,	Canandaigua,	
44 Harmony,	do	Mon	117 Continental,	New-York,	Wed
45 Kings County,	Williamsburgh,	Wed	118 Genesee Valley,	Mt. Morris,	
46 Jefferson,	New-York,	Tues	119 Le Roy,	Le Roy,	
47 Mercantile,	do	Tues	120 Cold Spring,	Cold Spring,	
48 Tehoseronum,	Buffalo,	Thur	121		
49 Hancock,	New-York,	Wed	122	Union Village,	
50 Atlantic,	Brooklyn,	Mon	123 Canaseraga,	Domesville, Liv.,	
51 Genesee,	Rochester,	Fri	124 Black River,	Watertown,	
52 United Brothers,	New-York,	Tues	125	Vernon, Onei.,	
53 Rensselaer,	Troy,	Tues	126		
54 Whitehall,	Whitehall,	Thur	127	Excelsior,	New-York,
55 Courtlandt,	Peekskill,	Wed		Degree Lodges.	
56 Halcyon,	Troy,	Thur	1 New-York,	New-York,	Wed
57 Mutual,	New-York,	Mon	2 Bowery,	do	Fri
58 Grove,	do	Thur	3 Erie,	Buffalo,	Wed
59 Dutchess,	Poughkeepsie,	Wed	4 Hudson,	New-York,	Sat
60 Howard,	New-York,	Wed	5 United Brothers,	do	Wed
61 Williamsburgh,	Williamsburgh,	Tues	6 Clinton,	do	Sat
62 Spartan,	Cohoes,	Mon	7 Rensselaer,	Troy,	Wed
63 Long Island,	Wallaabout,	Fri	8 Ridgely,	Troy,	Fri
64 Empire,	New-York,	Tues	9 Dutchess,	Channingville,	Sat
65 Highland,	Newburgh,	Tues	10 Selby,	Poughkeepsie,	Fri
66 Fulton,	Brooklyn,	Wed	11 Albany City,	Albany,	Sat
67 Commercial,	New-York,	Tues	12 Monroe,	Rochester,	Tues
68 Oriental,	do	Thur	13 Franklin,	Brooklyn,	Fri
69 Teoronto;	Rochester,	Mon	14 Washington,	Williamsburgh,	Thurs
70 Oneida,	Utica,	Thur	15 Excelsior,	Albany,	1 & 3 Fri
71 Ithaca,	Ithaca,	Fri	16 Harmony,	Lansingburgh,	Tues
72 Mohawk Valley,	Schenectady,	Mon	17 Keanehy,	Ithaca,	Fri
73 Mt. Vernon,	New-York,	Fri	18 Utica,	Utica,	Thur
			19 Treadwell	Syracuse	

Grand Encampment,

Meets semi-annually, in the city of N. York, on the Mondays following the first Wednesdays in August and Feb'y. The following is a list of the officers for the present year : Moses Anderson, MWGF; Jno. Green, MEHP; Jno. D. Farrington, GSW; Jas S. Cadle, G. Scribe; R. Sharp, GT; Jno. Wigham, GJW; Wm. N. Lewis, GS; R. G. Milard, DGS.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 New-York State,	Albany,	expelled
2 Mt. Hebron,	New-York,	2 4 Fri
3 Mt. Sinia,	do,	1 3 Fri
4 Troy,	Troy,	1 3 Fri
5 En-hakkore,	Albany,	2 4 Fri
6 Mosaic,	New-York,	1 3 Fri
7 Salem,	Brooklyn,	2 4 Fri
8 Mt. Vernon,	Buffalo,	1 3 Fri
9 Palestine,	New-York,	2 4 Th
10 Mt. Olivet,	Williamsburgh,	1 3 Th
11 Mt. Hope,	Rochester,	1 3 Th
12 Mt. Herob,	New-York,	2 4 Mo
13 Mohawk,	Schenectady,	2 4 Fri
14 Mt. Nebo,	Syracuse,	
15 Olive Branch,	Lansingburgh,	2 4 Fri
16 Peeksill,		
17 Union,	Hudson,	2 4 Fri

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Richmond semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Virginia Lodge	Harper's Ferry	Mon
2 Washington	Norfolk	Mon
3 Virginius	Wheeling	Mon
4 Jefferson	Richmond	Mon
5 Old Dominica	Portsmouth	Fri
6 Madison	Winchester	Wed
7 Union	Richmond	Fri
8 Monroe	Petersburg	Mon
9 La Fayette	Norfolk	Mon
10 Friendship	Richmond	Tues
11 Wildey	Charlestown	Sat
12 Powhatan	Richmond	Wed
13 Franklin	Wheeling	Mon
14 Rappahannock	Fredericksburgh	Mon
15 Patrick Henry	Hampton	Sat
16 Appomattox	Petersburg	Fri
17 Lynchburg	Lynchburg	Thurs
18 St. Pauls	Princess Anne c. u. Th	
19 Harmony	Norfolk	Tues
20 Smithfield	Smithfield	Mon
21 Maffit	Martinsburg	Sat
22 Pythagoras	Lynchburg	Fri
23 Caledonia	Shepherdstown	Sat
24 Gratitude	Hedgesville	Thurs

GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

Meets at Portsmouth annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Abrams	Wheeling
2 Neilson	Richmond
3	Portsmouth 2&4 Thurs
4 Jerusalem	Norfolk
5 Widow's Friend	Winchester
7 Glazier	Petersburg
8 Virginia	Lynchburg
9 Dainascus	Smithfield
10 Salem	Hampden

STATE OF NEW-JERSFY.

GRAND LODGE

Meets at Trenton quarterly. The following are the officers for the present year: J. D. Edwards, G. M.; T. McPherson, D. G. M.; J. Morrison, G. W.; W. C. Howel, G. S.; Thomas Ashmore, G. T.; M. C. Holmes and D. G. Fitch, Grand Representatives.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Trenton	Trenton	Tues
4 Concordia	do.	Wed
6 New-Brunswick	N. Brunswick	Tues
7 Howard	Newark	Mon
8 Newark	do.	Fri
9 Franklin	Elizabethtown	Mon
10 Nassau	Princeton	Thurs
11 Friendship	Newark	Thurs
12 La Fayette	Orange	Thurs
13 Covenant	Belvidere	Thurs
14 Hudson	Jersey City	Mon
15 Leni Lenape	Lambertville	Tues
16 Bordentown	Bordentown	Mon
17 Madison	Allentown	Thurs

18 Clinton	Clinton	Mon
19 Mount Holly	Mount Holly	Wed
20 Monmouth	Freehold	Wed
21 Washington	Salem	Wed

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Newark Semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

2 Trenton	Trenton	1, 3 Thurs
3 Mt. Ararat	Newark	1, 3 Wed
4 Olive Branch	Trenton	1, 3 Fri
5 Mt. Sinai	Jersey City	1, 3 Mon
7		
8 Rariton	New Brunswick	

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New-Haven quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Quinnipiac	New-Haven	Mon
2 Charter Oak	Hartford	Tues
3 Middlesex	East Haddam	Wed
4 Pequannock	Bridgeport	Tues
5 Harmony	New-Haven	Tues
6 Uusatonic	Derby	Mon
7 Samaritan	Danbury	Wed
8 Mercantile	Hartford	Sat
9 Themes	New London	Mon
10 Our Brothers	Norfolk	Mon
11 Uncas	Norwich	Mon
12 Central	Middletown	Tues
13 Charity	Lower Mystic	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New-Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sasacas	New-Haven
2 Oriental	East Haddon
3 Palmyra	Norwich
4 Unity	New-London
4 Unity	2 3 Fri

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Grand Lodge,

Meets quarterly at Concord. The following are the officers for the present year: David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDM; Walter French, RWGW; G. H. H. Silsbee, RWGS; C. T. Gill, RWGT; G. W. Montgomery, RWGC; Walter French, G. Rep.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Granite	Nashua	Tues
2 Hillsboro'	Manchester	Tues
3 Wecohamet	Dover	Mon
4 Washington	Great Falls	Fri
5 White Mountain	Concord	Fri
6 Piscataque	Portsmouth	Fri

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Nashoonon, Nashua, 1 3 Fri

2 Wonolancet, Nashua

STATE OF INDIANA.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Madison quarterly. The following are the present officers: Wm. Cross, GM; James Gibson, DGM; J. H. Taylor, GS; Wm. Morrison, GW; Wm. Whitridge, G. Con.; A. Tawall, GG; Benj Mazten, G. Chap.

Subordinate Lodges.

2 Monroe	Madison	Mon
3 Jefferson	Jeffersonville	Mon
4 Friendship	Rising Sun	Tues
5 Vevey	Vevey	Thur
7 Morning Star	Evansville	Thur
8 Union	Lawrenceburgh	Thur
9 Patriot	Patriot	Sat
10 New-Albany	New-Albany	Thur
11 Washington	Madison	Thur
12 Neilson	Logansport	Thur
13 Chosen Friends	Aurora	Tues
14 Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne	Mon
15 Lafayette	Lafayette	Tues
16 Vigilance	Lawrenceburgh	Mon

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Jerusalem, New-Albany, ...

2 Wilday, Madison, ...

STATE OF OHIO.

Grand Lodge,

Meets at Cincinnati on the 3d Saturday in every month. The officers are: H. M. Clark, GM; D. T. Snelbaker, DGM; Joseph Roth, GW; I. Hefley, GRS; A. G. Day, GCS; Cha's Thomas, GT; C. Walker, G. Con.; J. Ernst, G. Chap.; J Phares, GG; M. P. Taylor, GH.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Ohio,.....	Cincinnati,.....	Mon
2 Washington,.....	do.....	Tues
3 Cincinnati,.....	do.....	Wed
4 Franklin,.....	do.....	Thur
5 Montgomery,.....	Dayton,.....	Wed
6 Jefferson,.....	Steubenville,.....	Thur
7 Charity,.....	Lancaster,.....	Mon
8 Piqua,.....	Piqua,.....	Wed
9 Columbus,.....	Columbus,.....	Mon
10 Wayne,.....	Dayton,.....	Tues
11 Warren,.....	Franklin,.....	Mon
12 Union,.....	Warrenton,.....	Sat
13 Cleveland,.....	Cleveland,.....	Mon
14 Harmony,.....	Rossville,.....	Tues
15 Lebanon,.....	Lebanon,.....	Wed
16 Hope,.....	Middletown,.....	Thur
17 Hamilton,.....	Hamilton,.....	Thur
18 Marion,.....	Miamisburg,.....	Tues
19 Mansfield,.....	Mansfield,.....	Fri
20 Mt. Vernon,.....	Mt. Vernon,.....	Wed
21 Friendship,.....	Germantown,.....	Fri
22 Cuyahoga,.....	Cleveland,.....	Wed
23 Central,.....	Columbus,.....	Thur
24 Chillicothe,.....	Chillicothe,.....	Tues
25 Lafayette,.....	Hillsborough,.....	Mon
26 Morning Star,.....	Medina,.....	Mon
27 Ohio City,.....	Ohio City,.....	Tues
28 Muskingum,.....	Zanesville,.....	Wed
29 Mahoning,.....	Warren,.....	Mon
30 Eaton,.....	Eaton,.....	Mon
31 Scioto,.....	Portsmouth,.....	Fri
32 Columbia,.....	Circleville,.....	Wed

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	Cincinnati,.....	1 8 Fri
2 Dayton,.....	Dayton,.....	1 8 Fri
3 Nimrod,.....	Steubenville,.....	2 4 Fri
4 Cleveland,.....	Cleveland,.....	2 4 Fri
5 Piqua,.....	Piqua,.....	2 4 Fri
6 Capitol,.....	Columbus,.....	1 8 Fri
7 Butler,.....	Hamilton,.....	2 4 Fri

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Grand Lodge,

Meets at Encampment Hall, Boston, quarterly. The following are its officers: Thos' F. Norris, MWGM; N. A. Thompson, WDGM; S. Jenkins, WWG; W. E. Parmenter, WGS; H. Prince, WGT; Rev. Bro. John McLeish, RWG Chaplain; E. H. Chapin and Wm. Hillard, Grand Representatives.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Massachusetts,.....	Boston,.....	Mon
2 Siloam,.....	do.....	Thur
4 New-England,.....	E. Cambridge,.....	Fri
7 Merrimack,.....	Lowell,.....	Mon
8 Suffolk,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
9 Crystal Fount,.....	Woburn,.....	Mon
10 Oriental,.....	Boston,.....	Wed
11 Mechanics',.....	Lowell,.....	Fri
12 Bethel,.....	W. Cambridge,.....	Tues
13 Navareno,.....	Wane Village,.....	Mon
14 Bunkerhill,.....	Charlestown,.....	Mon
15 Tremont,.....	Boston,.....	Wed
16 Covenant,.....	do.....	Mon
17 Middlesex,.....	Malden,.....	Wed
18 Warren,.....	Roxbury,.....	Tues
19 Monument,.....	E. Lexington,.....	Wed
20 Friendship,.....	Cambridgeport,.....	Mon
21 Fidelity,.....	Andover,.....	Thur
23 Franklin,.....	Boston,.....	Fri
24 Winnisimmet,.....	Chester,.....	Thur
25 Boston,.....	Boston,.....	Fri
26 Essex,.....	Salem,.....	Mon
27 Hampden,.....	Springfield,.....	Tues
28 Oberlin,.....	Lowell,.....	Tues

29 Columbian,.....	Stoneham,.....	Thur
30 Bethesda,.....	South Boston,.....	Mon
31 Lafayette,.....	Watertown,.....	Wed
32 Ancient Landmark,.....	Boston,.....	Mon
33 Montezuma,.....	do.....	Wed
34 Hope,.....	Methuen,.....	Wed
35 Prospect,.....	Waltham,.....	Thur
36 Maverick,.....	East Boston,.....	Mon
37 Shawmut,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
38 Souhegan,.....	South Hadley,.....	Fri
39 Quasacquaque,.....	Newburyport,.....	Thur
40 Bay State,.....	Lynn,.....	Fri
41 Acushnet,.....	New Bedford,.....	Wed
42 Pacific,.....	Boston,.....	Thur
43 Quinsigamond,.....	Worcester,.....	Mon
44 King Philip,.....	Taunton,.....	Tues
45 Farmington,.....	Farmington,.....	Mon

Degree Lodges.

1 Union,.....	Boston,.....	Sat
2 Maverick,.....	do.....	Thur

Grand Encampment,

Meets at Boston semi-annually. The following are the elective officers for the ensuing year: H. Prince, GCP; Newel A. Thompson, GHP; T. Barr, GSW; Nath'l Y. Culbertson, GJW; C. C. Hayden, G. Scribe; R. Cole, GT; Robert L. Robins, Grand Representative.

Subordinate Encampments,

1 Massasoit,.....	Boston,.....	1 3 Fri
2 Tri-Mount,.....	do.....	2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy,.....	W. Cambridge,.....	2 4 Fri
4 Monomak,.....	Lowell,.....	2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill,.....	Charlestown,.....	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington,.....	S. Boston,.....	2 4 Thu

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Lodge.

1 Pennsylvania,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
2 Washington,.....	".....	Tues
3 Wayne,.....	".....	Mon
4 Morning Star,.....	".....	Fri
5 Franklin,.....	".....	Thurs
6 General Marion,.....	".....	Fri
7 Herman,.....	North Liberties,.....	Tues
8 Rising Sun,.....	Frankford,.....	Sat.
9 Mechanics',.....	Pittsburgh,.....	Thurs
10 Philomatheon,.....	Germantown,.....	Sat
11 Kensington,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Wed
12 Philadelphia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
14 Wildey,.....	Frankford,.....	Sat
15 Philanthropic,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Sat
18 LaFayette,.....	".....	Thurs
19 Amity,.....	".....	Thurs
20 Miners,.....	Pottsville,.....	Sat
21 Teutonia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mon
23 Friendship,.....	".....	Tues
24 Western Star,.....	Pittsburgh,.....	Mon
26 Penn,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Mon
27 Schuylkill,.....	Port Carbon,.....	Tues
28 Henois Adelp'n N. Liberties,.....	".....	Thurs
29 Robert Morris,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
31 Manayunk,.....	Manayunk,.....	Sat
33 Decatur,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
40 Benevolent,.....	Vil. Green,.....	1 and 8 Sat
43 Hancock,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Fri
44 Hayden,.....	Pottsville,.....	Thurs
45 William Tell,.....	Pittsburg,.....	Sat
48 Girard,.....	Pottsville,.....	Fri
55 Independence,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Thurs
56 Social,.....	Minersville,.....	Sat
57 Montgomery,.....	Norristown,.....	Sat
58 Cambria,.....	Carbondale,.....	Sat
59 Montgomery,.....	Reading,.....	Thurs
60 Concordia,.....	Catawissa,.....	1 and 8 Sat
61 Adam,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mond
62 Beaver Meadow,.....	Beaver Meadow,.....	Sat
63 Hand-in-Hand,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Tues
64 Gomer,.....	Birmingham,.....	Sat
65 Hazleton,.....	Hazleton,.....	Sat
66 Roxborough,.....	Roxborough,.....	Sat
67 Lancaster,.....	Lancaster,.....	Thur
68 Harrisburgh,.....	Harrisburgh,.....	Wed

STATE OF PEACE-AND-PLenty.

1 Peace-and-Plenty, Easton,	Wed
20 State Capitol, Harrisburgh,	Tues
71 Allen, Allentown,	Sat
72 Evening Star, Milestown,	Sat
73 Delaware, Easton,	Tues
74 Mount Zion, York,	Wed
75 Columbus, Chambersburgh,	Thurs
76 Mauch Chunk, Mauch Chunk,	Tues
77 Brotherto Love, Kurtztown,	Sat
78 Keystone, Bethlehem,	Thurs
79 Howard, Homedale,	Wed
80 Susquehanna, Columbia,	Sat
81 National, Washington,	Sat
82 Charity, Halifax,	Sat
83 Lehigh, Allentown,	Sat
84 Friendly, Millertown,	Wed
85 Mutual, Milton,	Wed

Grand Encampment

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Philadelphia, Philadelphia,	1 & 3 Tues
2 Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh,	1 3 Sat
3 Morning Star, Frankford,	1 3 Wed
4 Franklin, Pottsville,	1 3 Sat
5 La Fayette, Philadelphia,	1 3 Fri
6 Mt. Olive, Kensington,	1 3 Fri
7 Walhalla, Kensington,	2 4 Fri
8 Hebron, Reading,	1 3 Sat
9 Andrew Jackson, Manyunk,	1 3 Sat
10 Danphin, Harrisburgh,	1 3 Fri

STATE OF ILLINOIS.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets at Springfield quarterly.

1 Western Star, Alton,	Mon
2 Alton, Alton,	Tues
3 Clarke, Greenville,	Sat
4 Illini, Jacksonville,	Sat
5 Wildey, Galena,	Sat
6 Sangamon, Springfield,	Mon
7 Jefferson, Bellville,	Fri
8 Washington, Springfield,	Tues

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey, Alton,	Alton
2 Chosen Friends, Galena,	Galena
3 Lebanon, Springfield,	1 2 Fri

STATE OF TENNESSEE.

The Grand Lodge meets at Nashville quarterly.

1 Tennessee, Nashville,	Tues
2 Nashville, Nashville,	Thurs
3 Columbia, Columbia,	Wed
4 Spring Hill, Spring Hill,	Thurs
5 Washington, Dresden,	Sat
6 Memphis, Memphis,	Thurs

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Ridgely, Ridgely,	2 & 4 Sat
2 Washington, Columbia,	2 & 4 Sat

STATE OF MICHIGAN.*Subordinate Lodges.*

1 Michigan, Detroit,	Mon
2 Wayne, do,	Tues
3 Oakland, Pontiac,	Sat
4 Jackson, Jackson,	
5 Peninsula, Marshall,	

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Michigan, Detroit,	2 & 4 Thurs
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STATE OF MISSOURI.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets at St. Louis quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Traveler, Rest, St. Louis,	Mon
2 WIndy, do,	Tues
3 Germania, do,	Thur
4 Far West, Bonville,	Mon
5 St. Louis, St. Louis,	Sat
6 Western Light, Weston,	Sat

Encampments.

1 Wildey, St. Louis,	Fri
2 Frontier, Weston,	

STATE OF KENTUCKY.*Grand Lodge,*

Meets at Louisville quarterly.

1 Boone, Louisville,	Mon
2 Chosen Friends, "	Tues
3 Washington, Covington,	Wed
4 Loraine, Louisville,	Wed
5 Friendship, Lexington,	Fri
6 Capital, Frankfort,	Mon
7 Fraklin, Lancaster,	Sat
8 Central, Dauville,	Tues
9 Social, Stanford,	Wed
10 Union, Nicholasville,	Sat
11 Lafayette, Georgetown,	Tues
12 De Kalb, Maysville,	Mon
13 Stranger's Rest, Henderson,	Sat.
14 Madison, Richmond,	Tues
15 Howard, Shelbyville,	
16 Morning Star, Petersburg,	
17 Herman, Louisville,	Sat

Encampments.

1 Mount Horeb, Louisville,	1 & 3 Mon
2 Olive Branch, Covington,	1 & 4 Mon
3 Mereah, Lexington,	1 & 3 Thur
4 Pilgrim, Frankfort,	1 & 3 Thur

STATE OF MARYLAND.*Subordinate Lodges*

1 Washington, Baltimore,	Mon
2 Franklin, "	Thurs
3 Columbia, "	Wed
4 William Tell,	Tues
5 Gratitude, "	Mon
6 Harmony, "	Wed
7 Friendship, "	Thurs
8 Marion, "	Tues
9 Jefferson, "	Thurs
10 Union, "	
11 Miller, Easton,	Sat
20 Morning Star, Havre-de-Grace,	Sat
24 Mount Pisgah, Port Deposit,	Tues
26 Mt. Vernon, Abingdon,	Sat
29 Philip Read, Chestertown,	Mon
31 Potomac, Hagerstown,	Tues
32 Mt. Moriah, Clear Spring,	Thurs
33 Aaron, Williamsport,	Fri
34 Chosen Friends, Cumberland,	Fri
35 Adam, Frederick,	Tues
36 La Grange, Sharpsburg,	Sat
37 Covenant, Hancock,	Thurs
38 Benevolent, Middletown,	Sat
39 Neilson, Hillsborough,	Sat
36 Centre, Ellicott's Mills,	Sat

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Jerusalem, Baltimore,	Fri
2 Salem, "	Tues
3 Zion, Cambridge,	Tues
4 Jacob, Easton,	Tues
5 Bethlehem, Chestertown,	Tues
6 Galena, Hagerstown,	Tues
7 Mt. Carmel, Cumberland,	Tues
8 Evening Star, Hav-de-Grace,	Tues

STATE OF ALABAMA.*GRAND LODGE.*

Meets at Mobile quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Alabama, Mobile,	Tues
2 Mobile, "	Wed
3 Chosen Friends, "	Thurs

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Mount Arrarat, Mobile,	Fri
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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.*GRAND LODGE*

Meets at Wilmington quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Weldon, Weldon,	Tues
2 Cape Fear, Wilmington,	Tues
3 Washington, Murfreesboro,	Fri

Subordinate Encampments

1 Campbell, Wilmington,	
2 Bain, Murfreesboro,	

RHODE ISLAND.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Providence quarterly
SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....	Providence	Thurs
1 Erie.....	"	Wed
2 Roger Williams	"	Tues
3 Hope.....	"	Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narraganset.....	Providence	Frid
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STATE OF MAINE.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Portland quarterly. The following officers have been installed for the present year. James Pratt, G. M.; Samuel Thatcher, Jr., G. W.; Benj. Kingsbury, G. sec.; James Winslow, G. Treas.; Geo. W. Churchill and W. R. Smith, G. Reps.;

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine.....	Portland	Mon
2aco	"	Tues
3 Georgian	Thomaston	Mon
4 Ancient Brother	Portland	Thurs
5 Ligonia.....	"	Sat
6 Abbatic.....	Augusta	
7 Penobscot	Bangor	Wed
8 Relief	East Thomaston	Fri
9 Nathorius	Gardiner	
10 Lincoln	Bath	Mon
11 Japscot	Brunswick	Thurs
12 Cusnue	Augusta	
13 Passagassawakeag	Belfast	Wed
14 Hobomah	Bath	

DEGREE LODGE.

1 Union	Portland	Tues
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.		
1 Machigonne	Portland	1 3 Tues
2 Eastern Star	"	2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore	Augusta	1 3 Thurs
4 Katahdin	Bangor	

STATE OF GEORGIA.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Savannah.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Oglethorpe	Savannah
2 Franklin	Macon
3 Live Oak	Savannah
4 Sylvan	Milledgeville
5 United Brothers	Macon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Magnolia	Savannah
2 Ocmulgee	Milledgeville
3 Franklin	Macon

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Natchez quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Mississippi	Natchez	Wed
2 Washington	"	Thurs
3 Warren	Vicksburgh	Thurs
4 Grenada	Grenada	Fri
5 Macon	Vicksburgh	Wed
6 William Dale	Liberty	Wed
7 Wilkinson	Woodville	Wed
8 Capitol	Jackson	Thurs

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Wildey	Natchez
2 Vicksburgh	Vicksburgh

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Charleston quarterly.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Charleston.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 South Carolina	Charleston	Wed
2 Marion	"	Fri
3 Howard	"	Thurs
4 Jefferson	"	Tues
5 Palmetto	Columbia	Fri

6 De Kalb	Winsboro	Mon
7 Aiken	Aiken	Wed
8 La Fayette	Chesterville	Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Palmetto	Charleston
2 Entaw	Columbia
3 Ashley	Charleston

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.**SUBORDINATE LODGES.**

1 Iowa	Mineral Point
2 La Fayette	"
3 Milwaukee	Milwaukee

EAST FLORIDA.**SUBORDINATE LODGES.**

1 Florida	Jacksonville
2 Kennedy	Black Creek

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Austin.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Lone Star	Houston	Mon
2 Harmony	"	Fri
3 Galveston	Galveston	Wed

PROVINCE OF CANADA.**SUBORDINATE LODGES.**

1 Prince of Wales	Montreal	Mon
2 Queens	"	Sat
3 Prince Albert	t. Johns	

ENCAMPMENT.

1 Hochelagan	Montreal
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PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.**GRAND LODGE.**

Meets at Tredegar.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Iorion	Tredegar
2 Covenant	Tredegar,

IOWA TERRITORY.**SUBORDINATE LODGES.**

1 Washington	Burlington
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AGENTS.

TROY—A. Smith, 197 River-st.

HUDSON—Nathaniel J. Cady.

SCHEECTADY—N. Drullard.

SYRACUSE—James Kinny.

FLUSHING, L. I.—J. B. Devoe.

PHIL'A, PA.—Colou & Adriance.

CINCINNATTI—Robinson & Jones.

LANCASTER, O—J. Cranmer, P.M.

EATON, O—J. V. Campbell.

LANCASTER, KY—H. J. Brown.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, N J—J L Page.

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THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, NOVEMBER, 1844.

NO. 3.

[Written for the Gavel.]

SKETCHES OF POETIC CHARACTER.

BY C. C. BURR.

It is a fond and sympathetic heart that flutters in the poet's bosom. Strangely alive to every impulse from without; trembling forever like a leaf in the slightest breeze—the sport and play thing of the very elements. This gift has ever been marked by a too delicate sensibility, thoroughly unfitting its possessor to battle with the storms of life, while there are none alas, more frequently forced to the encounter. Every fibre seemeth to be surcharged with fire, waiting for the blast to fan it to a flame.

An anecdote may be told of the incomparable Shelley, who is perhaps, the finest illustration of poetic character that the history of modern literature contains. He seemed to be a machine of imagination and sensibility, moved perpetually by the slightest touch.

It was at Pisa, I think, when Shelley was spending an evening with Leigh Hunt, and other poetic spirits, that a terrible story was related of some supernatural and horrible spectacle of suffering. Shelley sat several moments after the narration was ended, transfixed, breathless, deadly pale, his bosom heaving like one in dread, until at length he rushed out of the room as if speeding from the awful presence of forbidden spirits. They followed immediately, and found him lying in a state between life and death; the forehead and face were covered with large drops of cold sweat, the muscles raged, and the whole system paralyzed and motionless.

"He lived not in himself, but did become
A portion of that around him."

Shelley spent all the days of his brief and bright career, in pleasant dreams about the perfectability of man—of a period when all the different creeds and systems of the world should be amalgamated into one; when crime should disappear, and man, free from all shackles, bow before the throne of his own aweless soul. Wild and visionary, destitute of truth and hopeless as his speculations were, they sprang from a mind enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of man.

His "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," and "Hellas," though abounding with gloomy errors, are still among the proudest monuments of genius in the literature of the world. But the most

perfect of his all his compositions, is his "Adonias;" where he draws among other mourners at the funeral of his poet-friend, this portrait of himself—

"Midst others of less note, came one frail form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Acteon like— * * * * *
A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation mask'd; a power
Girt round with weakness; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour.
His head was bound with pansies over blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart."

Of all the poets, it seems to me there was in Shelley's bosom the fondest sympathy, the chaste thought, and the sweetest beauty, pale and tremulous as moon-beams on the bosom of the lake, ruffled by the breath of the winds. Like an Aeolian harp, tremblingly alive through all its chords, his soul sent out divinest music, soft and merry as a sun-beam, or ravishingly mournful, like the broken murmurs of an angel's dream. Whatever breath might sweep its strings, in joy or sorrow, tones of melting beauty answered to its touch. His own heart was like his "Sensitive Plant,"

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

Such was Shelley. Such, to an extent are all poets; but Shelley more than they all. Byron was somewhat different. There was in his soul a terrible strength, a gloomy grandeur, black as the wings of the storm darkly hovering over abysses, gray with accumulating ruin. But for all that terrible strength of Byron, there was still the sweet sympathy and the pure love in him; else he were no poet.

While Byron was at Harrow he saw some tyrant, whose name I forget, abusing young Peel in a most inhuman manner, by inflicting a kind of *bastinado* on the inner fleshy side of the arm, which, says Mr. Moore, "was twisted round with some degree of technical skill to render the operation more painful." While poor Peel was writhing under the stripes, Byron looked on with eyes flashing with fire, and a heart bursting with sympathy, and at length asked the schoolmaster how many more stripes he intended to inflict! Why, what is that to you, replied the savage. "Because if you please, said young Byron, holding out his arm, I would take half." It is not possible to conceive of a more beautiful heroism, or of a purer mixture of simplicity and magnanimity than is here displayed. And yet how soon you shall see the same sympathising heart, filled with defiance and misery, shaking contempt and fire-coals upon his whole race; when

afterwards he bestrode the world like a colossus, and laughed to see it writhe, and plunge, and flounce, like a wounded gladiator—reserving still within his bosom a bitterer scorn. They are fierce passions that sleep there in the calm of life. Like the green waters of lake Erie, though they lie so still and quite meaningless there now, yet are they the daring waters that shall thunder down Niagara. If that volcanic heart were calmed to sleep by an angel's smile—washed clean of the hot lava from its broken crater by the tear that melts in sorrow's eye, the first harsh gust of life startled the sleeping fires from their bed, into flames that flashed in the face of the world.

“ Have I not—
Hear me, my mother earth! behold it, Heaven!
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.”

Yet not long shall this sullen mood remain on a poet's heart. One kiss of love shall wipe it off forever. A smile on beauty's brow will clear the storms out of these heavens, and leave a revelry of sun-beams over-head and all around. And the pure heart disengaged from earth's grossness, shall sing in softest numbers,

“ Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her.
Ye elements ! in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being ! Do I err
In deeming such may inhabit many a spot ?
Though to converse with them can rarely be our lot.”

Thus does the heart shift from storm to calm ; and hang vibrating forever betwixt a smile and tear. Such was Byron. With him the storm was dreadful ; the heavens and the earth were full of it ; and the tear was hot and heavy, nor could it flow and find relief ; it sunk like molten lead upon his soul, and burned into the core, till quenched in waters of resentment there. But the smile was deep, and the sorrowing earth was glad for it. It came up out of the heart, it went down into the heart again. We have all been merrier that he was merry, as we have all been sadder that he was sad. For say what we will to the contrary, we have bowed at the shrine of his genius. By a law of our being we are prostrated there. Genius will be worshiped, whether we will or no. For its faults it will be pitied too, which we grieve to say are many. Its dangers, interwoven with its very temperament, are too apparent to be unseen, and too melancholy to be unpitied. When we remember the fate of Shakspeare, of Drayton, Pope, Addison, Dryden, Cowley, of rare old Ben Jonson, of the gifted Parnell, or the loveable Charles Lamb, we go and hide our face in blushes, and wash them off with the tears of our eyes.

It is well known, however, to literary men, that when the accusing spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with uncle Toby's sin, the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropt a tear upon it and blotted it out

forever. If yet there is another tear in heaven's chancery, I will hope it may be shed on these inheritors of weakness. For plain enough, if poets have in them somewhat of earth and devil, they have more of man and deity. They are the virgin light, bent and stained it may be, in falling through the atmosphere of earth ; but the virgin light. Genius is the last touch, the highest finish which the hand of God has given to his intellectual works. It never shed a selfish tear ; a passionless smile it never knew. But it pays dear for importing its smiles and tears from heaven ; they scald and burn, and too soon are quenched in the cold brow of earth. The liveliest coals are soonest consumed by the puff of the winds.

Troy, October, 1844.

[Written for the Gavel.]

LINES TO MARY.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

Mary ! though round my lonely pathway stream
The sombre shades of Death's untroubled night ;
And like the glory of a vanished dream
Hopes, joys and smiles have perished from my sight,
And fallen the blossoms from life's blasted tree,
Yet still I think of thee !

The one whose beauty like a sun-beam stole
Into the darkness of my lonely heart ;
The one whose tones of love thrilled through my soul,
And of my spirit's life became a part ;
The lone, bright star on time's unresting sea,—
Thus do I think of thee !

Not as a lonely and decaying thing
Dwelling within the empire of the tomb ;
But as a bright Intelligence, whose wing
Soars heavenward o'er the shadowings of gloom,
A calm, sweet spirit, beautiful and free,—
'Tis thus I think of thee !

Sweet sister of my heart ! I feel and know
Our love will glow and brighten evermore ;
Though here our being's tides apart may flow,
Yet, at the throne of Love we shall adore,
And in the Angel Land united be,—
Till then I'll think of thee ;

Charleston, S. C., October, 1844.

[Written for the Gavel.]

"FORMATION OF CHARACTER."

NUMBER TWO.

BY LANSING VAN WIE.

We thus see that all that forms the character of man in his connections with his fellow men, and his hopes as an intellectual and a rational being, is comprised in the commonest feelings of our nature, which, while yet uncontaminated by the contact of selfishness, and left free to assert its integrity and unity, never fails to present its claims to be heard ; not with the compulsion of force, nor as an impelling and resistless power, but in the small voice of individual consciousness, and the persuasive precepts of all who aspire to teach the growing thought, or guide the maturing mind to right views of duty, improvement and progress in the acquisitions which most immediately concern man's happiness and welfare. That in which all so apparently acquiesce, and in which all opinions so unanimously concur, may be regarded as the law of our nature, departures from which are ever visited with fearful and adequate punishment, and thence, perhaps, so much of wrong, iniquity, error and tyranny, which makes the world the wilderness it is ; and hence the unpitying indifference to the writhing agonies and suppressed groans of the suffering many, to whom the world, rough and thorny as it is, presents no picture of pleasure nor prospect of relief. But the triumph of principles, consonant more or less with justice and truth, at times casts around a gleam of light, and cheers the countenances and hearts of those, the most dejected—when even hope had apparently ceased to be possible, and the power of virtue appears powerless. And those who are the actors in such scenes—who spent their time, their talents, and their life, in ensuring the triumph of such principles—are they ever forgotten ? Is man so ungrateful, as, amidst even all his error, to cease to love and praise the memory of such men ? Ah, no ! to his other derelictions and disregard of the dictates of his nature, in this respect he never adds ingratitude, and the memory of the brave is hallowed in the shrine of the hearts of all, be they virtuous or vicious, cultivated or uncultivated, the memory and actions of such men, claim and receive due meed of praise ; and of this praise though more common with regard to some than others ; yet, even the man who quietly toils amidst the abstractions of philosophy, and labors hard to unravel the mystery of man's intellectual nature, is not denied his share, with gratitude conjoined. These, each and all, are to us beacons, set on hills, as it were by common consent, to teach us the way and point out the means to the same usefulness and pre-eminence, which they themselves were raised to.

Our own Washington and Franklin, though called to act in very different spheres of life and energy, are viewed as equal benefactors to us their countrymen. They, in different fields, were conquerors, and at all times the enemies of tyranny, whether in the garb of kings or the guise of ignorance, whether asserting the right of man to freedom, at the point of the bayonet, or inculcating the same principles

through the noiseless columns of a newspaper, whether negotiating a surrender of the enemies of our country, or effecting a treaty to make that surrender possible. The meed of glory awarded to the chosen instruments of principle must be equal when we know them to be as parts of one stupendous whole, each filling the circuit marked by heaven, and serving the end to which they were called, in the power of that principle which impelled them to activity and decision.

Mere love of country could never have led and upheld our fathers in the dark struggle for independence, during a bloody and cruel war of seven long and famishing years. No, it was the assertion of a principle which was identical with personal freedom and the enjoyment of those rights which render life tolerable, and country worth possessing. Indeed, patriotism is but another name for love of those great principles, recognized by all as primitively and primarily necessary to the continuance of aught of society or the being of justice, and without which barbarism, ignorance, superstition and error would assert and regain their ancient dominion and power. It is apprehended that mere sectional divisions, have too often and too strenuously been insisted on, as of real and essential importance, while the great principles of justice, and truth, and mercy, have been neglected, or but very partially regarded, and men and their rights prostrated or overthrown, while their whole feelings were absorbed in petty and indifferent distinctions, the continuance of which, they were led to believe, were of permanent necessity and real advantage to them. But let us not be thus deceived. An attack on any one of the principles of liberty, should be thought of as aimed at each of us individually, not because we are inhabitants of a part or portion of earth, but because in the invulnerability and permanence of such principles, we expect our happiness, freedom and rights to continue. Let us love these principles for they are our life—let us cherish them, for they are our strength—let us defend them, for without them we are weak, and a prey to the strongest enemy of man and liberty, that may fancy our home and our hearth. In defending these, we shall not defend merely our altars and our firesides, but we shall defend the hopes of unborn millions, and the future progress of humanity, which in reference to its present triumphs, we are justified in expecting must be glorious, and to glory, honor and power.

All this we may do—all this we must, and it is our bounden duty to do—if we expect to continue to enjoy the privileges and immunities which the triumph of these principles ensures to us; and this duty, and these expectations and privileges devolve on us, and belong to us as American citizens, and inhabitants of a free country. But if we forget our duty, neglect our privileges, and lightly esteem these our blessings, what can we expect—what should we receive? The law is evident—and a blessing we all are in the enjoyment of, and the penalty is immeasurable—awful and blasting to the hopes and progress of humanity in all future time. Let therefore our characters be that of American citizens, thankful for our privileges—fearless in the maintenance of the principles of our government, and always ready to recognize their applicability to all who are endowed with the

ability to appreciate them. Thus we shall show our justice and love of truth, and our hopes in the progress of improvement and right principle. Let us carefully and constantly shun the demon Prejudice—it leads to every injustice and every oppression. It has blasted the fairest portions of God's creation, and rendered uninhabitable the vineyards of the earth—lands flowing with milk and honey; it has driven whole nations into exile and in despair from the homes of their fathers—the tombs of their ancestors, and the land of their nativity. The noblest works of man's hand—the solemn temple—the cloud capt towers—the gorgeous domes reared by Religion, and dedicated to the use of the great Jehovah, have been desecrated, rifled and turned to heaps of ruins by this spirit of fiendish selfishness.

In traversing the extent of a single continent, the ruins of many such, known to be the work and effect of this spirit, might lead one to believe, that hell itself had broken loose; and imagine any agency short of such a source, as inadequate to complete the ruin and devastation observable. Such are the necessary and baneful effects of prejudice on the mind of man, for the enjoyment of which, in its whole integrity and strength untrammelled freedom and virtue are necessary—anxiety for the truth and willingness to receive it. Prejudice casts down harmony of thought and integrity of intellect, and calls up instead a dark, demoniac and intolerant spirit, of fierce, unrelenting and passionate turbulence, at war with the enjoyment of mind and the welfare of man. By it, we all know that the pages of history have been filled with the most horrifying details of bloodshed, rapine, violence and murder; to which, on no other account does the history of man through all its iniquity, furnish a parallel or a resemblance. Internal dissensions have had their origin and continuance in this spirit, and tyranny, oppression, and slavery been strengthened, and rendered permanent in nations, which in all other respects, were united and warm in their approval of those principles, which make for and ensure the redemption of man from the tyranny and wrong of his fellow man. The existence of this whole nation as a free and republican goverment, may depend at some future time on repressing in the mind of its citizens unjustifiable feelings of prejudice and sectional distinctions, and we should most especially have impressed on our mind the caution of the father of our country, and carefully guard against distinctions which imply divisions and differences in sentiment and interest. Thus far, we see that our own truest interest and welfare, are joined to regard and respect had to the great principles before repeatedly alluded to; and I trust the allusions made to the instances in which departures from these principles have been so awfully, so fearfully visited on whole nations and people, in the ruin, desolation and destruction of all that's holiest, best, and useful to man in every relation of life and hope, may suffice to convince us that these derelictions of duty to ourselves and our fellow men cannot be indulged in with impunity, or hope of escape from their consequences.

It has been observed, by one whose truth of assertion often equalled the beauty of his diction, that "the sterner virtues are all purchased at a price too high for humanity;" be it so, yet all have more or less of that common ability; imagination which seves to beautify

all it contemplates, and beatify its possessor. How far the privileges we as a people enjoy, are proper subjects for mere imagination can merely be hinted at. The shepherd reclining beneath the cooling shadow of the wide spread beech, was a subject of envy to his less fortunate companion—driven from his home and his paternal cottage, to seek a residence in the lands new conquered by victorious Rome: though he possessed, perhaps, as much of merit as he to whom the before mentioned luxury was extended; but this one had most likely, some powerful friend “at court,” and the choice of a home and the enjoyment of his own therefore, was not denied him. But we, and fortunate ones shall we be, if we know our own good, and persevere in such a course as shall ensure to us and our descendants its continued enjoyment; we are not under the necessity of depending on kingly or courtly caprice for the stability of our possessions, or the inviolability of our homes and our firesides, but each and all of us know, and should feel that here we may have our own vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make us afraid. Kingly rapacity and the oppression of the proud and wealthy are impossible, so long as we remain true to ourselves and insist upon the observance of those principles which have so largely benfitted us, and to which we owe all the happiness we enjoy, and the privileges and rights of men and freemen. Those who never appreciated our fortune, cannot be expected to rightly prize the principles of our government, and will therefore disparage the benefit resulting from it; but reason, experience, knowledge, and conscience claim at our hands entire confidence in its sufficiency for the ends of its institution. It holds out to us the highest privileges, and most perfect improvement of man and his extending capacity that ever the world witnessed. These are subjects for our imagination, and these the hopes and pleasures which should be dearest to an American heart. In reference to such principles and possibilities, the character of every man who loves his country, appreciates the blessings of our institutions, and desires their continuance and permanence, will be formed and derive strength and stability from their contemplation. Such a character will not be the production of a puny standard of right and expediency, but the strong, nervous and energetic creation of principle and freedom. Freedom’s truest friends, and liberty’s true advocates will here be nurtured and taught, till the principle and the cause shall triumph, and opposition to tyrants be recognized as obedience to God.

Precepts accordant to these principles should be early instilled in the young mind, and budding thought and growing strength cultivated and matured with reference to their permanence. Mind and strength of intellect are but blasts on energy, when they merely enable us to know and feel that the first rights of life and liberty are denied, and all that makes life tolerable to the man who has ever enjoyed the privilege of a freeman—stinted and in miserly proportion extended to him. Character would cease to be such, if it became the pliant subject of wealth and pride in power; hence, the necessity of early and impressive teaching, with regard to the true principle of manly pride and freeman’s rights—of error’s power and the effects of

prejudice—the prevalence of oppression and wrong—and the beauty and worth of justice and truth, charity and mercy.

The quality of which is not strained
But falleth like the gentle dew from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

What is it that weaves round the soul of man that grateful and mollifying power, which ever arises when he thinks on a kind and indulgent mother, now absent from him, or perhaps removed from the home which she made happy, and all the blessings and pleasures of which she served to augment and enliven? 'Tis the recollection of the many and encouraging kindnesses, which he in his childhood and increasing age received from her hand, warmed by nature's truth and womanly affection; so we should never forget the fostering influence of principles which have given us freedom, and a choice of means to the attainment of those things which are desirable or necessary to our well-being. Imaginations such as these, will serve to make us wiser and better—truer and more steadfast citizens; and grateful and determined advocates of truth and justice among men. The permanence of such a character will be immovably fixed; for it is founded on the first and most necessary requisites of character, and without which, we shall be the sport of fancy, the bantlings of discontent, and the recipient of every absurd and changing doctrine. By instilling into the minds of all such views, and dwelling on their beauty and truth, we shall associate with the good and great of all ages; understand why a Sidney consented to die for his principles—what upholds the friends of liberty in the fiery ordeal, through which they are called to pass, and for what so many of them have laid down their lives; why poverty and misery have commanded and received respect—why riches have been sacrificed on the altar of patriotism—and why many have at times seemed to cast off entirely their earthly nature and assume the guise and appearance of angels, sent on missions of mercy and redemption to poor oppressed men. And surely cased in triple steel must the heart of that man be, whose whole soul is not warmed within him, as he, in the highest and noblest attributes of his nature, thus journeys and holds sweet converse with these lights of humanity and angel visitants.

Liberty, like religion, has had her martyrs, and these are of them; they realized in thought, the perfection of a government, recognizing the principles of justice and truth as its basis, and we enjoy it. Such principles are rife in the world at present, and nations which have long slept in the darkness of despotism and submitted to the unholy requisitions of tyranny, are awakening from the reign of wrong and error, and fearlessly demanding at the hands of their oppressors, justice, and a simple and unmixed recognition of their rights. Their march is onward, conquering and to conquer! and let us who know these blessings be armed with the firmness and fearlessness which an appreciation of them always gives; ready to extend our arms and our ability to those who demand them of us, as the earliest pupils of our great master and benefactor, and thus will we shew that their effect is not barrenness, and that we are not unthankful children.

Let us be just and fear not: true to ourselves and the principles of truth and justice, and never cease to hope for the welfare of all who have the fair proportions of man formed in the image of his creator; then our practice will be the best evidence of our belief and our principles. Humanity will never demand in vain our condolence, but have her claim allowed, with the cheering assurance that our feelings are with her and our abilities at her command.

This is the result and the desirable consummation of a well formed character, such as an American's should and will be; and in this coalescing strength of intellect and principle, the whole will unite and form one mighty mass of indomitable energy and conscious rectitude.

Albany, September, 1844.

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[Written for the Gavel.]

THE following poem was written after a late visit to Hudson's Falls, near North Adams, Mass. At this spot, which is very near the Green Mountains, a small idle stream suddenly leaps into the bowels of a white marble hill, and forces its way a long distance through a narrow passage, that has every appearance of having been worn out by the waters. A "natural bridge" extends over a portion of the deep cavern. Tradition says that during the war, a man by the name of Hudson, pursued by the Indians in the night, was so fortunate as to strike, by accident, this narrow bridge, which gave him a safe conveyance over the dreadful abyss. From this circumstance I was told the spot takes its name. I was seized with a curiosity to descend to the bottom of the cavern; which, not without considerable difficulty and some danger, I succeeded in doing, accompanied by a friend as fond of adventure as myself, Rev. C. E. Hewes, of Vermont. I have since suffered a great deal for my adventure into this cold cavern, by a cold cough while wading in its waters; from which I am not wholly recovered. And as I cannot wreak my *vengeance* on the guilty spot itself, I have determined it shall fall on the public by the infliction of these, almost extemporaneous, verses.

LEGEND OF HUDSON'S FALLS.

BY C. C. BURR.

WILD, beauteous spot, unknown to song,
Where silence reigns thy crags among,
Where oft since time its course began,
The red man o'er thy caverns ran;
Where in the later flight of time,
White strangers seek that shade of thine,
And dreaming they are sons of fame,
Have in thy marble cut their name.

Of late I trod thy snow white brow,
 And saw thy waters leap below,
 Far down in sunless caverns deep,
 Where echoes bathe and bubbles sleep ;
 I pierced the gloom of thy retreat—
 Slow stepping there with doubtful feet,
 Among the fallen marble slabs,
 With voiceless waters, in their depths.

Far up thy jetting peaks looked down,
 With a severe and threatening frown ;
 And o'er me dripping waters there,
 Lav'd my weary brow of care—
 Here let me sit to muse awhile,
 In these deep vaults so free from guile—
 For here our thought th' heart ne'er flatters
 In this silent home of waters.

These rocks are weeping o'er my head ;
 In solemn silence like the dead,
 They stand in everlasting tears,
 And naught their brow of sorrow cheers ;
 O now I'll share their gloom this hour,
 And hear what mortal ne'er before
 Has ever heard or ever known
 The reason why these caverns mourn.

Come shadows now and sit with me,
 Ye winds awhile now still must be
 And I will tell a tale so bold
 As mortal lips have never told :
 When on these heights were red men
 And trod the pathless wild forlorn,
 Long e'er the light of science shone
 Over the Indian hunter's home.

Here roamed a noble forest youth
 Tho' wild, yet true to nature's truth,
 And oft these hills would echo long
 With his wild tuneless mountain song.
 And tall he was above his race,
 And resolution in his face
 Shone so bright with deep desire,
 It told his heart was made of fire.

He loved a dauntless forest girl,
 Who, nursed amid the wind's wild whirl,
 Was a companion meet for him
 As mortal eye had ever seen ;
 Oft along these crags together,
 Heedless of the doubtful weather,
 They sought each leafy shady nook—
 Or made a shelter by the brook.

So wild and tameless was their love,
 The mountain winds that roar'd above
 Were not more fetterless up there,
 Than this devoted Indian pair ;
 Yet so holy was their passion,
 And unstained by guilt's *liaison*—
 They were there all pure affection,
 Nor e'er dreamed of sin's defection.

The merry winds may clasp the mountain,
 Embrace the bubbles on the fountain—
 A star-beam kiss the lip of evening,
 While its breast with love is heaving ;
 But sweet, O far more sweet than these,
 Was that pure love among the trees ;
 Where, as they feared no broken vows,
 Were all pure confidence allows.

A rude and holy pair they stood,
 Amid the earliest works of God,
 The mountain chase supplied their food,
 The valley was their shrine of love ;
 And once they made an offering here
 On these high rocks that scowl severe,
 Where then no other form had stood,
 To gaze upon this dark green-flood.

Their vent'rous foot out on the edge,
 Where now those earnest waters rage,
 Stood firm as a young giant's tread
 With every sense of danger fled,
 To gaze upon these scenes below—
 Where marble walls as white as snow
 Embraced the falling waters near,
 And laid them in a cradle here.

They saw their image in the stream
 Made beauteous on the silver sheen,
 And nearer to each other prest,
 As in that moment to be blest ;
 Their eyes were met—nor could they part,
 So importune is nature's heart,
 And then a long and rapturous kiss
 Was followed by a close embrace.

In that sweet but treach'rous minute,
 Tho' a world of bliss was in it,
 Loosing their balance on the spot
 They plung'd beneath the jetting rock ;
 Down, down they fell in this dark tide,
 Where nought before but echoes died,
 And on a stony bed were dashed,
 That was their knell—the water's splash.

'Tis wond'rous true, this heart of rock
 In that dark minute felt a shock,
 And ever since, as shadows tell,
 Weep where those Indian lovers fell :
 O let me shed one feeling tear,
 Within these burial waters here ;
 Then leave these marble roofs of yore
 To weep a thousand ages more.

But desolation wraps me round,
 In this rock-glen deep under ground ;
 Cold drops of spray fall on me now,
 And chilling winds here fan my brow ;
 But colder is the sense within—
 The memory of a Christian sin,
 Who, heedless of his gratitude,
 Steeps his own name in turpitude.

O where is now the noble race
 For whom God's hand had form'd this place,
 Who kindly once when we were young,
 Opened their arms and called us son ?
 But crime was in our paler blood,
 And like a blighting lava flood
 It crush'd the heroes of this land,
 And wash'd them into bloody sand.

And O, ye wild Green Mountain peaks,
 Whose awful head the lightning streaks,
 Snatch God's hot thunders from the cloud,
 And sound a wail of threat'ning loud—
 Let every hill and valley groan,
 And every windy forest moan,
 The sun beams loaded with a shriek
 Fall trembling at our Christian feet.

Send up a shout of vengeance loud,
 Hang it in heaven like a cloud,
 And let its vollied thunders roll
 Back on the tyrant's guilty soul ;
 But I'm weak with my dark feeling,
 Neath these shelvy mountains kneeling,
 And yet I dread the frowning light
 That sits upon yon airy height.

Once more, I there must stand again
 And trace these beauties o'er with pain,
 And then forever quit their shade,
 When there I have my off'ring made
 Stay ! beauty's form approaches near,
 Threading soft steps familiar here—
 Like sunshine in the gloom appears,
 And guilty desolation cheers.

She is the mountain's sweetest smile,
And, safe from every feeling vile,
With her resenting passion palls—
The lovely maid of Hudson's Falls;
Her soft quick eyes as blue as day,
And sunny brow like pleasant May—
Like stars that never set here shine
And make this atmosphere divine.

Green Mountain dews fall on her cheek;
I wonder if those dews could speak,
What they would say to be so blest,
While pillow'd there on beauty's crest?
Fair one, I now forgive thy race,
Since I have seen thy beauteous face;
Well is this spot from savage free,
That it has given birth to thee.

O now, may I depart in peace,
Nor leave in sorrow this wild place—
An angel watches o'er this flood,
Whose smiles erase the stains of blood;
The storms will gather o'er these rocks,
And here be felt the thunder-shocks—
But while the winds shall howl severe,
Do thou dear maid be virtue here.

[Written for the Gavel.]

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY EN-HAKKORE.

NATURE imbues the young with a desire for sport. Man is no exception in the animal creation to this propensity. The young of every kind exhibit a disposition for playfulness. There is ardency in youthfulness that gives zest to playfulness, and those plays that give exercise to the expanding muscles, are those enjoyed with most delight by all the young. Who ever saw the little girl skipping the rope, hopping the double hop, first upon the one foot then upon the other, her cheeks glowing with the rosy flush of animation, health and beauty, but felt a thrill of pleasure imparted to him, as if he there saw the exemplification of the love of nature's God, in the pure delight with which she bounded along, drinking in the golden light with her sparkling eyes, and inhaling the balmy air as her own buoyant spirit? And who ever witnessed the enjoyment of flying the kite or trundling the hoop, but wished himself half as happy as the ruddy urchin that had shut out all other thoughts, and glowing with the excitement and exercise, seemed entranced in the pleasures it afforded him?

But it is not childhood alone that seeks pleasurable exercise, nor is it childhood alone that profits by such enjoyments. Youth, ardent and beautiful, seeks a higher enjoyment, superadding to muscular exercise, that of the intellect. The walk, the ride, the sail in company, where the observation, the description, the wit is rallied, and the exercise and air stimulates the enjoyment. Above all, the dance, where beauty, grace, and loveliness are presented in their most exciting forms; where float the figures of delicate mould, and manly form, in animated motion, to witching music's thrilling strain. There it is that seems concentrated most of life's sweet enjoyments. The eye feasts upon beauty and grace. The ear drinks in flowing harmony, and the whole frame is delighted with the participation of associated pleasures. That sympathy of soul that enkindles in each emotions of pleasure or pain, as either are seen in those we love, is here all wrought out, and each youth lives faster, enjoys more, drinks deeper of pleasure in the hour of the dance than in any other. Why not, then, let them enjoy it? If properly regulated the ball room has a most chastening influence. It improves the taste—nay, it creates taste for the refined and beautiful. 'Tis the school of the graces—polishing and ennobling. Why, then, denounce the ball room as we hear it denounced by the "rigid righteous," as sinful and demoralizing? Surely there can be nothing in the dance, of itself, that can incite any one to the commission of crime. No young man would be more likely to steal or false-swear for enjoying the delights of a quadrille or a gallopade. Nor would any young lady be likely to be less filial in her feeling, for having the privilege of measuring the graceful step to the music of a good orchestra.

Away, then, with such bigotry, and give to the young such enjoyment as nature and reason unbiased must sanction. Let the moral—aye, the religious parent think of the pernicious effects of stigmatizing such enjoyments as these as sinful. They can give no reason for such a charge that will convince the youth of its truth; and mere denunciation without convincing reasons, is only assuring them of its untruth; and what would be openly sought and enjoyed as honorable and proper, if made respectable by the countenance of the good, will, under such unreasonable anathemas, be indulged in by stealth. Let the aged and respectable parent and guardian attend the ball room and at once banish from it every thing like dissipation or profanity, enforce the observance of proper hours, and throw about it the proper moral restraints, and dancing would become healthful, both physically and morally, to the young.

The various shows; the museums, circuses, and manageries, if judiciously exhibited, exert a happy influence upon the young. The mind is then susceptible of the strongest impressions, and instead of feeling that they are neglected or not cared for in the gratification of sight seeing, the young should be made to feel that they have the advantage of thus learning as well as others, and if directed right, with careful explanations of the benefits to be derived from it, not only will greater enjoyments be had, but it will be remembered when a thousand graver lessons shall have been forgotten. A child may be learned more of natural History in half a day at the mana-

gerie, if properly explained, than he will in years from books when he has got older.

Give your children amusement, teach them to play with grace, and kindness towards each other, learn them to row the boat, to swim and ride. The early lessons in such things, as may to every one of them be useful in after life, will be remembered ever; and the pleasures received in such exercises by the young, makes them most attentive to any instructions thus given, they learn with avidity then, what they might neglect when older. Children become attached to what is associated with their enjoyments when young, and if the parent shows himself interested in the amusements of the child, it awakens an attachment which will in return interest the child in the pursuits of the parent. The most gross neglect that a child can feel, is the neglect of all sympathy in the little matters that engross its young mind, what pleasures the child wants, should please those about him; and its first look for participation in the pleasure is to those who take the care of his other wants, and his affections are cemented as he finds a congenial feeling in the affairs that interest him the most. Give your children amusements, and by your care and instructions in these amusements, convey to them the great lessons of love and kindness which can there be taught with its greatest force and effect. Above all make them feel that their amusements are proper, that there is *no need of stealing them*, and you will prevent a world of guilt and misery flowing from improper associations in sport.

[Written for the Gavel.]
LINES TO E. S.

BY PHIZ.

My heart they say is hard and cold
And nought can move me;
It may be so in life's wild whirl,
But oh! on beauty's lips my girl,
'Twill melt like oriental pearl—
If you would love me.

Yet must I climb th' ambitious heights
That soar above me?
Nor do I ask thee to bestow,
Thy smiles or kisses on me now,
Or lay thy hand upon my brow—
But some day love me.

Oh! let me gaze on thy dear form,
'Till love shall move thee:
Love's glance they say the coldest warms,
And if there's life in thy sweet charms,
I'll gaze 'till thou wilt bless my arms;
Oh! some day love me.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FALSEHOODS OF HISTORY.

THE man who reads history, with a deep determination to be himself, a suspicious and questioning judge of the truth of every page he reads, will not be long in perceiving that history teems with falsehood—especially that branch of it which treats of the *genius* and *character* of men. As the world goes there is little hope of pure truth and stern justice here. Our friends or our enemies write our histories—the one magnifies our virtues and the other exaggerates our faults. We have recently noticed a mortifying illustration of the truth of the remark in reading the life of Zimmerman, translated from the French of Tissot, in which we found the following remark on the domestic character of this great author: "No one was ever more attached to the duties of life; he was a good son, a good husband, a good father. Friendship was with him an ardent sentiment," &c. No statement could well be more false than this. With all of Zimmerman's stern frankness, and his heart of terrible integrity, he was unlovely, morose and cold as the gloom of a desert night. Many virtues were in him, but the household virtues were not in him. It was his pride and philosophy to cast every tender feeling out of himself, that he might be fortified against the weakness of sympathy, and the fondness of love. And so far from seeking to make others happy, he trampled on the happiness of his own blood. He treated his own son with such harshness that the young man was driven insane, as we are informed by the great Goethe, who knew Zimmerman well. Goethe has given us the following affecting account of a visit of Miss Zimmerman to his father's house. "She was as cold and lifeless as a statue, seldom venturing to speak, and never in the presence of her father. However, after she had passed a few days at our house, my mother's kind disposition and engaging manners produced a deep impression on her. She threw herself at the feet of Madame Goethe, and, with a torrent of tears, begged to be allowed to remain with her; in the most moving language she implored my mother to keep her as her servant or slave, rather than to allow her to return to her father, whose tyranny exceeded all conception." Soon after this, however, Miss Zimmerman sunk into the grave by the side of her ill-fated brother. May good heaven defend us from such husbands and fathers! We have ventured to imagine what would be the feelings and appearance of such an iron-hearted, gloomy being as Zimmerman on entering an Odd Fellow's Lodge, where all the domestic virtues sit with mild and sweet affection, and make the very atmosphere divine! What ever might be the feelings of his icy soul, it is too plain that his appearance there would

be very much like that of a rhinoceros in the Garden of Eden, before its sweet ripe fruit was plucked by man's adventurous hand. A great stout animal out in the pastures, and away in the rough gloomy forest there, but an untoward and graceless beast in a garden of harebells and roses. Altogether I cannot persuade myself that this is unlike the spirit of Zimmerman in the garden of the heart, where the tender flowers of love and pleasure bloom in brightness, and grow a delicate fruit, that is "pleasant to the taste." Notwithstanding the many fine things that the hasty and superficial Tissot says of him, I cannot but dis-fellowship the spirit of this cold, cloudy Zimmerman, with its eternal sighs, disturbing the mice and bats in their "solitude," and refusing to come out where God's stars shine, and sing a morning hymn with the robins, that send up their song of gladness from the pine and the maple. Give me that man whose heart leaps up into the clouds for joy, and all day basks in the sun-shine and the sparkles, while the willing hands work out, with much toil, a cheerful labor on the earth; and let the gloomy devil take, if he will, your Zimmermans and Tissots, and crickets and spiders, with all their solitude and dungeon vapors.

REVISION OF THE WORK.

It is with much gratification we announce that the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its late Session, appointed a committee to revise the entire Work of the Order. This committee was selected with an especial reference to their ability and supposed willingness to carry out fully the general wish for a thorough and radical change of such parts as obviously need alteration; and it is to be hoped the expectations now excited are not doomed to disappointment. With an organization which, for efficiency, has excited the admiration of all familiar with it, and been productive of results which have surprised its friends and silenced the fault finder and sceptic, what is termed the "work of the Order" has nevertheless been marked by features so needless, (if nothing else) as to often induce the query for what purposes they were designed or what objects they accomplish? The only answer in such cases to be made, was a desire and duty to preserve the "ancient work" and maintain its uniformity, albeit by so doing we retained a mass of useless material that lacked even the poor virtue of being ornamental. While we were in connection with England, this was usually a satisfying answer, but the present independent action as well as jurisdiction of the Order in this country, has deprived that plea of all its force, and left us free to act the dictates of our own judgments untrammelled by any foreign alliance or adverse influence. The spirit of the age, moreover, is a progressive one, and that policy is indeed questionable which would bind us to forms and ceremonials of by-gone days, merely because they *are* such, which, if not

badly conceived and worse executed, are at least unnecessary to our usefulness.

A change then, is undoubtedly called for, as the appointment of a committee for revision is the best evidence, and that it should be thorough and radical is very clear. While our landmarks and organization are preserved, let there be a complete demolition of the old edifice, and another structure erected more in accordance with the times, and which will commend itself to the approbation of the intellects, as our objects and labors engraft themselves upon the sympathies of the hearts of our members. This will require much labor and time, and the task confided to the committee in whose hands it has been placed involves a responsibility which, in view of the vast interests, existing and prospective, it will affect; it is no vain boasting to assert is seldom cast upon men. We have, however, full confidence in those upon whom this responsibility has fallen, and patiently await the issue; believing that the duty committed to them will be discharged in such a manner as will endear not less themselves than the Order to every good Odd Fellow.

CELEBRATION AT SCHENECTADY.

THE first anniversary of MOHAWK VALLEY Lodge, No. 72, was celebrated on Wednesday, the 22d ult. A large number of Brethren from Whitehall, Saratoga, Ballston, Lansingburgh, Troy, West Troy, &c., were present. The day was beautiful, and the procession made an imposing appearance, cheered on by several bands of music. After marching through several of the most popular streets of Schenectady, the procession proceeded to the Baptist meeting house, where the usual services of such occasions were conducted. The Oration was given by the Editor of the Gavel.

The Baptist Church of Schenectady is deserving of great praise for its liberality in granting our Brethren its meeting house for the occasion, while others refused to grant such a favor. We should also say that the prayer was offered by the pastor of the Baptist Church, who, although he is not an Odd Fellow, addressed the Throne of Grace in an appropriate and powerful manner in behalf of the Order.

"PROGRESS OF THE ORDER."

SINCE the publication of the first number of the Gavel there has been instituted within the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, upwards of THIRTY subordinate Lodges and Encampments, besides several Grand Lodges and Encampments. God speed our brethren in the good work and the cause of humanity and love! Plant the standard of our Order in every portion of our land of freedom and proclaim its principles abroad, until the motto of our Fraternity becomes the motto of the world, and mankind dwell in universal brotherhood and peace.

THEATRICAL EDITORIAL.

Part 2.—The Editor's study—time afternoon.

THE EDITOR SOLUS.

Now I must look into these communications for the Gavel. Let me see, am I hard enough for the task—can I cut to pieces these offspring of the ambitious brain without recoiling when the poor authors rave? In faith I begin to falter—but no, I will not—I'll hammer my heart on Vulcan's anvil till it is as hard as an Alderman's conscience; I'll philosophise myself into a literary *carver*, until the dissecting knife sits as easy in my hand as a lady's finger. Editors must be *butchers* if they would be just. (*Unrolling a large bundle of communications.*) So now to my task—let me see—No. 1. "Lines to Mary"—beautiful. I always knew that my friend Harris had a poet's *head*—but it seems he has a poet's *heart* too. Well; he must feed it, on the sighs of the zephyrs and the tears of mourning roses. No. 2. "The cream of a good story." But the rascal has forgotten himself and set us the *skimmed-milk*. No. 3. "Poetical effusion." *Piratical confusions!* the assassin will break all the muses' hearts at this rate. Look at this—

"Where shall we meet when time's no more?
Ask Pope and all that's written!
To God the spirit must quickly soar,
To Heaven received—by God admitten."

I hope this wretch will find the mercy he expects of Heaven; but he *shalt* have none at my hands. I'll have him whipt five times round the foot of Parnassus, and then make him hang *himself* for shame, if he ever attempts to perpetuate another deed like this during his natural life.

No. 4. "A Sister's Kiss"—sweet as the breath of lilies, no doubt, but this rhyme *slobbers* too much to pass in these columns for a "sister's kiss."

No. 5. "The Drunkard's Revenge"—a romance which is altogether too long for the Gavel. It evinces clear evidences of talent, but is too hastily written; and the plot is not a fortunate one to comport with the object of this publication.

No. 6. What have I here in this delicate little billet? O dear, more poetry! written by a lady too, if the hand is not disguised. "Mr. Editor, the following lines "Reply to Phiz," are written, as you will perceive, in reply to the "Impromptu" of your correspondent in the last "Gavel"—if they reach his eye I hope they will bring him to his senses, and convince him that his desperate extremity, of turning into "wind," is altogether unnecessary with a lady of my age, upon whose brow the wind has already blown thirty-five years without my discovering any thing like kisses in it either. I am not sure that I am the "J. B." that he means; but I met a poetical looking young man in the cars a few weeks ago, who came near making me blush by staring in my face for two hours—I took him to be a poet. J. B."

Here are five six line verses of the unfortunate measure which can never be anything more than rhyme, not even from the pen of *Billy*

Wordsworth. Without being in the least poetical, these lines are certainly very witty; our readers must have a taste. It will be remembered that "Phiz" took a false oath that he was the "wind," and that he was guilty of this folly that he might, with impunity, kiss a lady's brow. We will give the second and fifth verses of the reply, these being the most endurable so far as the poetry is concerned.

" It seems that he,
Would willing be,
To lay aside the man;
And turn to air,
In his despair,
Prosecute his plan.

But none I'm sure,
Are so demure,
As to deny this pleasure;
Since Father Paul,
Approved it all,
We'll kiss before we sever."

Our correspondent will see what a horrible dilemma his imprudent fancies have plunged him into. He must get out of it the best way he can—back out, or go ahead—which he will, for all of my assistance—this foolish poet. "Thirty-five" years! only think of that—what an old "wind" our poet will be when he comes back from a thirty-five years gale!

PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THE extraordinary spread of the Order throughout our Union, making it one of the most important associations for the dissemination of good or evil, now in our land, makes the demand imperious that its tendencies should in every way be for good—that it should inculcate in its language correct diction and good sense, and in its sentiments the purest spirit of "Friendship, Love and Truth." It has already received its most beautiful features here; it has been shorn of the evils brought with the Order to this country; and from its being a mere connexion of convivial clubs—as it appears when we look back to its introduction among us—it has now put on the garb of utility, and we behold it an extending circle of love and kindness, embracing the good in heart, the sober in habits, and the wise in council and rich in experience.

Prune it, then, until it shall be comely in its every look. The tree that bears the choicest fruit should never mar the beauty of the garden, but let it add grace to the ground, that its shadow may be chosen to refresh the toiler, while he partakes its golden fruit.

Let us pluck the stumbling blocks from its paths that its ways may be those of *pleasantness and peace*—that we may challenge for Odd Fellowship, admiration of its symmetry and beauty as an Order, as we would for the dignity of its numbers and the extent of its usefulness.

Let its course be onward—upward in all its speed, 'till it shall gather a nation's strength in the folds of benevolence and charity,—a beacon of hope, radiant with love, to illumine the pathway of virtue, and light back the wanderings of the wayward, with a fraternal guidance Speed the progress of Odd Fellowship!—T.

POLITICS.

"POLITICAL discussions are never allowed in any Lodge." What a blessing that there is one place in our land where a man may for an hour escape from the everlasting ding of Politics. 'Tis worth the price of an initiation to any man to have a place where he can retire with a sure guaranty that he will there be free from the animosities of that embodiment of "eternal vigilance"—party spirit.

As we desire to be correctly understood in every thing, *and as the "GAVEL," may be voted for by some of our brethren and Lodges,* we wish to "define our position," "politically speaking."

We are in favor of the "*American system*" of Odd Fellowship, and decidedly in favor of "*protection*" to the deserving brother who needs our fostering care. We go for the "*annexation*" of our Order to all the states and territories of our Union and the surrounding world; also, to "*every moral and social virtue*." We go for the "*distribution*" of its benefits to all sects, classes and creeds that can bring the "*passport of merit*." We give our countenance to that "*liberty*" sentiment, which would *emancipate* every brother from the *slavery* of vice and the *thraldom* of iniquity. "*Our banners are on the outer wall.*" That is our ticket.—T.

P. G. VAN BUREN LOCKROW.

It is with pleasure we record the appointment of P. G. Lockrow, to the arduous and responsible duties of D. D. G. M. of the District of Albany. From our long and intimate acquaintance with the Brother, we feel no hesitation in making the assertion, that he will discharge the duties of his office to his own credit, and the satisfaction of the Order.

THE GAVEL.

THE unexpected increase of our subscription list during the past month, has induced us again to present our readers with *eight extra pages* of closely printed, and we trust, highly interesting and instructive matter. We are determined not to be out-done by our patrons, and should the increase continue in the same ratio, we shall continue to give 32 pages each month, instead of 24, the amount we promised in our prospectus.

DEDICATION AT BROOKLYN:

BROOKLYN LODGE, No. 26, I. O. O. F.—The members of this Lodge intend dedicating their Burial Grounds at the Greenwood Cemetery, on Tuesday the 12th inst., in full regalia. The Oration we understand, will be delivered by P. G. Daniel P. Barnard, and the address of Dedication by N. G. S. Skinner. The Order in this city have been invited to attend, and will undoubtedly do so, in goodly numbers. A number of marshals have been appointed to receive the brethren on their arrival at Brooklyn.

DR. JOHNSON AND AMERICA.

In his pamphlet called "Taxation no Tyrany," Dr. Johnson indulged his wit in a manner not sufficiently soothing to our American pride. He said, "the colonists could with no solidity argue, from their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that they should not now be taxed: *We do not put a calf in the plow; we wait till he is an ox.*" This is very well done for a joke; but it so happened that the same surly John Bull proved to be too small a *calf* for the American *ox*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GOLDEN RULE.—We have received regularly the numbers of this excellent Odd Fellow's Journal. It comes this week richly laden with intellectual gems—as it always does.

"**THE SYMBOL**" for October is well sustained; if we except the leading article, which we conclude was inserted as a literary curiosity.

"**THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW**" for October is a faithful number; rich in the good things about Odd Fellowship especially. And we may say as much as this of "**THE ARK**," for October.

We have before us several numbers of Hewet's illustrated edition of Shakspeare. We have also laying upon our table the second number of "**ILLUMINATED TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE**", by Charles and Miss Lamb." This number contains Hamlet only, "got up" as the printers say, in a style strangely beautiful. When completed, this will be a beautiful edition of the invaluable tales of the quaint the loveable Charles Lamb. The engravings are executed by Mr. N. Orr, formerly of this city. Gavit has them for sale.

OUR DIRECTORY.

We have with much care corrected, revised, and enlarged our Directory since the last publication of the Gavel, and should any errors appear, we trust our agents in forwarding their lists will make the necessary corrections.

THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

We publish the following extract from a report made to the Grand Metropolitan Lodge, (Eng.) it contains much statistical information, that will prove interesting to our brethren, who delight to behold these accumulating evidences of our prosperity and usefulness.

Some curious statistical details, illustrative of the present state of this extensive fraternity, were laid before the Grand Metropolitan Lodge, at its late anniversary meeting. It appears, that on the 1st of April last, when the returns were made up, there were in England and Wales, 3840 lodges, and 325,000 members; showing an increase of 450 lodges, and 23,000 members over the previous year's return. The subscriptions for this year amounted to 352,583*l.*; the expenditure to 300,000*l.*; leaving a balance of 52,583*l.*; in favor of the association. The total amount of property belonging to the Order (including pictures, flags, banners, lodge paraphernalia, official apparel, and various insignia) was estimated at 700,000*l.* Amongst the enrolled members are, 180 members of parliament, 629 ministers of religion of various denomination, and 9,000 honorary members who make no claim upon the funds. If each member were to contribute only one-half-penny each it would amount to 34,126*l.* a-year. If they were to walk two and two, one yard asunder, the procession would extend 92 miles and 380 yards. If they walked three miles an hour it would take 30 hours 14 minutes to pass any given spot—10,274 passing every hour. The chief item of expenditure consists of the charge for medical aid afforded to the sick and indigent of the Order.

The following very brief synopsis of the late action of R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, we take from the "Independent Odd Fellow :

1. The chartering of several Grand and Subordinate Lodges.
2. Regulations respecting travelling brethren who may become sick and disabled while on travel, (page 210, proceedings of 1843,) rejected.
3. Resolutions in relation to withdrawal of card, with new form for cards.
4. Resolution directing sale of the Covenant and Official Magazine after the first of December, 1844.
5. Abolishing the past degrees of Past Chief Patriarch and Past High Priest..
6. Requisite qualifications of those who may become Odd Fellows: "Free white males of good moral character, who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator and the Preserver of the Universe"
7. Resolution in relation to public lectures: "That the delivery of lectures on Odd Fellowship, either in Lodges or in public, is not consistent with the duties of brethren of this Order, unless they be authorized to act in such a capacity by a special enactment of Lodges or of Encampments of the State or District within whose jurisdiction the lectures are delivered; and all enactments of Grand or Subordinate Lodges having such an object in view should expire by limitation within some reasonable space of time."

8. Admission of visitors: "When a visiting brother presents himself at the door of a Lodge, it is his duty to hand his card to the Guardian, that it may be placed in possession of the Lodge. If the Lodge shall be satisfied of its authenticity, they will thereupon appoint a committee of three members, all of whom must have received the Scarlet Degree, to proceed to the ante-room to examine the visiting brother. One member of this committee must be the Noble Grand himself, or his Vice or sitting Past Grand, or some other brother known to be in possession of the travelling password, whose especial duty it shall be, first to obtain privately from the said visitor the said password, which it is the duty of the visitor to commence. This preliminary being settled, the committee will then proceed to examine the visitor as respects the number of degrees he may have taken, or in regard to any other matter which in their judgment, shall have a bearing on the propriety of his admission. They will report to the Lodge, and if the visitor be received, he will work his way in."

SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93.

We publish below the Introduction to the Constitution and By-Laws of Samaritan Lodge No. 93, of this city; it is a faithful and well written exposition of the principles of our Order. Every Brother should read it and then lend it to his friend:

ALTHOUGH the Independent Order of Odd Fellows has existed a number of years in many parts of the world, it has but recently come into notice in this country, since which time, there has been a great accession of numerical force, and a vast deal of curiosity with regard to the Institution. A vague supposition in the minds of one portion of the public, that the Order of Odd Fellows is a partially benevolent institution, and in another, from its name, that it is more likely to be an association of riotous livers, or bacchanalian devotees, is about the extent of the information that has been acquired.

According to the usual charity of the world, anything not perfectly understood, is sure to be most unjustly censured. That the public may not be wholly unenlightened on this subject, we will give the meaning attached to the words "Odd Fellows."

When we see an individual having the most unlimited confidence placed in him, with power to use it to the weal or woe of his fellow-citizens; when we know that every pulsation of his great heart produces a desire for the happiness and freedom of his fellow man; when we know how easy it would be to pervert this power to his own aggrandizement and that of his family, whereby misery might be entailed on millions yet unborn, and for ages yet to come; when with every temptation, every example and every opportunity to become the despot; we say, when we see such an individual casting away all thoughts of self, and using every exertion for the good of his Country, and of mankind; why, surely such an one must be an *Odd Fellow!* Such an Odd Fellow was the great, the good, the immortal *WASHINGTON!* And though he never was a member in name of our Order, we look upon and claim him as the greatest of Odd Fellows; for he attached the brightest lustre to the three links of the Order by Friendship to the world, Love to his country, and Truth to those who entrusted him with their destinies.

Again, when an individual, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life, leaves his own mansion and wanders to all parts of the world for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the poor, and the miserable captive, when nothing but the applause of his own heart is to be gained; we say such an one is an Odd Fellow; therefore do we claim the philanthropic *HOWARD* as one of the brightest of Odd Fellows. Although, like Washington, he never was initiated into the Order, his was a benevolent spirit, and benevolence is as much an object with us, as Friendship, Love and Truth.

These instances are produced to show that this is the usual and accepted definition of the words "Odd Fellow." And we desire to be considered "Odd Fellows" in the same light in which the above great characters have been considered.

It has been objected to by some, that if we possess anything good, why monopolize it to ourselves? Why, if it has a tendency to promote the general interest of mankind, do we restrict it to a few, and even then under the most solemn obligations, and enjoin the most inviolable secrecy on our members? These queries seem not to require any answer, either from us or any other body of men. The reason why every society should be able to distinguish its own members, are as obvious as those for which a man should be able to distinguish the members of his own family; they exist in every form of society—in every association of men—they exist in the camp and field, and are acknowledged both virtually and actually by all; but in a beneficial and charitable society, where members are entitled to peculiar benefits, which under peculiar circumstances are extended to every Brother, of whatever country he may be, it becomes imperiously requisite, that we should preserve from the world and to ourselves alone, some certain and indubitable test, by which we can be known with certainty to each other; further do we not deem it necessary to explain, neither would it be useful to the public.

Our beneficence is not like that of beneficial societies in general—limited to our own peculiar members. A Brother, though a stranger—speaking even an unknown tongue—when in distress, shares our munificence, and receives such succor as his wants may require, and our circumstances may admit.

The sick among our own brethren, are not left to the cold hand of public charity. They are visited, and their wants provided for, out of funds which they have contributed to raise, and which in time of need they can honorably claim, without the humiliation of either parochial or individual relief, from which the freeborn mind recoils, until overwhelmed in insufferable want and misery.

The desolate and friendless claim from us, not alone pecuniary aid, but personal attention; nor does our duty terminate with life itself, our care is extended to the remains of our departed brethren, we are obliged to see them decently consigned to the bosom of our mother earth, when, and where human attention ceases.

To the living, our fraternal solicitude is no less exercised—it is our enjoined duty to watch over the conduct of our brethren, even in their common intercourse with men, as well as one with another, and remonstrate with those who wander from the path of rectitude, or trespass on the rules of morslity, and to direct the mind of every member to that high and exalted source of good which depends not on the mutability of sublunary things, remembering always that there is a Lodge whose guardian is death, and whose portal is the grave, where we all hope to meet under the Supreme Grand Master, whose approbation alone we seek.

If we faithfully perform our duties as men and as ODD FELLOWS, be assured that heaven will cast its rays of light and glory around the impressive emblems of our Order. The tear on the widow's cheek shall be succeeded by the widow's joy, the orphan shall be rescued from penury, want and ignorance, and the reign of humanity shall not cease, until by all the dwellers on earth its plastic influence shall be enjoyed, in the peaceful bowers of a second paradise more beauteous than the first.

To accomplish so glorious a consummation, may we ever continue to cherish in after as in life, the sacred principles of our beloved institution; to guard well the avenues to our temple against improper intrusion, and then should a storm of persecution arise and surround us with the chilling influence of its cold and icy wind, a stronger than Moses will guide and safely conduct us to the land of peace and rest, where we will better understand the sacred principles of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

To the uninitiated who desire to know our secrets from unworthy curiosity, may our doors be ever closed. But to those who long for the quiet indulgence of all the social virtues, we say, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" to him of impure desires and selfish feelings, it can afford no gratification; but on the contrary, a painful sense of humiliation and self-reproach. But to him of benevolent heart and broad philanthropy, it is the home of the heart—and next to his own fireside, the shrine of his best affections.

Such we wish the world to know we are, and to those who doubt, we say, if you can bring the passport of merit, come and see; but, if in the calm hour of reflection, the monitor within rise in judgment against you, we admonish you to remain ignorant of us, for in coming to the light you will stand condemned.

MARRIED.

On the 15th ult., by the Rev. Dr. J. N. Campbell, Brother DANIEL S. DURRIN, of Samaritan Lodge, No. 93, and Miss ANN HOLT, daughter of David Holt, Esq.

On Tuesday 17th ult., by the Rev. B. Evans, in the Church of the Holy Evangelists, Bro. WM. G. STREET, of Lodge No. 41, and Miss ANN MATILDA, youngest daughter of Jeffrey Wood, deceased, late of Ohio.

On the 28th Sept. by Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Bro. CHARLES N. THOMPSON, of Lodge No. 41, and Miss HARRIET N. BENSON.

DIED.

On Monday morning, 28th ult., JOSEPH HORSEFALL, eldest son of Bro. James Taylor, aged five years and eight months.

RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—J. W. Harcourt, CP; John Tanner, HP; B. C. True, SW; G. Quackenbush, Scribe; P. M. McCall, JW.

ALBANY CITY DEGREE LODGE, No. 11.—Thos. D. Knower, NG; D. McCulloch, VG; J. G. Northrup, ANG; H. G. Goodno, DANG; Lansing Van Wie, Sec; E. Colborn, Treas.

EXCELSIOR DEGREE LODGE, No. 15.—Eugene Kissam, NG; T. W. I. Groves, ANG; John Tanner, DANG; Cha's Holt, PG; H. D. Curran, VG; William Rennie, Sec; C. Brooks, Treas.

HOPE LODGE, No. 3.—Peter Relyea, jr., NG; S. B. Carter, VG; J. H. VanAntwerp, QS; G. W. Bell, PS; J. W. Harcourt, Treas.

CITY PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, No. 5.—R. J. Grant, NG; Wm. Reese, VG; H. Hainer, QS; Fred'k Ingmire, PS; W. B. Scott, Treas.

UNION LODGE, No. 8.—John Morrow, NG; Alex. Selkirk, VG; W. A. House, QS; A. Whitney, PS; J. G. Northrup, Treas.

GERMAN COLONIAL LODGE, No. 16.—Joseph Spaerberg, NG; J. Levi, VG; Jacob Newberger, Sec; John Wacher, Treas.

FIREMEN'S LODGE, No. 19.—Peter Putman, NG; R. S. Howard, VG; Sam'l S. Barnes, QS; William Rennie, PS; A. Heyer Brown, Treas.

AMERICAN LODGE No. 32.—Jetur Gardner, NG; James Muir, VG; David Chambers, QS; Thos. D. Knower, PS; Frances Low, Treas.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41.—Geo. F. Taylor, NG; E. J. Moseley, VG; M. Bray, QS; P. B. Leddy, PS; John Tanner, Treas.

SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93.—C. V. Clark, NG; J. M. Hughes, VG; D. S. Davis, Sec; S. Van Schaack, Treas.

AGENTS FOR THE GAVEL.

NEW YORK.—A. Smith, 197 River st.; *Troy*—Nathaniel J. Cady, *Hudson*—N. Drullard, *Schenectady*—L. W. Hall & Co. and James Kinn, *Syracuse*—J. Anthony, *Cohoes*—Geo. A. Wilkins, *Ballston Spa*—Geo. Andrews, *Saratoga*—J. H. Pomeroy, *Utica*—J. B. Devoe, *Flushing, L. I.*

OHIO.—Robinson & Jones, *Cincinnati*—J. Cranmer, *P. M. Lancaster*—J. V. Campbell, *Eaton*—A. A. Seloyer, *Cleveland*—Wilson T. Drake, *Middletown*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Colou & Adriance, *Philadelphia*.

KENTUCKY.—H. J. Brown, *Lancaster*.

NEW JERSEY.—J. L. Page, *New Brunswick*.

DIRECTORY OF THE I. O. O. F. OF THE UNITED STATES.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Grand Lodge,

Meets in the city of New-York quarterly, at National Hall. The officers for the present year are : Wm. A. Tyler, GM; Wm. Fardon, DGM; John G. Treadwell, GS; Moses Anderson, GT; Cyrus Lawton, GW; W. H. Dikeman, GC; A. D. Wilson and B. C. True, G. R.'s.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Columbia,.....	New-York,.....	Thur
2 Friendship,.....	Pleas' Val. sur'd ch'r'	Fri
3 Hope,.....	Albany,.....	Tues
4 Stranger's Refuge, New-York,.....	expelled	
5 Philanthropic,.....	Albany,.....	Fri
6 Good Intent,.....	Columbiaville, sur. ch'r'	
7 Clinton,.....	Albany,.....	sur'd ch'r'
8 Union,.....	Albany,.....	Thur
9 Tompkins,.....	New-York,.....	Tues
10 New-York,.....	do,.....	Wed
11 Gettys,.....	do,.....	Tues
12 Washington,.....	do,.....	Tues
13 Germania,.....	New-York,.....	Fri
14 Teutonia,.....	do,.....	Mon
15 Albany City,.....	Albany,.....	sur'd ch'r'
16 German Colonial, Albany,.....	Mon	
17 Perseverance,.....	New-York,.....	expelled
18 LaFayette,.....	Channingville,.....	Thur
19 Firemen's,.....	Albany,.....	Thur
20 Manhattan,.....	New-York,.....	Mon
21 Poughkeepsie,.....	Poughkeepsie,.....	Mon
22 Knickerbocker,.....	New-York,.....	Thur
23 Mariner's,.....	do,.....	Mon
24 Franklin,.....	Troy,.....	Wed
25 Niagara,.....	Buffalo,.....	Mon
26 Brooklyn,.....	Brooklyn,.....	Tues
27 Trojan,.....	Troy,.....	Mon
28 Ark,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
29 Star,.....	Lansingburgh,.....	Tues
30 National,.....	New-York,.....	Mon
31 Olive Branch,.....	do,.....	Wed
32 American,.....	Albany,.....	Wed
33 Metropolitan,.....	New-York,.....	Thur
34 Marion,.....	do,.....	Thur
35 Covenant,.....	do,.....	Thur
36 Enterprise,.....	do,.....	Tues
37 Buffalo,.....	Buffalo,.....	Tues
38 Watervliet,.....	West Troy,.....	Mon
39 Nassau,.....	Brooklyn,.....	Thur
40 Greenwich,.....	New-York,.....	Mon
41 Phoenix,.....	Albany,.....	Wed
42 Meridian,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
43 Concorde,.....	do,.....	Tues
44 Harmony,.....	do,.....	Mon
45 Elk County,.....	Williamsburgh,.....	Wed
46 Jefferson,.....	New-York,.....	Tues
47 Mercantile,.....	do,.....	Tues
48 Tehuerooron,.....	Buffalo,.....	Thur
49 Hancock,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
50 Atlantic,.....	Brooklyn,.....	Mon
51 Genesee,.....	Rochester,.....	Fri
52 United Brothers, New-York,.....	Tues	
53 Rensselaer,.....	Troy,.....	Tues
54 Whitehall,.....	Whitehall,.....	Thur
55 Courtland,.....	Peekskill,.....	Wed
56 Halcyon,.....	Troy,.....	Thur
57 Mutual,.....	New-York,.....	Mon
58 Grove,.....	do,.....	Thur
59 Dutches,.....	Poughkeepsie,.....	Wed
60 Howard,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
61 Williamsburgh,.....	Williamsburgh,.....	Tues
62 Spartan,.....	Cohoes,.....	Frid
63 Long Island,.....	Wallabout,.....	Fri
64 Empire,.....	New-York,.....	Tues
65 Highland,.....	Newburgh,.....	Tues
66 Fulton,.....	Brooklyn,.....	Wed
67 Commercial,.....	New-York,.....	Tues
68 Oriental,.....	do,.....	Thur
69 Teoronto,.....	Rochester,.....	Mon
70 Oneida,.....	Utica,.....	Thur
71 Ithaca,.....	Ithaca,.....	Fri
72 Mohawk Valley,.....	Schenectady,.....	Mon
73 Mt. Vernon,.....	New-York,.....	Fri
74 Orange County,.....	Newburgh,.....	Wed
75 Cryptic,.....	Peekskill,.....	Fri
76 Rockland Co'y,.....	Haverstraw,.....	Thur
77 Westchester,.....	Tarrytown,.....	Mon
78 Croton,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
79 Onondaga,.....	Syracuse,.....	Fri
80 Cayuga,.....	Auburn,.....	Thur
81 Jamaica,.....	Jamaica,.....	Tues
82 German Oak,.....	New-York,.....	Fri
83 Piermont,.....	Piermont,.....	Tues
84 Chelsea,.....	New-York,.....	Fri
85 Pacific,.....	Flushing,.....	Mon
86 Kosciusco,.....	Kingston,.....	Wed
87 Fidelity,.....	New-York,.....	Fri
88 Richmond Co.,.....	Factoryville,.....	Wed
89 Putnam,.....	West Farms,.....	Thur
90 Suffolk,.....	Sag Harbor,.....	Mon
91 Fishkill,.....	Fishkill,.....	
92 Allen,.....	Hudson,.....	Sat
93 Samaritan,.....	Albany,.....	Mon
94 Eagle,.....	Brooklyn,.....	Mon
95 Skeneadoah,.....	Utica,.....	Fri
96 Rising Sun,.....	Lansingburgh,.....	Wed
97 Ossinain,.....	Sing-Sing,.....	Fri
98 Saratoga,.....	Saratoga Springs,.....	Tues
99 St. Paul's,.....	Schenectady,.....	Tues
100 Wyoming,.....	Attica,.....	Fri
101 Cincinnati,.....	Batavia,.....	
102 Kaynderrossars,.....	Ballston Spa,.....	Fri
103 Otsego,.....	Cooperstown,.....	
104 Stanwix,.....	Andover, Onei,.....	Wed
105 Washington Co.,.....	Hartford,.....	
106 Silver Lake,.....	Perry,.....	Sat
107 Hinman,.....	New-York,.....	Mon
108 Hughsonville,.....	Hughsonville,.....	
109 Syracuse,.....	Syracuse,.....	
110 Waverly,.....	Waterford,.....	Tues
111 Owasco,.....	Port Byron,.....	
112 Middletown,.....	Middletown,.....	
113 Mechanics',.....	New-York,.....	Fri
114 Chenango,.....	Oxford,.....	
115 Rome,.....	Rome,.....	Tues
116 Ontario,.....	Canandaigua,.....	Wed
117 Continental,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
118 Genesee Valley,.....	Mt. Morris,.....	
119 Le Roy,.....	Le Roy,.....	
120 Cold Spring,.....	Cold Spring,.....	
121 Cataract,.....	Lockport,.....	
122 Union Village,.....	Union Village,.....	
123 Canaseraga,.....	Dansville, Liv.,.....	
124 Black River,.....	Watertown,.....	
125 Vernon,.....	Vernon, Onei,.....	
126 Excelsior,.....	New-York,.....	Fri
127 Rising Star,.....	Chatham F. C.	Wed
	Degree Lodges.	
1 New-York,.....	New-York,.....	Wed
2 Bowery,.....	do,.....	Fri
3 Erie,.....	Buffalo,.....	Wed
4 Hudson,.....	New-York,.....	Sat
5 United Brothers,.....	do,.....	Wed
6 Clinton,.....	do,.....	Sat
7 Rensselaer,.....	Troy,.....	Wed
8 Ridgely,.....	Troy,.....	Fri
9 Dutches,.....	Channingville,.....	Sat
10 Selby,.....	Poughkeepsie,.....	Fri
11 Albany City,.....	Albany,.....	Sat
12 Monroe,.....	Rochester,.....	Tues
13 Franklin,.....	Brooklyn,.....	Fri
14 Washington,.....	Williamsburgh,.....	Thurs
15 Excelsior,.....	Albany,.....	1 & 2 Fri
16 Harmony,.....	Lansingburgh,.....	Tues
17 Kennedy,.....	Ithaca,.....	Fri
18 Utica,.....	Utica,.....	3 4 Tues
19 Treadwell,.....	Syracuse	

Grand Encampment,

Meets semi-annually, in the city of N. York, on the Mondays following the first Wednesdays in August and Feb'y. The following is a list of the officers for the present year : Moses Anderson, MWGP; Jno. Green, MEHP; Jno. D. Farrington, GSW; Jas S. Cadle, G. Scribe;

R. Sharp, GT; Jno. Wigham, GJW; Wm. N. Lewis, GS; R. G. Milard, DGS.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 New-York State,.....	Albany,.....	expelled
2 Mt. Hebron,.....	New-York,.....	2 4 Fri
3 Mt. Sinai,.....	do,.....	1 2 Fri
4 Troy,.....	Troy,.....	1 8 Fri
5 En-hakkore,.....	Albany,.....	3 4 Fri
6 Mosaic,.....	New-York,.....	1 8 Fri
7 Nalem,.....	Brooklyn,.....	2 4 Fri
8 Mt. Vernon,.....	Buffalo,.....	1 3 Fri
9 Palestine,.....	New-York,.....	2 4 Th
10 Mt. Olivet,.....	Williamsburgh,.....	1 8 Th
11 Mt. Hope,.....	Roschester,.....	1 2 Th
12 Mt. Horeb,.....	New-York,.....	2 4 Me
13 Mohawk,.....	Schenectady,.....	2 4 Fri
14 Mt. Nebo,.....	Syracuse,.....	1 3 Mon
15 Olive Branch,.....	Lansingburgh,.....	2 4 Fri
16 Mt. Arrarat,.....	Peekskill,.....	2 4 Tues
17 Union,.....	Hudson,.....	2 4 Tues

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Richmond semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Virginia Lodge,.....	Harper's Ferry,.....	Mon
2 Washington,.....	Norfolk,.....	Mon
3 Virginius,.....	Wheeling,.....	Mon
4 Jefferson,.....	Richmond,.....	Mon
5 Old Dominion,.....	Portsmouth,.....	Fri
6 Madison,.....	Winchester,.....	Wed
7 Union,.....	Richmond,.....	Fri
8 Monroe,.....	Petersburg,.....	Mon
9 La Fayette,.....	Norfolk,.....	Mon
10 Friendship,.....	Richmond,.....	Tues
11 Wildey,.....	Charlestown,.....	Sat
12 Powhatan,.....	Richmond,.....	Wed
13 Franklin,.....	Wheeling,.....	Mon
14 Rappahannock,.....	Fredericksburgh,.....	Mon
15 Patrick Henry,.....	Hampton,.....	Sat
16 Appomattox,.....	Petersburg,.....	Fri
17 Lynchburg,.....	Lynchburg,.....	Thurs
18 St. Paul's,.....	P'neess Anne c. h., Th	
19 Harmony,.....	Norfolk,.....	Tues
20 Smithfield,.....	Smithfield,.....	Mon
21 Maffit,.....	Martinsburg,.....	Sat
22 Pythagoras,.....	Lynchburg,.....	Fri
23 Caledonia,.....	Shepherdstown,.....	Sat
24 Gratitude,.....	Hedgesville,.....	Thurs

GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

Meets at Portsmouth annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Abrams,.....	Wheeling
2 Neilson,.....	Richmond
3 Wildey,.....	Portsmouth 2 & 4 Thur
4 Jerusalem,.....	Norfolk
5 Widow's Friend,.....	Winchester
6 Glazier,.....	Petersburg
7 Virginia,.....	Lynchburg
8 Damascus,.....	Smithfield
10 Salem,.....	Hampden

STATE OF NEW-JERSEY.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Trenton quarterly. The following are the officers for the present year: J. D. Edwards, G. M.; T. McPherson, D. G. M.; J. Morrison, G. W.; W. C. Howell, G. S.; Thomas Ashmore, G. T.; M. C. Holmes and D. G. Fitch, Grand Representatives.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Trenton,.....	Trenton,.....	Tues
4 Concordia,.....	do,.....	Wed
6 New-Brunswick,.....	N. Brunswick,.....	Tues
7 Howard,.....	Newark,.....	Mon
8 Newark,.....	do,.....	Fri
9 Franklin,.....	Elizabethtown,.....	Mon
10 Nassau,.....	Princeton,.....	Thurs
11 Friendship,.....	Newark,.....	Thurs
13 La Fayette,.....	Orange,.....	Thurs
12 Covenant,.....	Belvidere,.....	Thurs
14 Hudson,.....	Jersey City,.....	Mon
15 Leni Lepape,.....	Lambertville,.....	Tues

16 Bordentown,.....	Bordentown,.....	Mon
17 Madison,.....	Allentown,.....	Thurs
18 Clinton,.....	Clinton,.....	Mon
19 Mount Holly,.....	Mount Holly,.....	Wed
20 Monmouth,.....	Freehold,.....	Wed
21 Washington,.....	Salem,.....	Wed

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Newark semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

2 Trenton,.....	Trenton,.....	1, 3 Thurs
3 Mt. Ararat,.....	Newark,.....	3 Wed
4 Olive Branch,.....	Trenton,.....	1, 3 Fri
5 Mt. Sinai,.....	Jersey City,.....	1, 3 Mon
6		
7		
8 Raritan,.....	New Brunswick	

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New-Haven quarterly. J. L. Devotion, GM; Charles W. Bradley, G Secretary.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Quinnipiac,.....	New-Haven,.....	Mon
2 Charter Oak,.....	Hartford,.....	Tues
3 Middlesex,.....	East Haddam,.....	Wed
4 Pequannock,.....	Bridgeport,.....	Tues
5 Harmony,.....	New-Haven,.....	Tues
6 Ousatonic,.....	Derby,.....	Mon
7 Samaritan,.....	Danbury,.....	Wed
8 Mercantile,.....	Hartford,.....	Fri
9 Themes,.....	New London,.....	Mon
10 Our Brothers,.....	Norfolk,.....	Mon
11 Uncas,.....	Norwich,.....	Mon
12 Central,.....	Middletown,.....	Tues
13 Charity,.....	Lower Mystic	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New-Haven semi-annually. John L Devotion, GP; P Dem'ck, G Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sasacas,.....	New-Haven
2 Oriental,.....	East Haddon,.....
3 Palmyra,.....	Norwich,.....
4 Unity,.....	New-London,.....

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Grand Lodge,

Meets quarterly at Concord. The following are the officers for the present year: David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWGM; Walter French, RWGW; G. H. H. Silsbee, RWGS; C. T. Gill, RWGT; G. W. Montgomery, RWGC; Walter French, G. Rep.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Cheshire,.....	Nashua,.....	Tues
2 Hillsboro',.....	Manchester,.....	Tues
3 Wecohomet,.....	Dover,.....	Mon
4 Washington,.....	Somerworth,.....	Tues
5 White Mountain,.....	Concord,.....	Fri
6 Piscataque,.....	Portsmouth,.....	Fri

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Nashua,.....	Nashua,.....	1 3 Fri
2 Wonolancet,.....	Nashua	

STATE OF INDIANA.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Madison quarterly. The following are the present officers: Wm. Cross, GM; James Gibson, DGM; J. H. Taylor, GS; Wm. Morrison, GW; Wm. Whittington, G. Con.; A. Tawall, GG; Ben Mazten, G. Chap.

Subordinate Lodges.

2 Monroe,.....	Madison,.....	Mon
3 Jefferson,.....	Jeffersonville,.....	Mon
4 Friendship,.....	Rising Sun,.....	Tues
6 Vevey,.....	Vevey,.....	Thur
7 Morning Star,.....	Evansville,.....	Thur
8 Union,.....	Lawrenceburg,.....	Thur
9 Patriot,.....	Patriot,.....	Sat
10 New-Albany,.....	New-Albany,.....	Thur
11 Washington,.....	Madison,.....	Thur
12 Neilson,.....	Logansport,.....	Thur
13 Chosen Friends,.....	Aurora,.....	Tues
14 Fort Wayne,.....	Fort Wayne,.....	Mon

15 Lafayette,.....	Lafayette,.....	Tues
16 Vigilance,.....	Lawrenceburgh,.....	Mon
	<i>Subordinates Encampments.</i>	
1 Jerusalem,.....	New-Albany,.....	
2 Wildey,.....	Madison,.....	3 Tues

STATE OF OHIO.*Grand Lodge,*

Meets at Cincinnati on the 3d Saturday in every month. The officers are: H. M. Clark, GM; D. T. Snelbaker, DGM; Joseph Roth, GW; I. Hefley, GRS; A. G. Day, GCS; Cha's Thomas, GT; C. Walker, G. Con.; J. Ernst, G. Chap.; J Phares, GG; M. P. Taylor, GH. *Subordinate Lodges.*

1 Ohio,.....	Cincinnati,.....	Mon
2 Washington,.....	do,.....	Tues
3 Cincinnati,.....	do,.....	Wed
4 Franklin,.....	do,.....	Thur
5 Montgomery,.....	Dayton,.....	Wed
6 Jefferson,.....	Steubenville,.....	Thur
7 Charity,.....	Lancaster,.....	Mon
8 Piqua,.....	Piqua,.....	Wed
9 Columbus,.....	Columbus,.....	Mon
10 Wayne,.....	Dayton,.....	Tues
11 Warren,.....	Franklin,.....	Mon
12 Union,.....	Warrenton,.....	Sat
13 Cleveland,.....	Cleveland,.....	Mon
14 Harmony,.....	Rossille,.....	Tues
15 Lebanon,.....	Lebanon,.....	Wed
16 Hope,.....	Middletown,.....	Thur
17 Hamilton,.....	Hamilton,.....	Thur
18 Marion,.....	Miamisburg,.....	Tues
19 Mansfield,.....	Mansfield,.....	Fri
20 Mt. Vernon,.....	Mt. Vernon,.....	Wed
21 Friendship,.....	Germantown,.....	Fri
22 Cuyahoga,.....	Cleveland,.....	Wed
23 Central,.....	Columbus,.....	Thur
24 Chillicothe,.....	Chillicothe,.....	Tues
25 Lafayette,.....	Hillsborough,.....	Mon
26 Morning Star,.....	Medina,.....	Mon
27 Ohio City,.....	Ohio City,.....	Tues
28 Muskingum,.....	Zanesville,.....	Wed
29 Mahoning,.....	Warren,.....	Mon
30 Eaton,.....	Eaton,.....	Mon
31 Scioto,.....	Portsmouth,.....	Fri
32 Columbia,.....	Circleville,.....	Wed
33 Olive Branch,.....	Newark,.....	

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	Cincinnati,.....	1 3 Fri
2 Dayton,.....	Dayton,.....	1 3 Fri
3 Nimrod,.....	Steubenville,.....	2 4 Fri
4 Cleveland,.....	Cleveland,.....	2 4 Fri
5 Piqua,.....	Piqua,.....	2 4 Fri
6 Capitol,.....	Columbus,.....	1 3 Fri
7 Butler,.....	Hamilton,.....	2 4 Fri

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.*Grand Lodge,*

Meets at Encampment Hall, Boston, quarterly. The following are its officers: Tho's F. Norris, MWGM; N. A. Thompson, WDGM; S. Jenkins, WGW; W. E. Parmenter, WGS; H. Prince, WGT; Rev. Bro. John McLeish, RWG Chaplain.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Massachusetts,.....	Boston,.....	Mon
2 Siloam,.....	do,.....	Thur
3 Good Samaritan,.....	Taunton,.....	sur. char
4 New-England,.....	E. Cambridge,.....	Fri
5 Washington,.....	Roxbury,.....	sur. char
6 Adam,.....	Boston,.....	sur. char
7 Merrimack,.....	Lowell,.....	Mon
8 Suffolk,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
9 Crystal Fount,.....	Woburn,.....	Mon
10 Oriental,.....	Boston,.....	Wed
11 Mechanics',.....	Lowell,.....	Fri
12 Bethel,.....	W. Cambridge,.....	Tues
13 Nazarene,.....	Ware Village,.....	Mon
14 Bunkerhill,.....	Charlestown,.....	Mon
15 Tremont,.....	Boston,.....	Wed
16 Covenant,.....	do,.....	Mon
17 Middlesex,.....	Malden,.....	Wed
18 Warren,.....	Roxbury,.....	Tues

19 Monument,.....	E. Lexington,.....	Wed
20 Friendship,.....	Cambridgeport,.....	Mon
21 Fidelity,.....	Andover,.....	Thur
22 Howard,.....	Charleston,.....	Fri
23 Franklin,.....	Boston,.....	Fri
24 Winnisimmet,.....	Chelsea,.....	Thur
25 Boston,.....	Boston,.....	Fri
26 Essex,.....	Salem,.....	Mon
27 Hampden,.....	Springfield,.....	Tues
28 Oberlin,.....	Lowell,.....	Tues
29 Columbian,.....	Stoneham,.....	Thur
30 Bethesda,.....	South Boston,.....	Mon
31 Lafayette,.....	Watertown,.....	Wed
32 Ancient Landmark,.....	Boston,.....	Mon
33 Montezuma,.....	do,.....	Wed
34 Hope,.....	Methuen,.....	Wed
35 Prospect,.....	Waltham,.....	Thur
36 Maverick,.....	East Boston,.....	Mon
37 Shawmut,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
38 Souhegan,.....	South Reading,.....	Fri
39 Quasacquaque,.....	Newburyport,.....	Thur
40 Bay State,.....	Lynn,.....	Fri
41 Acushnet,.....	New Bedford,.....	Wed
42 Pacific,.....	Boston,.....	Thur
43 Quinsigamond,.....	Worcester,.....	Mon
44 King Philip,.....	Taunton,.....	Tues
45 Framingham,.....	Framingham,.....	Mon

Degree Lodges.

1 Union,.....	Boston,.....	Sat
2 Maverick,.....	do,.....	Thur

Grand Encampment,

Meets at Boston semi-annually. The following are the elective officers for the ensuing year: H. Prince, GCP; Newel A. Thompson, GHP; T. Barr, GSW; Nath'l Y. Culbertson, GJW; C. C. Hayden, G. Scribe; R. Cole, GT; Robert L. Robins, Grand Representative.

Subordinate Encampments,

1 Massasoit,.....	Boston,.....	1 3 Fri
2 Tri-Mount,.....	do,.....	2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy,.....	W. Cambridge,.....	2 4 Fri
4 Monomak,.....	Lowell,.....	2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill,.....	Charlestown,.....	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington,.....	S. Boston,.....	2 4 Thu

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Lodge.

1 Pennsylvania,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
2 Washington,.....	"	Tues
3 Wayne,.....	"	Mon
4 Morning Star,.....	"	Fri
5 Franklin,.....	"	Thurs
6 General Marion,.....	"	Fri
7 Herman,.....	North Liberties,.....	Tues
8 Rising Sun,.....	Frankford,.....	Sat
9 Mechanics',.....	Pittsburgh,.....	Thurs
10 Philomatheon,.....	Germantown,.....	Sat
11 Kensington,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Wed
12 Philadelphia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
14 Wildey,.....	Frankford,.....	Sat
15 Philanthropic,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Sat
18 LaFayette,.....	"	Thurs
19 Amity,.....	"	Thurs
20 Miners,.....	Pottsville,.....	Sat
21 Teutonia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mon
23 Friendship,.....	"	Tues
24 Western Star,.....	Pittsburgh,.....	Mon
26 Penn,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Mon
27 Schuylkill,.....	Port Carbon,.....	Tues
28 Heneosis Adel'p'n N. Liberties,.....	"	Thurs
29 Robert Morris,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
30 Miners,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mon
32 Decatur,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
33 Benevolent,.....	Vil. Green,.....	1 and 3 Sat
43 Hancock,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Fri
44 Hayden,.....	Pottsville,.....	Thurs
45 William Tell,.....	Pittsburg,.....	Sat
48 Girard,.....	Pottsville,.....	Fri
45 Independence,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Thurs
46 Social,.....	Minersville,.....	Sat
47 Montgomery,.....	Norristown,.....	Sat
48 Cambria,.....	Carbondale,.....	Sat

50 Montgomery,.....	Reading,.....	Thurs,
50 Concordia,.....	Catawissa,.....	1 and 3 Sat;
51 Adam,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mond
52 Beaver Meadow,.....	Beaver Meadow,.....	Sat
53 Hand-in-Hand,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Tues
54 Gomer,.....	Birmingham,.....	Sat
55 Hazleton,.....	Hazleton,.....	Sat
56 Roxborough,.....	Roxborough,.....	Sat
57 Lancaster,.....	Lancaster,.....	Thur
58 Harrisburgh,.....	Harrisburgh,.....	Wed
59 Peace and Plenty,.....	Easton,.....	Wed
60 State Capitol,.....	Harisburgh,.....	Tues
71 Allen,.....	Allentown,.....	Sat
72 Evening Star,.....	Milestown,.....	Sat
73 Delaware,.....	Easton,.....	Tues
74 Mount Zion,.....	York,.....	Wed
75 Columbus,.....	Chambersburgh,.....	Thurs
76 Mauch Chunk,.....	Mauch Chunk,.....	Tues
77 Brotherly Love,.....	Kurtztown,.....	Sat
78 Keystone,.....	Bethlehem,.....	Thurs
79 Howard,.....	Honesdale,.....	Wed
80 Susquehanna,.....	Columbia,.....	Sat
81 National,.....	Washington,.....	Sat
82 Charity,.....	Halifax,.....	Sat
83 Lehigh,.....	Allentown,.....	Sat
84 Friendly,.....	Millertown,.....	Wed
85 Mutual,.....	Milton,.....	Wed

Grand Encampment

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Philadelphia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	1 & 3 Tues
2 Pittsburgh,.....	Pittsburgh,.....	1 3 Sat
3 Morning Star,.....	Frankford,.....	1 3 Wed
4 Franklin,.....	Pottsville,.....	1 3 Sat
5 La Fayette,.....	Philadelphia,.....	1 3 Fri
6 Mt. Olive,.....	Kensington,.....	1 3 Fri
7 Walhalla,.....	Kensington,.....	2 4 Fri
8 Hebron,.....	Reading,.....	1 3 Sat
9 Andrew Jackson,.....	Manyunk,.....	1 3 Sat
10 Danphin,.....	Harrisburgh,.....	1 3 Fri

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Grand Lodge

Meets at Springfield quarterly.

1 Western Star,.....	Alton,.....	Mon
2 Alton,.....	Alton,.....	Tues
3 Clarke,.....	Greenville,.....	Sat
4 Illini,.....	Jacksonville,.....	Sat
5 Wildey,.....	Galena,.....	Sat
6 Sangamon,.....	Springfield,.....	Mon
7 Jefferson,.....	Bellville,.....	Fri
8 Washington,.....	Springfield,.....	Tues

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	Alton
2 Chosen Friends,.....	Galena
3 Lebanon,.....	Springfield,.....

STATE OF TENNESSEE.

The Grand Lodge meets at Nashville quarterly.

1 Tennessee,.....	Nashville,.....	Tues
2 Nashville,.....	Nashville,.....	Thurs
3 Columbia,.....	Columbia,.....	Wed
4 Spring Hill,.....	Spring Hill,.....	Thurs
5 Washington,.....	Dresden,.....	Sat
6 Memphis,.....	Memphis,.....	Thurs

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Ridgely,.....	Ridgely,.....	2 & 4 Sat
2 Washington,.....	Columbia,.....	2 & 4 Sat
3 Gayoso,.....	Memphis,.....	

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Michigan,.....	Detroit,.....	Mon
2 Wayne,.....	do,.....	Tues
3 Oakland,.....	Pontiac,.....	Sat
4 Jackson,.....	Jackson,.....	
5 Peninsula,.....	Marshall,.....	

Subordinate Encampment.

1 Michigan,.....	Detroit,.....	2 & 4 Thurs
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STATE OF MISSOURI.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at St. Louis quarterly.

1 Alabama,.....	Mobile,.....	Mon
2 Mobile,.....	do,.....	Wed

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Traveler's Rest,.....	St. Louis,.....	Mon
2 Wildey,.....	do,.....	Tues
3 Germania,.....	do,.....	Thur
4 Far West,.....	Boonville,.....	Mon
5 St. Louis,.....	St. Louis,.....	Sat
6 Western Light,.....	Weston,.....	Sat

Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	St. Louis,.....	Fri
2 Frontier,.....	Weston,.....	

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Louisville quarterly.

1 Boone,.....	Louisville,.....	Mon
2 Chosen Friends,.....	"",.....	Tues
3 Washington,.....	Covington,.....	Wed
4 Loraine,.....	Louisville,.....	Wed
5 Friendship,.....	Lexington,.....	Fri
6 Capital,.....	Frankfort,.....	Mon
7 Franklin,.....	Lancaster,.....	Sat
8 Central,.....	Danville,.....	Tues
9 Social,.....	Stanford,.....	Wed
10 Union,.....	Nicholasville,.....	Sat
11 Lafayette,.....	Georgetown,.....	Tues
12 De Kalb,.....	Maysville,.....	Mon
13 Stranger's Rest,.....	Henderson,.....	Sat
14 Madison,.....	Richmond,.....	Tues
15 Howard,.....	Shelbyville,.....	
16 Morning Star,.....	Petersburg,.....	
17 Herman,.....	Louisville,.....	Sat

Encampments.

1 Mount Horeb,.....	Louisville,.....	1 & 3 Mon
2 Olive Branch,.....	Covington,.....	1 & 4 Mon
3 Moreah,.....	Lexington,.....	1 & 3 Thur
4 Pilgrim,.....	Frankfort,.....	1 & 3 Thur

STATE OF MARYLAND.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Washington,.....	Baltimore,.....	Mon
2 Franklin,.....	"",.....	Thurs
3 Columbia,.....	"",.....	Wed
4 William Tell,.....	"",.....	Tues
5 Gratitude,.....	"",.....	Mon
6 Harmony,.....	"",.....	Wed
7 Friendship,.....	"",.....	Thurs
8 Marion,.....	"",.....	Tues
9 Jefferson,.....	"",.....	Thurs
10		
11		
12		
13		
16 Union,.....	"",.....	Thurs
18 Miller,.....	Easton,.....	Sat
20 Morning Star,.....	Havre-de-Grace,.....	Sat
24 Mount Pisgah,.....	Port Deposit,.....	Tues
26 Mt. Vernon,.....	Abingdon,.....	Sat
29 Philip Read,.....	Chestertown,.....	Mon
31 Potomac,.....	Hagerstown,.....	Tues
32 Mt. Moriah,.....	Clear Spring,.....	Thurs
33 Aaron,.....	Williamsport,.....	Fri
34 Chosen Friends,.....	Cumberland,.....	Fri
35 Adam,.....	Frederick,.....	Tues
36 La Grange,.....	Sharpsburg,.....	Sat
37 Covenant,.....	Hancock,.....	Thurs
38 Benevolent,.....	Middletown,.....	Sat
39 Neilson,.....	Hillsborough,.....	Sat
40 Centre,.....	Ellicott's Mills,.....	Sat

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Jerusalem,.....	Baltimore,.....	Fri
2 Salem,.....	"",.....	Tues
3 Zion,.....	Cambidge,.....	Tues
4 Jacob,.....	Easton,.....	Tues
5 Bethlehem,.....	Chestertown,.....	Tues
6 Galena,.....	Hagerstown,.....	Tues
7 Mt. Carmel,.....	Cumberland,.....	Tues
8 Evening Star,.....	Hav-de-Grace,.....	Tues

STATE OF ALABAMA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Mobile quarterly.

1 Alabama,.....	Mobile,.....	
2 Mobile,.....	"",.....	Wed

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1 Chosen Friends	Mobile	Thurs	2 Washington	Natchez	Thurs
4 Samaritan,			3 Warren	Vicksburgh	Thurs
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.		6 Grenada	Grenada	Fri
1 Mount Arrarat	Mobile	Fri	7		
			8 Macon	Vicksburgh	Wed
			9 William Dale	Liberty	Wed
	STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.		10 Wilkinson	Woodville	Wed
	GRAND LODGE.		11 Capitol	Jackson	Thurs
Meets at Wilmington quarterly.			12 Concordia	Natchez	
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.		13 Belmont	Belmont	
1 Weldon	Weldon	Tues			SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.
2 Cape Fear	Wilmington	Tues	1 Wildey	Natchez	
3 Washington	Murfreesboro	Fri	2 Vicksburgh	Vicksburgh	
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS				
1 Campbell	Wilmington				
2 Bain	Murfreesboro				

	RHODE ISLAND.			STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.	
	GRAND LODGE.			GRAND LODGE.	
Meets at Providence quarterly.				Meets at Charleston quarterly.	
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			GRAND ENCAMPMENT.	
1 Friendly Union	Providence	Thurs		Meets at Charleston.	
2 Ergle	"	Wed		SUBORDINATE LODGES.	
3 Roger Williams	"	Tues		1 South Carolina	Charleston
4 Hope	"	Mon		2 Marion	"
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.			3 Howard	"
1 Narraganset	Providence	24 Frid		4 Jefferson	"
				5 Palmetto	Columbia
				6 De Kalb	Winsboro
				7 Aiken	Aiken
				8 La Fayette	Chesterville
	STATE OF MAINE.				
	GRAND LODGE.			SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.	
Meets at Portland quarterly. The following officers have been installed for the present year. James Pratt, G. M.; Samuel Thatcher, Jr., G. W.; Benj. Kingsbury, G. Sec.; James Winslow, G. Treas.; Geo. W. Churchill and W. R. Smith, G. Reps.;				1 Palmetto	Charleston
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			2 Eutaw	Columbia
1 Maine	Portland	Mon		3 Ashley	Charleston
2 Saco	"	Tues			
3 Georgian	Thomaston	Mon			
4 Ancient Brother	Portland	Thurs			
5 Ligonia	"	Sat			
6 Sabbathis	Augusta	Wed			
7 Penobscot	Bangor	Wed			
8 Relief	East Thomaston	Fri			
9 Natahoriis	Gardiner				
10 Lincoln	Bath	Mon			
11 Saccorappa	Westbrook				
12 Kendusky	Bangor	Mon			
13 Phippscot	Brunswick	Thur			
14 Cushingoe	Augusta				
15 Passagassawakeag	Belfast	Wed			
16 Hobomah	Bath				
17 Washington					
	DEGREE LODGE.				
1 Union	Portland	Tues			
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.				
1 Machigonne	Portland	1 3 Tues			
2 Eastern Star	"	2 4 Fri			
3 Sagamore	Augusta	1 3 Thurs			
4 Katahdn	Bangor				

	STATE OF GEORGIA.			PROVINCE OF CANADA.	
	GRAND LODGE.			SUBORDINATE LODGES.	
Meets at Savannah.				1 Prince of Wales	Montreal
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			2 Queens	"
1 Oglethorpe	Savannah			3 Prince Albert	S. Johns
2 Franklin	Macon				ENCAMPMENT.
3 Live Oak	Savannah			1 Hochelaga	Montreal
4 Sylvan	Milledgeville				
5 United Brothers	Macon				
6 Muscogee	Columbus				
7 Washington	Augusta				
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.				
1 Magnolia	Savannah				
2 Ocmulgee	Milledgeville				
3 Franklin	Macon				
4 Chattahoochee	Columbus				

	STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.			PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.	
	GRAND LODGE.			GRAND LODGE.	
Meets at Natchez quarterly.				Meets at Tredegar.	
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			SUBORDINATE LODGES.	
1 Mississippi	Natchez	Wed		1 Ivorin	Tredegar,
				2 Covenant	Tredegar,

	IOWA TERRITORY.		
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.		
1 Washington	Burlington		

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THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, DECEMBER, 1844.

NO. 4

Written for the Gavel.

ROMANTIC SKETCHES.—No. I.

BY C. C. BURR.

The "Humbug."

“O, HUMBUG!” said a dry, sarcastic voice, as I stood within the door of the post office, one beautiful morning in May. I was convinced by what I next heard, that the subject of conversation was Odd Fellowship. No, George, it is no humbug, said the other. But still the young mechanic’s dark brow was contracted—a haughty scorn sat in his mouth, and his whole face was twisted together with the too palpable look of distrust and doubt. The two locked arms and walked away flourishing their hands and talking earnestly.

The first green leaves of spring were putting forth—the damp chills from the melted snow had given place to the dry bland winds, that come rejoicing over the springing verdure of wood and field; a thousand warblers sent up their merry notes from forest tree-top and garden bush; it was spring-time now, for earth, sky, forest, lake, birds, and man. All things felt the joyousness of spring: all were inspired by the laughing promises of hope—all forgot that winter would come again. The sky, with a serene blue smile looked down upon the earth, as though December storms would never more be gathered in its clouds; and the earth returned the welcome, with its bosom bedecked with young violets, pledging the rose of summer, and the yellow fruit of autumn, forgetful that too soon it must be chilled to sleep in the cold arms of winter. Man’s glad heart leaped and danced among the new violets, and kissed the cheek of hope that sat smiling by him—not remembering that there was a winter too for him—a time when violets would not grow, and the sky would not smile; when want would pinch him, and the rough gusts of autumn would lodge many a withered leaf and broken stem in his path, and send him shivering into the winds and storms to find the wherewithal of life. In this promising spring time, the story about winds and winter, hunger and want, is “humbug” to the heart which hope

leads through a world of young flowers and blossoming trees. Then it is that we forget that life has winters. They are the smiles and kisses of life that betray us, and teach us to call the voice of warning "humbug" and foolish.

The season of spring, with its May flowers and tender plants, insensibly slipped into the full sweet fragrance of summer; summer was lost in the sober shade of fall; already had the winds begun to moan and the air to chill, and remorseless December had put its relentless termination on all the green joyousness of the year. The let-loose tempest flew roaring over the plains, or paused awhile in towns and cities, to shake the doors and rattle the sash and blinds, and puff its insolent breath through every crack and crevice, to show poor mortals how it defies their craft, and whistles its winter tune as it sweeps on to its pastime with the fallen leaves of the forest. The "humbugs" of the spring had become shuddering realities now: no "humbug" in this winter, George; no "humbug" in this firm house which I built in spring to keep me warm this winter.

I opened my door in answer to a low faint knock, so faint that I doubted if it was a knock, and there stood before me a shivering female whose youthful appearance indicated that she could not have seen more than twenty of these chill Decembers. I gave her a seat near my warm fire; but she could not speak for some terrible grief that was struggling with her heart. She had the evident bearing of having lived in polite society, and from the few glimpses I caught of her half concealed face, I saw that she was beautiful even in her tears; a high and charming brow, large mild dark blue eyes, and a mouth and chin indicative of deep innocent passion. I entreated her to have confidence, to speak without embarrassment of her wants; but still she kept on sobbing and crying as though her too tender heart was broken. At length she fell kneeling at my side and exclaimed, "O, will any body have mercy upon a poor distressed family?" I said "yes, undoubtedly—do my dear madam let me know what distresses you; that you have come to me shows that you have hopes I may assist you, and you may take further assurance that I will do all in my power to relieve you?" The sufferer gained confidence and composure from my kindness, and told her simple story.

"We came to this place about one year ago; we moved from the west, where we had been unfortunate and lost all the little that we had. When we first came here my husband could get but little to do at his trade; but last spring business was better and we began to do well. We had hopes of prosperity again, when George was taken suddenly down with sickness, and he has been slowly sinking for four months. I have sold all the chairs I could spare and one bed to pay our rent, and I have sold all my nice dresses to get things comfortable for poor George; my last means are gone, and George — she could not speak. I gave the beautiful sufferer a card and pencil and desired her to write her street and number, she wrote and

departed. In the evening I set out early for George Elwood's; it was a long walk, to a distant part of the town, and the rough winds hurried me along, as I drew my mantle close around me and fell into a meditation on the amount of innocence and beauty that was suffering in the narrow lanes that retired from the great streets along which I passed. How many beautiful blue eyes, whose soft mild light makes heaven for the heart, are this hour blind with tears? How many true and honest men are stretched upon straw, with their wives and children shivering in want by their sick frames, hurried into their graves by anguish for those they loved? And yet Odd Fellowship is capable of being extended to provide for every such *virtuous* family in the land. What a disgrace to their humanity and curse to their race are the Colvers and other pulpit blackguards who oppose the benevolent operations of such an institution!

But I had already reached the *number*, and with a beating heart gave a soft rap at the door, which was instantly opened by my fair sufferer. When she first recognized me a faint, sad smile ran through her features, and sunk into the clear melancholly of her charming face—great tears stood quivering in her large eyes as they fell upon her dying husband, while she welcomed me to a humble seat by the low bed. Good heavens! I instantly recognized the young man—by his dark, peculiar, intellectual brow; I could not mistake him—I had heard him say “humbug” six months ago with such an unnatural contempt that I should have remembered him a quarter of a century. But too plainly this scene is no “humbug”! These two pale, beautiful, weeping children; the constant, broken-hearted wife; the want that hangs along these low walls, and sits in the corners, looking harshly on the face of the dying—ah! this is no “humbug,” but terrible fact.

“ You are very kind,” said the dying man faintly, “ to come to this wretched abode—you are too late to do me any good—but, oh! my poor Ellen, and my dear children—be merciful to them for God’s sake!” His strength failed him, and he lay like death several minutes, when suddenly with a convulsive agony, he pressed his bony hands upon his cold breast and exclaimed: “oh! that I might take my little babes and lay them on this cold bosom, so the angel of death would summon them with me, rather than to leave them to the vile pauper-charity of the world!” Again he sunk into an exhaustion from which he never revived—he was dead.

How cold and pale every thing looks in the room where Death has just entered? That same grim visage hangs on the chairs and on the walls—the damp cold shudders creep into the hearts of the living—and the death shock has struck and shattered even those who survive the victim of the unerring blow. Oh, that Odd Fellowship might now come to this desolate abode; that it might have come here months ago, made comfortable the sick, and consoled these pure sufferers; that instead of this feeble woman watching alone night after night, and month after month, by this gloomy couch, a band of

brothers in friendly turn might have taken their nightly station here! That when months are flown these helpless children might be fed, and clothed, and educated with a brother's friendly care; and this poor widow be cared for by something better than a poor house fund or even grudging relations' charity. Ah! plain as these stars in this December sky, Odd Fellowship would be no "humbug," to these poor sufferers now.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE KENNEBECK.

BY C. C. BURR.

THE Kennebeck Indians were nearly all exterminated by a single blow. Their village was built on an intervalle, now called Norridgwock Point, situated at the junction of the Sandy and the Kennebeck. A few rods east of their village a high rocky hill rose over the bank of the river, and on the top of this hill the whites planted themselves and fired down upon the Indians while they were at worship. A single fire nearly swept the whole tribe into eternity. The few that escaped fled to the river, where they too were shot by solitary fires. This song was originally written for the Orpheans, by whom it is sung in the tune, "Near the lake where drooped the willow."

ALONE I sit by thy bright waters,
Sweet Kennebeck;
The last one of my nation's daughters,
Leaving the wreck—

Where all the pride of Indian treasure—
Strewn o'er thy tide,
Shall never bloom again with pleasure,
Where Waugum died.

On these high rocks above thy sparkles,
My fathers stood;
But white-brow now with murder darkles
O'er thy bright flood.

Near these tall trees where wild winds rattle
Over the dead,
Warriors that fought the last stern battle
Have made their bed.

And here alone I sit in sadness,
Amid their graves;
My heart! my heart! ah, why in madness
Weep o'er these braves?

But white man, oh, forbear thy feeling,
The red girl scorns—
Nor weep while I am bumbly kneeling
O'er these loved forms.

Great spirit, far beyond the waters,
On Leasum smile—
Receive the last of Waugum's daughters
To thy green isle.

Troy, December, 1844.

[Written for the Gavel.]

RURAL CEMETERIES.

BY S. S. E.

*"In every age,
In every clime Nature proclaims her sway,
Bidding affection's tributes to the dead :
Her voice has sounded, and all hearts, alike
Of ancient sage, of savage and of saint,
Have answered to the call."*

In a world of mutability and change—surrounded as we are on every hand by the emblems and the harbingers of mortality,—where the seeds of decay and death, imbibed from innumerable sources within us and around us, are constantly germinating and expanding from the cradle to the tomb—our minds are irresistibly and frequently carried to the termination of our earthly existence, and to the last and final resting place of humanity. How often, when the shadows of life gather and deepen around us, do we look forward with a chastened and subdued melancholy, to the placid and dreamless repose of the tomb: and how invariably and naturally, do we associate all our conceptions of this great change, with the visible scenery of the spot where we trust our mortal remains are to be deposited? In spite of all the teachings and demonstrations of philosophy, of reason and of revelation, we seldom even in imagination, wholly separate the deathless spirit from its clay tenement; and accustom ourselves to regard the mouldering dust once animate with life and intelligence, as of no higher account than the kindred clods of the valley which encompass it. In all ages of the world, and in every condition of civilization and advancement, the tomb has been hallowed and consecrated: the ashes of the dead have been regarded with veneration and solemnity—and that temple of humanity, from whence "the glory has departed," has been separated and set apart from the elements of decay and dissolution with which it must ultimately and often speedily mingle. Whether science and the power of wealth or of station embalm, and thus perpetuate the "human form divine," or its ashes only are collected and inurned, whether the stately mausoleum reminds the passing traveller that the "great destroyer" heeds neither rank nor fame nor wealth nor station, or the lowly mound with its brief tablet tells its humble tale of mortality—the strong ligament which binds the material to the immaterial, and connects the memory of the living with the perishable and perishing frame-work, so recently the abode of life, of consciousness and affection, is equally manifest and equally proclaims the universal sentiment of mankind. It is not that our faith in the immortality of the soul, or our conviction of the spirituality of its essence and its independence of material organization, waver as we approach the confines of the grave, that we are thus desirous of consecrating the final resting place of the body—of securing it against all invasion or violation—of surrounding it with

the emblems of continued affection and regard, and of resorting to it as to a shrine where we may recall the virtues and the merits of the loved and lost, and reanimate our drooping spirits by silent communion with the "spirits of the just made perfect." We know that our friends are "not here," and that the mouldering relics of mortality so carefully inhumed, and so jealously guarded, are rapidly and inevitably mingling with the dust of the earth—and that the spirit has returned to God who gave it. It is with that spirit we seek communion; and unable as yet to grasp in all its fulness, the great idea of the omnipresence of the disembodied soul, we transfer our thoughts, our affections and our remembrances of the departed to the consecrated shrine which holds their mortal remains. We linger around the little spot of earth under which "all our treasures are," as though the insensate tenant were conscious of our presence and our devotion; and we feel a reluctance in withdrawing our footsteps from the dark "prison house" of mortality, as though the lost one could chide us for our fancied indifference or neglect. We plant flowers upon the tomb of buried affection—cherish and watch their growth—water them with our tears—and in the midst of the busy scenes of life and animation, revert to the solitary spot consecrated to our grief, as though something more than common dust were there commingling with its native earth.

" How eloquent the language is, of flowers
Breathing sweet odors of the tender love
Of friends surviving ; while they point alike
To this life's frailty and the unfading bloom
Of virtue in the life that is to come."

" In every country, throughout the world," says the Rev. John Hartly, in his Researches in Greece and the Levant, " a deep interest accompanies the ceremonies and rites of burial. Few persons are so entirely insensible, as to survey without emotion, the remains of a fellow mortal, consigned to the cold and silent grave. At such times we might suppose that reflection would force itself upon the most thoughtless ; and that from viewing the close of life, in the instance of one of their friends or neighbors, men would pass naturally to consider their own last end." " In Turkey" continues the same writer, " the places and rites of sepulture have an affecting prominence and solemnity connected with them, which is scarcely equaled in Christian lands. In general, the dead are interred in very spacious cemeteries, adjoining the towns and villages. There appear to be two cities placed side by side—the city of the living and the city of the dead ; and the population of the latter, far exceeding that of the former. The Turkish cemeteries around Smyrna cover a very considerable space of ground. They may be marked at a distance by the lofty and sombre phalanx of cypress trees, which are always the favorite attendants on Turkish graves. The Jews have also covered the face of a very large hill, which rises above the city of Smyrna, with the stones which note the place where the earthly remains of their deceased countrymen are deposited. There is a desolation and

forlorn appearance presented by this spot, unsheltered as it is, by a single tree, which is in striking contrast with the thick shades and beautiful order of the Turkish places of burial."

"The immense burial grounds of the Turks on the Asiatic side of Constantinople, have been much celebrated by travellers. There is also a cemetery of the Armenians close to Pera, which I often visited with peculiar delight. The eye beholds to a wide extent, stone after stone, glittering upon innumerable graves; whilst thick spreading trees extend their branches and their shade above them. Whilst contemplating the scene a silent awe pervades the mind."

The "Tombs of the Kings" at Thebes—the sepulchre in which were deposited the earthly remains of the ancient Egyptian monarchs, were nearly two thousand years ago, as they still continue to be, objects of wonder and curiosity to visitors from different parts of the earth. Here, in the expressive language of an inspired prophet, "All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house."

To a very large portion of the human family, even among those of us to whom the cheering light and warmth of the Christian faith has been communicated, and by whom the great central truth of the soul's immortality is most undoubtfully cherished—the idea of death, and of its accompaniments—the grave, the shroud, the coffin, the pall, the funeral—comes clothed in repulsiveness and gloom. Is this the teaching of nature, of revelation, of wisdom and sound philosophy? or is it not rather the result of a false education early imbibed—continually inculcated by precept and example, and pervading all the departments of social organization? Nature in all her broad domains, tells of decay and death: but not in tones of abiding sadness, or of heart-stricken desolation. The changing verdure, the falling leaf, the withered flower, the exhausted energies of vegetable life—all speak of dissolution in accordance with an organic law of their being; but how forcibly, how powerfully do they speak to us, at the same time, of reproduction—of renewed life, of a long and interminable succession of growth, progress and improvement, under the benignant and invariable influences of the same elementary law of their mysterious existence! Is it because our eyes have seen and our senses witnessed the repeated and uniform recurrence of these wonderful phenomena of life, death and reproduction, that we so associate them, in imagination, as to divest the autumnal metamorphosis of every other feeling than a chastened and subdued softness—a pleasing melancholy, softening and improving the heart? Why should we not, in the strong light of a living faith, look beyond the wintery gloom of the grave, to the certain resurrection of the dead—and accept the beautiful and impressive analogies which every where surround us, commissioned as they are to unfold with more than mortal eloquence, the great designs and purposes of creative wisdom and goodness? Why should we be so solicitous to clothe the last great change in all the attributes of darkness and of gloom—to look

forward to its advent with fear and apprehension—to gather around the portals of the tomb all the varied paraphernalia of grief and mourning—to check the buoyant gladness of artless youth and hope and innocence, with “cold obstruction”? The myriad voices of nature and the trumpet tones of revelation, do they not alike point to this termination of earthly cares and troubles as the entrance to the courts of immortality—the commencement of a new and interminable existence, unincumbered and unimpeded by the clogs and barriers which have here weighed down the elastic energies of the soul and shut us out from a view of our higher nature? If death were not a necessary portion of that mysterious but most benevolent process which constitutes our proper being—if it were not essentially subservient to the great purposes of that existence which appertains to us as recipients of an immortal spirit; if in reality, it involved only a painful and an agonizing struggle between the sentient principle of vitality and the operation of a paramount law of dissolution and decay; we may be well assured that it would have found no place in the physical or moral economy of that system of creation and providence, which pervades all the workmanship of the Deity. Why, then, should we fear to look it calmly in the face—to confront the silent memorials of its presence in those “cities of the dead,” which lie side by side with the great thoroughfares of the busy world, and familiarly to commune, in the presence and under the benign influences of nature, with the spirits of those who quietly repose beneath the green turf of the valley?

“Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.”

To the solitary mourner—heart-sticken and afflicted—to the child of adversity and sorrow—to the contemplative Christian, whatever may be his circumstances, and however exempt in the beneficent dispensation of a kind Providence, may have been his lot, from the common calamities of life—how blessed, how benignant, how soothing are the influences springing up from this companionship with nature in her primeval quietness and beauty, tenderly guarding, sheltering and consecrating that “dreamless sleep” that “knows no waking!” How grateful and how salutary to the wearied and flagging energies of the man of business, the artisan, the laborer—overcome with “the heat and burden of the day” spent with fatigue, vexation, anxiety, and “all the numerous ills which flesh is heir to”—at the quiet evening hour, or on the hallowed day of rest to “drink in the inspiration” of such a scene, to breathe the pure and fragrant air loaded with incense from the thick groves, and made vocal with the music of innumerable songsters from nature’s own choir—to look abroad, far as the eye can reach upon the magnificent scenery of hill and dale, of river, lake, or ocean, and amid the “speaking solitude” around, to hold converse with his own heart in the presence of those silent but solemn witnesses!

Viewed in these relations, the recent consecration of a retired and romantic spot of ground, near the suburbs of our city, for the purpose of a "Rural Cemetery" cannot fail to exert a salutary and most beneficial influence upon the great mass of our fellow citizens; and we hail it as a strongly marked and decided indication of an upward tendency in public morals, and of the prevalence of enlightened sentiments and just ideas of refinement and taste. We trust the liberal and spirited views of the pioneers in the noble undertaking, will be effectually sustained by all classes of community; for whatever may be the jostlings in the crowded marts of business and of active life, here there can be no difference. Death levels all distinction—and the "bruised spirits" of the survivors can here mingle in sympathy, regardless of the factitious shades which elsewhere separate their destinies. Let us all, then, co-operate in the grateful and holy task of adorning and beautifying this shaded retreat; set apart for the final resting place of the dead, and in whose still and quiet glades our own dust may "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Let us reverently lay upon this consecrated altar of humanity, those offerings which the living may, with a peculiar fitness, bestow upon the memory of the dead; and let us avail ourselves of the perennial beauties of nature, the music of her living streams, the soothing melodies of her unrivalled songsters, and the solemn quietude of her secluded retreats, to meditate upon the deep problem of our own mysterious being,—our duties and our destinies, in time and in eternity.

Albany, October, 1844.

Written for the Gavel.

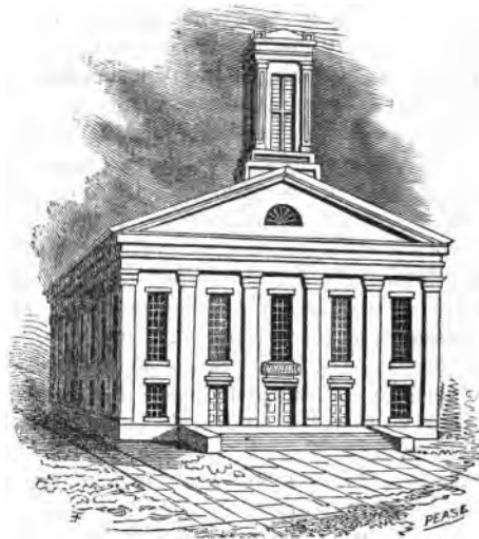
ODD FELLOW'S EPITAPH OVER A STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY C. C. BURR.

Soft, softly here! O pause to breathe
A Brother's prayer o'er the corse beneath.
Though stranger-hands in silence spread
The gloomy sand that hides the dead,
Yet here, as mystic science tells,
A guardian spirit ever dwells.
Such gentle spirits still will seek
The tear that scalds the widow's cheek;
Then bring those precious drops to lave
The sainted stranger's lonely grave.

Soft, softly here! for on this mound
The badge of Brotherhood is found!
Revere that sign! for in his breast
Its friendly virtues were confessed;
And, while on earth, he lived to prove
The worth of Friendship, Truth and Love.
If in thy breast be found that sign,
Which pledges charity divine;
O give this grave one dutious tear,—
Thy friend and BROTHER slumbers here!

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,



HUDSON STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

This church was incorporated in 1811, at which time the congregation erected a house of worship in Division street, which they continued to occupy until the present year, when in consequence of inconvenience, in the arrangement of the building, it was disposed of and the present beautiful and commodious edifice erected, making now 5 Methodist Episcopal Churches in this city and one Wesleyan. The trustees of this church are—

John T. Crew, Jacob Hochstrasser, Silas B. Howe, Becker Bicknell, John P. Romaine, Robert P. Wiles, Abraham Keyser, James Van Namee, Clement Warren. Zebulon Phillips, Pastor.

The edifice, of which the above is a representation, is situated between Hudson and Plain streets, having an entrance from each. The principal front is on Hudson street. It is built of brick, in a chaste, and simple, yet imposing style, is 92 feet long, and 67 feet wide. The proportions and arrangement of the interior are in good taste, and of beautiful execution. There are 122 pews, exclusive of the galleries. We find the above particulars in the *CITY GUIDE*, a useful little work by Mr. Wilson, for sale at the book stores.

The Methodists form a very numerous sect in the city, and it is believed that their increase in this country is unparalleled. In 1755 five Methodists settled in New York, and formed the first society in America. The number gradually increased, and in 1766 they erected a house of worship in John street. From this small beginning they have become a great denomination, exercising their influence not merely in populous cities, but even to the sources of the Columbia river, in Oregon, where regular stations are held.—*Religious Spect'r.*

Written for the Gavel.

MEMORY.

BY JENNIE.

WHAT a fruitful source of happiness is our Memory! Not limited by the perceptions of our senses; it may extend far back in the records of time, and fold in its embrace *all* the dear objects of affection, and at times hold with them as real communion as though communicated through the natural senses! Think you, reader, that for any such, memory will be extinct? Have we not proof that it is an ever living principle of the soul? And though it will not always tenant these breathing bodies, may it not yet live in all its essential elements? How is human nature exalted and dignified by such capabilities? Who that remembers that such is our creation, would ever degrade it to such grovelling pursuits, and sordid, earth-directed passions, as sometimes riot unrestrained in the dark recess of the soul.

GRAND REPRESENTATIVES' REPORT.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York:

The Representatives of this R. W. Grand Lodge to the G. Lodge of the U. States, respectfully report: That at the last Annual Session, besides the Grand Officers, there were present representations from G. Lodges of Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Delaware, New Jersey, Kentucky, Virginia, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Connecticut, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia, and from Grand Encampments of Maryland, New York, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. During the session delegates were also received from Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, in which states Dispensations had before been granted for G. Lodges, and who, in the early part of the session, had their warrants confirmed. Warrants for G. Lodges in Wales, Michigan and Canada, have also been granted, and subordinate Lodges and Encampments have been established in Iowa, Wisconsin, &c.

In all of the above named places, the Order is in a most prosperous condition. In the state of Maine, particularly, the increase of the Order is without a precedent. But while your representatives rejoice over the success of the Order generally, they have to lament its sickly condition in Texas and the state of Illinois. The Grand Lodge of the United States has taken action on this subject, and it is hoped that the result will be gratifying and satisfactory, so that in another year it may be said, that the Order is in a flourishing condition through the whole extent of our jurisdiction.

In the course of the session an election was held for Grand Officers to be installed next September, and resulted in the choice of

P. G. M. THOMAS SHERLOCK, of Ohio, *G. Sire*,
P. G. M. GEO. W. CHURCHILL, of Maine, *D. G. Sire*,
P. G. M. JAS. L. RIDGELY, of Maryland, *G. Cor. & Rec. Sec.*
P. G. M. ANDREW E. WARNER, of Maryland, *G. T.*

The various propositions to alter the number constituting a quorum were negatived, and the proposition to change the term of Representatives to two years, was also negatived.

The Grand Lodge of the United States has ordained, that "no person is eligible to admission in the Order of Odd Fellowship, except free white males of good moral character, who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the Universe."

They have also ordained that the A. T. P. W., shall be given to the N. G. and V. G. of Subordinate Lodges, and the Grand Master and his Regular Deputy, only.

The mode of examining Visiting Brethren, has been defined by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and can be found on page 69 of the printed Journal of Proceedings. The examination to be conducted by the N. G., V. G., sitting P. G. or qualified P. G., and two scarlet members. The visitor beginning by lettering.

A fixed form of Visiting and Clearance Cards has also been adopted, and can be found on page 55, of the Journal. The form of cards will be issued by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and furnished to the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments at cost, and no Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall have a right to print said cards after the first of January next.

A proposition to alter the official term from three to six months in Subordinate Lodges, was negatived.

The fiscal year of our Order, was fixed to begin with the 1st of July, and end with the 30th day of June, and in case of neglect to pay dues, the Grand Lodge of the United States may reclaim the Warrant or Dispensation.

Various propositions were made for alterations to the Constitution, the most prominent of which are as follows, to wit:

1st. To allow Grand Encampments as well as Grand Lodges, to nominate candidates for Grand Sire.

2d. To allow Subordinates to appeal without the consent of their Grand Bodies.

3d. To alter the certificate for Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States, so that the year shall begin with the beginning of the Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, after which they may be elected.

4th. To allow a Brother to appeal without the consent of his Grand Lodge.

Other proposals to amend the Constitution were also made, for information concerning which, your Representatives would refer this

Grand Lodge to the printed Journal of Proceedings, which will be transmitted by the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

In the matter of appeal of Oriental Lodge, in the case of Brother Feeks, the following resolution was passed, viz :

"Resolved, That the appeal taken by P. G. Prime against the action of Oriental Lodge, of the State of New York, was unauthorized by the Constitution, and should not have been entertained; and that the proceedings had by said Oriental Lodge, in the case of Brother Feeks, be confirmed.'

For further information respecting their action on this subject, your Representatives refer to the printed Journal of Proceedings, on pages 29 and 30.

The most important subject which came up for action in the Grand Lodge of the United States, was that of a Revision of the Work of the Order, upon which subject the following resolutions were passed, viz :

Resolved, That a committee of five be elected by ballot with full power to revise all the Lectures and Charges of the Order.

Resolved, That said committee shall assemble at Baltimore at an early day to be fixed by them, for the purpose of attending to the duty assigned to them, and that their necessary travelling and other expenses be paid by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Resolved. That it is expedient that a Special Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States should be called at the earliest possible period; after the committee are prepared to make their report, for the purpose of considering the same.

Resolved, That the committee be authorized to have their report printed for the use of this Grand Lodge.

The committee elected in accordance with the first of the above resolutions, consists of P. G. Sire Kennedy, of New York, P. G. Master Ridgely, of Maryland, Representative McCabe, of Virginia, P. G. Master Chapin of Massachusetts, and P. G. Master Moore, of the District of Columbia.

The subject of the continuance of the Official Magazine, was considered, and it was

Resolved, That the Official Journal be discontinued from and after the first day of December next; but will hereafter be continued under the superintendence of the Grand Recording Secretary.

Your Representatives having now communicated the most important parts of the transactions of the Grand Lodge of the United States, for further particulars, would respectfully refer this R. W. Grand Lodge to the printed Journal of Proceedings, which will be transmitted by the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

A. D. WILSON,
B. C. TRUE.

THERE is this difference between those two temporal blessings—health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied.

[Written for the Gavel]

MECHANICS' MUTUAL PROTECTON.

BY A PROTECTOR.

THE following is the introduction to the Constitution and By-Laws of an Association of Mechanics for "Mutual Protection." They have extended their Associations to the cities of New York, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Schenectady, Albany, and the village of Lockport.

From a perusal of their Constitution and By-Laws, it will be perceived that they have modeled their Association after the plan of the I. O. O. F., somewhat. The arrangement of the officers resemble them in a measure, although they much out-do them in the cabalistic affixes thereunto. So also of the *beneficial* economy, have they closely copied from the Odd Fellows. Membership is restricted to Practical Mechanics, and it is in contemplation to extend it abroad throughout our large cities and towns. We can well be convinced that much assistance can be rendered each other by such associations, particularly to such as should seek for employment in a strange place. Information could be obtained and confidence given that would greatly aid in all such operations.

Honest industry is the wealth of nations, and honest industry is the energy and efforts of man directed in ministering to the necessity, or used for the benefit of the human family. If all men had been actuated by this principle, or had each been honestly industrious for himself, how different would the state of society be, from that in which we find it.

From the remotest ages of antiquity, the custom has too generally prevailed, of taking by strong hand from the industrious workman, the fruit of his toil, the objects of his hopes, and leaving him nothing but the prospect of hopeless toil and hopeless penury. Thus the proud Spartan spent his hours in learning the art of war, a lord in his destructive trade, while he who provided for his wants, who ministered to his necessities, was only a serf, unfit to associate with a Lacedemonian soldier. It is true that Athens was a great mercantile state, and to her marts resorted the nations of the earth for the purpose of trade. Each came with his different manufacture. There came the Tyrian with his purple, the Egyptian with his glass, and the Corinthian with his bronze, each unrivalled in his own different art; and from the great quantity of manufactures produced at the Grecian fairs, many might be led to believe, that the Mechanics who gave such proof of their art, were men of no little consideration and no little power. Yet it is true that with some few brilliant exceptions, the Mechanics of those days were generally but serfs, the creatures of opulent masters or titled nobles.

It was beneath the dignity of the Roman patrician to labor at a mechanical trade. War and eloquence were the only arts for the noble citizen of Rome; by them he might rise to power; without them he was doomed to live in obscurity. No doubt but poets, painters and sculptors were honored, and highly honored, in those days; but while the names of many ancient poets and orators come down to us fresh as the day when they woke to ecstasy the living lyre, or breathed their lucid thoughts in words that burned, it is sadly true that the names of many who gave inspiration to the marble, or breathed life into the canvass, are buried in oblivion.

A dark cloud hung over the prospects of those engaged in mechanical pursuits, until the Star of Bethlehem arose brightening the horizon with the heavenly intelligence, good will to men. The Reformer of Judah labored himself as a carpenter, and chose from among the working class the sharers of his toils, the beholders of his benevolent acts. With the spread of Christianity a radical change in society was the effect of its influence. In their different societies or churches,

the Areopagite and Roman Senator were equal with the lowliest fisherman. Brotherly love, the comforting of the sick, the relief of the distressed, were the doctrines of their lives, the rule of their equality was morality. Happy would it have been for the world, had those societies continued in their purity until the present day ; but alas, they were early doomed to fall, not by the fire of persecution, or the mandates of tyrants—these had dashed against them as the waves of the ocean against a rock—they fell by the best intentions of their best friends.

With the triumph of Constantine the church was united to the state, and the posts of emolument and offices of honor created by that union engendered pride and worldly rivalry among its members, and soon snapped asunder the chain of brotherly love, and destroyed the principles of moral virtue, which had bound them together.

In the middle ages we have the first glimpse of Mechanics rising to political importance ; for although, by the *Corpora Juris* of Rome, a number of trades were protected and exempt from tax, yet it was the tradesmen of Flanders who first made the feudal baron feel that mechanics were men as strong of arm and quick of apprehension as the crowned king or mailed knight. The union, however, of the monarch of France and a number of the German dukes at last subjected the Mechanics of Ghent to recognize a superior, and pay a tax to Burgundy.

With the fall of Constantinople, the eminent artists of Greece were dispersed through Europe, and numbers of them, together with the discontented Flemings, were encouraged and protected by the kings of England, and special laws have been made for their benefit, granting them political and corporate rights.

Mechanics, however, have never had their true place in society, and although from their ranks have sprung the mighty bard of Avon, the gigantic genius of Watt, the deep research of Davy, and the towering flight of Herschell, yet for all this galaxy of the brightest names on record, industry has not met its true reward ; for where is the novelist so bold as to risk his reputation, or expect success from his works, if his heroes were Mechanics. Yet, Mechanics have done more to advance the arts and sciences than any other class ; in fact they have done everything. But he who has his liveried servants, his attending footman, who cannot even fashion his cane, or cut the latchet of his shoe, is a gentleman ; while they who make everything to supply his wants or gratify his pleasures, are but Mechanics—a glorious title indeed, deserving a higher place than duke or lord, for they are a nation's gold and silver.

To invert this perverted order of society, great honor is due to the Mechanics of the city of Buffalo, who have generated a scheme for raising the Mechanics of America to their true position in society ; with them a number of Mechanics of the city of Albany go heart and hand ; believing that no where else than in this country could the principles of the order be carried out—Mechanics being free from the penal restrictions of the old world. In the organization of the order of Mechanics, fixed on the firm fulcrum of brotherly love, we behold the mighty lever which will realize the boast of Archimedes, by raising the world.

Many a mechanic who by industry has raised himself to wealth and power, will hail with delight the formation of our Societies ; for no doubt they often think of the many happy days they spent in the workshop, and often too have they shed a tear over the grave of some brother craftsman, whose heart was once light and hopes bright, but whose sun by sickness went down in want and woe. To prevent such a fate to the worthy is one grand object of our institution, and may the principles recognized and the rules laid down in the following Constitution spread far and wide, until every Mechanic shall pride himself in his laudable occupation ; until every Mechanic shall be fully endowed with all useful knowledge and every angelic virtue.

There objects certainly appear to be good, if so, God speed them, say we.—PUB.

SAGACITY and knowledge are then only truly useful, when joined with grace, meekness, discretion and benevolence. The serpent's eye does best in the dove's head.—*Gurnall.*

FACETIAE.

SELECTED FOR THE GAVEL BY MOMUS.

A Dutchman in proceeding to a place from whence he heard the cries of distress, discovered one of his neighbors lying under a stone wall, which had fallen on him and fractured his leg. "Vell den, neighbor Van Der Diken, vat ish de matter wid you?" "Vat! vy you sees my condition, vid all dese pig stones upon me, and poth of mine legs proke off close py mine poddy." "Mine Cot," said Honse, "ish dat all? you holler'd so like der tuyvel, I thought you was got der toothache."

Piron, the French author, having been taken by the watchmen of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried on the following morning before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession. "I am a poet, sir," said he. "Oh, oh! a poet, are you, said the magistrate, "I have a brother who is a poet." "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

A fellow said to a Jew, "Do you know they hang Jews and Jackasses together in England?" "I didn't reply the Israelite, "but if it is true, it is fortunate that you and I are not there, for one of us might be hung for his nation, and the other for his ears."

One day at the table of the late Dr. Pearse, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remark and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised." The effect was irresistible.

The Rev. John Brown of Haddington, the well known author of the Self-Interpreting Bible, was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, I need only state that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half passed away, and the Rev. gentleman had got no further forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things became intolerable; a step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he, as they sat one night in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now for six years an' mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet; d'ye think I might take one my bonnie girl?" "Just ae you like, John, only be becoming and proper wi' it." Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing."

The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed, "O, woman! But its gude—we'll return thanks."

Six months made the pious couple man and wife.

[Written for the Gavel.]

CONSECRATION OF BURIAL GROUND, BY BROOKLYN LODGE.

BY JAMES B. DEVOE, P. G.

THE want of a *proper* place for the burial of the dead has long been felt. The constant and increasing demand in our populous cities, for the space now occupied by the various churches as burial grounds, has induced a number of our citizens to seek for such a place, for the burial of the dead, as would not be likely to be disturbed by the speculative spirit, or avaricious grasp—a spot where the dead may find a *resting place*. Actuated partly by these and equally other praiseworthy motives, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 26, purchased four lots of ground in “Greenwood cemetery,” a beautiful spot at the head of Gowannus bay, and about three miles from the city of Brooklyn. “Greenwood cemetery,” by the laws of our state, is to be used *forever* as a burial place, and can be used for no other purpose. It is a most beautiful spot, of many acres in extent, laid out with numerous walks and roads. In several places we noticed many very splendid vaults—in other places a beautiful knoll would be enclosed with a good and substantial iron railing. But we are diverging from the subject.

Permission having been obtained from the R. W. G. L. to celebrate the consecration of the ground by a procession in full regalia, Brooklyn Lodge invited her sister Lodges to participate with her. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1844, this interesting event took place. The day was unusually disagreeable; but, notwithstanding, a delegation of several Lodges from the city of New York, attended by the R. W. Grand Lodge, and splendid bands of music proceeded, at about half past ten o'clock to the Brooklyn ferry. The delegation from New York was received at Brooklyn by the Lodges of that city, and escorted to the place in line assigned them. At about twelve o'clock the procession began to move, and passing through several of the principal streets of Brooklyn, proceeded to the cemetery; where they arrived at about two o'clock P. M.

Arrived at the gate of the cemetery, the procession halted, opened right and left, and those at the rear of it then marched up between the lines, and entered the grounds in a reverse order from the order of march. It proceeded round a road called the “*Tour*,” and turning to the right, reached a selected and picturesque spot, which lies on the left of “Lawn Avenue,” opposite a beautiful lake. Here an excellent platform had been erected for the orator, chaplain, officers of the Grand Lodge, Grand Encampment and the several subordinate Lodges. The Grand Lodge took its station on the right, Grand Encampment and Brooklyn Lodge on the left, the other Lodges forming around.

N. G. SKINNER, of Brooklyn Lodge, introduced the chaplain, who delivered an appropriate prayer.

P. G. D. P. BARNETT, was then introduced, and commenced addressing the assemblage, by describing the manner in which Brooklyn Lodge was established—the number of members who had been removed by death, the amount disbursed for sickness and death, &c. &c. He also gave his views as to what should be, and is, every good Odd Fellow's duty, and detailed the necessity for such a place as had been purchased by Brooklyn Lodge for the burial of the dead. Said he: "Frequently we have the entire charge of the corpse—sometimes we bury a brother according to the rules of such a religion as his living relatives may desire—in all other respects we bury the dead in the way and manner that we deem most proper. For this reason, we have chosen this piece of ground as the last resting place of the brothers of our Order—we have bought it for that purpose—and we have met here this day to dedicate it to that effect.

"This course has been rendered necessary by the desecration of the grave yards in our large cities. Every year we see ground that was once bought by the living and set apart for the burial of their dead relatives, sold again to others—sold a second time and for far different purposes—for stores and houses, and the bones of the dead are huddled elsewhere into a common pit. Even in our own city, they are talking of selling the principal grave yard for building lots. Hence the anxiety to secure a spot for our final resting place, where the respect due to the dead shall be preserved.

"We design this piece of ground hereafter to be the place of burial for our members, their wives and children, and those Odd Fellows from a distant place, who may die amongst us; that all may look to this as the termination of their earthly career. And it is pleasing to think that on this subject there was no difference of opinion—that all came up to the work as one man—with one heart and one mind.

"We do not wish to lay claim to any particular honor for being the pioneers in an enterprise of this kind. We have done it merely in accordance with the mandate of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States—"Bury the Dead." And it is thus we hope to manifest—by works, not words—our respect for that body and our devotion to the Order. Heretofore, the Order has interred its members in the various burial places in our cities; but we have seen, within the past few years, our burial places (where those whom we once held most dear on earth, had been interred,) which we had once purchased and paid for, and that too at *exorbitant* rates, *resold again* without our concurrence, their graves desecrated, their remains torn from what should have been their last resting place, merely to gratify that worse than unholy passion, *avarice*, on the part of those who happened to hold what is termed in law a *legal* title to that which, as I before remarked, we once purchased from them.

"It has been urged in extenuation of these circumstances, that an

already great, and constantly increasing commerce, demanded the sacrifice. But here, my friends and brothers, can the remains of the dead lie undisturbed, "far from the busy haunts of men." Here can be deposited the dead, without the fear of having their graves violated, to satisfy the cravings of avarice, or the miserable spirit of speculation. Here can be found what has long been needed, a *resting place* for the dead, without fear of having them disturbed. No spirit of avarice can enter within this sacred enclosure; no wild scheme of speculation can here find its way. By a wise law of our state legislature, this place is to be occupied *forever* as a burial place. No gold can purchase an inch of this ground for any other purpose than that for which it is intended. The laws of our state protect it. We had rather depend on the wise action of our legislature than upon individual faith. Upon it we can, in this matter at least, rely in perfect security, and without the least fear.

The speaker then addressed the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, in an earnest and elegant manner, after which he addressed the members of Brooklyn Lodge, nearly as follows:

"To you, brethren of Brooklyn Lodge, I now address myself. Should ever strife or dissension enter your Lodge, remember, oh, remember *this* place! and let it act as a means of producing harmony, "Friendship, Truth and Love" amongst you. Remember this hallowed place, where, in all human probability, many of us will lie side by side, when our immortal spirits have returned to the God who gave them. Remember this, and so strive to regulate your actions, while life is still yours, and while you have the opportunity, that you can descend to the grave with the happy consciousness of knowing that you have performed your duty as Christians, and as every true Odd Fellow should. Do this, and you will have no cause to regret your attendance at this place to-day.

"Yonder stands a tall and stately oak, a giant of its kind, its limbs towering to the sky. Methinks I see, in the dim vista of futurity, a small acorn, wafted by the fierce winds to this little spot, where it finds a resting place. In a short time it germinates, and produces a tree, the roots of which spread in a thousand different directions over this spot, finding their way through the earth, to our coffins and our bones which lie mouldering in the dust, receiving sustenance and strength from them, until it becomes a mighty tree. Oh, my brethren, do you, in like manner, now, give sustenance and strength to the roots of your Lodge. Guard it well! Let its now proud station in the Order, be sustained by you. Guard it as you would "the apple of your eye," that it may increase in strength and usefulness. Do not be swerved, for an instant, from "the duty you owe to your God, your neighbor, and yourself." Ever maintain your present character and standing, and you will, you must, prosper. This spot, which we are now about to consecrate as the burial place of this Lodge, is to be used not only for your own members, but for their families—for the wives and for the orphans of deceased broth-

ers, and for brothers who may be strangers here, and die amongst us. Strangers did I say? No! No Odd Fellow can, in a brother of our beloved Order, recognize him as a *stranger*. We are united by a sacred bond—a bond which can never be severed. We are all placed on the same footing, and no earthly power can deprive us of this inestimable tie—a tie that will remain firm until life is extinct."

After a few other remarks the speaker concluded.

The "Orphean family," who kindly volunteered on this occasion, were then introduced, and sang in a beautiful style, the following original ode, composed expressly for the occasion :

ODE.

In the dark, dreary tomb, around which is creeping

The wind, as it utters its low, fitful moan;

'Neath the clods of the valley, our brothers are sleeping,
Forever at rest in their graves, cold and lone.

The thunder may crash! while the broad earth in quaking;

The whirlwinds may mingle in strife o'er each head;

'Tis vain! their wild efforts can never be breaking
The deep, solemn slumber, that reigns with the dead.

Yet, brothers, the tomb, which your frames are enchanting,

Thy immortal spirits, in triumph defy:—

Upon this bleak earth now no longer remaining,
'Midst the music of spheres, they soar to the sky!

The noise and wild tumults, with which earth is teeming,

No more now shall break on their ears in rude strains;

They sleep their last sleep! and from their deep dreaming
They ne'er will awake to this cold world again.

N. G. SKINNER then addressed the assemblage in a neat and pertinent manner, and concluded by declaring the grounds to be thenceforth dedicated as a place of burial for the members of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 26.

After which, the Grand Marshal of the day announced that it had been intended by the committee of arrangements, to have given an hour's intermission, to enable the members of the Order to view the grounds of the cemetery; but in consequence of the unpleasantness of the weather, it was thought that the members would prefer going home. The procession then took up the line of march, and the New York delegations were escorted to the steam boat by the Brooklyn Lodges.

We hope the laudable example of Brooklyn Lodge will be followed by the various Lodges of our large cities, at least.

New York, November, 1844.



The name of Ohio City Lodge, No. 27, Ohio city, Cuyahoga county, has been changed to Erie Lodge, No. 27.—*Ark.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.



SECRETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THE most popular objection brought against our Order is its "secret principles." But even this objection is based in ignorance, for its principles are no secrets. Its *work* is a *secret* but its *principles* are as public as the stars. Any man may read our constitution and know all that any of us know about its principles. The signs, passwords, and grips are secrets; but these form no part of its principles: they are the locks and keys, and bolts by which we protect our treasures, and secure the blessings of our principles for those who have a right to them. A merchant's keys are *secrets* by which he alone has access to his goods: it is precisely thus with the secrets of Odd Fellowship. We have a precious fund which is to support us when we are sick, and educate our children when we are dead; we have locked up this ample treasure behind signs and passwords, where no violence and theft can dispossess us of it—this is all the secret we have. Now we are prepared fully to appreciate the main objection to Odd Fellowship.

Will any one contend that we have no right to lay by this fund for the day of need? set him down a fool, or send him to the madhouse. Or, having obtained the fund, have we no right to securer it for ourselves and children? he who says no, had best remove to China, for plain enough he is a disgrace and an encumbrance in the states. Law and custom says here, take any virtuous way you like to provide for the hour of want, and when you have made the provision, secure it to yourself and yours, in the manner that seemeth good in your own eyes, if so you trespass not on your neighbor. One man locks up his highest treasure with a key, another with a mystic word, that makes it safer than brass and iron, and who shall dispute his right? No matter who; call his name what you will, Colver, or something else, it is not Odd Fellowship that he exposes, but *himself*.

"PROGRESS OF THE ORDER."

It is a very pleasant task to sit down and record the progress of Friendship, Love and Truth, within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Already do the Lodges in the "EMPIRE

STATE," number 131, and several more charters are about to be applied for. In OHIO, "*Springfield Lodge No. 33*" and "*Olive Branch Lodge No. 34*," are in active operation. In MAINE its progress is without a parallel in the history of the Order on either side of the Atlantic. In MICHIGAN, charters for two more Lodges were granted at the last session of the G. L. United States. In another page will be found an account of the organization of the Grand Lodge of CANADA, from the Grand Master of that province; also a dispensation for opening Lodge No. 4, which is probably ere this, engaged in the holy work of ameliorating the condition of mankind; and in almost every other portion of North America, the tree of Odd Fellowship has been planted. In the United States, but one dark spot now remains to be lighted by the fires of its altars—we allude to the state of Vermont, where we understand, however, a Lodge will be shortly opened.—T.

REVISION OF THE WORK.

It is gratifying to see that the Magazines of the Order are taking a bold and zealous part in urging the attention of the Brethren on the subject of Revision. We had marked several extracts for insertion in the Gavel, but the press of other matter has unavoidably crowded out, by far the largest portion. The *Covenant* for October says:

The most important act passed was the appointment of a Committee to revise the Work of the Order. The necessity of this measure it is believed has been universally allowed, and the subject heretofore has been adjourned from time to time, the rather from an apprehension of the great expense and trouble necessarily incident to such an undertaking than to any considerable objection to the reasonableness and propriety of the measure.

The *Independent Odd Fellow* in speaking of the late Session of the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States, remarks:

One matter, however, fraught with more importance than any previous act of the Grand Lodge, claims our attention and challenges our most hearty approbation. We allude to the appointment of a committee of five to revise the entire charges and lectures of the Order. What intelligent Odd Fellow but hails this as the dawn of a new and glorious era in the history of our beloved Order. Its glorious principles,—its fundamentals, require no revision, but there are some things which need revision; and the character of the committee for talents, moral worth, and thorough knowledge of our Order, assures us that the work will be well done.

The *Symbol* has also a well written article on the same subject, which we may publish in our next.—T.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1845—*Paschal Donaldson*, Editor.—We have received, through the politeness of the publishers, Bros. M'Gowan & Treadwell, this elegant Odd Fellows' Annual for 1845, far exceeding any of the former numbers in beauty and typographical execution. Its contents are entirely original and the price but \$1.50—the preface is worth that amount. No Odd Fellow should fail to present one to his lady love or wife, who will, of course, have a perfect right to be dissatisfied and out of humor until she receives the same. Brother *P. G. Benj. C. True*, is agent for this city.



THE SYMBOL.—The November numbers of this periodical have come to hand; they contain many very valuable articles, among which we notice one entitled "Labor and Intellectual Cultivation," by the editor, Rev. E. H. Chapin, who wields one of the ablest pens in New England. Two numbers of the Symbol will be published in December, for the purpose of commencing the new volume on the 1st of January, 1845.



THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.—The October and November numbers of this ever acceptable work are now before us. They contain much valuable information concerning the Order at the south, some of which we glean for the columns of the Gavel.



THE ARK AND ODD FELLOWS MONTHLY MAGAZINE for November fully sustains the reputation it has already acquired. It contains the prospectus for its second volume, which we hope will be universally responded to by our western brethren.



THE COVENANT AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE.—We have for the first time since we commenced the publication of the Gavel, received this work. Its connection with the Grand Lodge of the United States ceases with its next number; it will, however, remain under the editorial supervision of its present editor, *P. G. M. JAMES L. RIDGELY*.



THE GOLDEN RULE.—We have received but one number of this sterling Odd Fellows work, for the last five weeks. As it is one of the best of our exchanges, we can hardly consent to do without it. Will Bro. Stewart attend to this?



WE have received No. 30 and 31 of Hewett's Illustrated Shakspeare; these numbers complete the "Merchant of Venice." The cuts, by N. Orr, fully sustain the reputation which this artist has gained by the admirable designs of the previous numbers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

—ooo—

FORMATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

MONTREAL, Canada, 23d Nov., 1844.

JOHN TANNER,—Sir and Brother—

I AM gratified in being able to assure you of the prosperity of our Order in Canada. Although but a year in operation, having many obstacles to contend with, we have made commendable progress, and can now, with safety, count upon the success of Odd Fellowship hereafter.

As the Order has assumed so important a position in the U. States, universally known and respected wherever the people are enlightened, and tolerated even in the most prejudiced of your communities, it may be well to allude to the difficulties its founders in Canada have had to contend with. Unheard of, emanating from a country which many here would have us believe is hostile to our form of government; and ourselves, introduced and sanctioned by a Grand Lodge of that country, and veiled in that mystery essential to its preservation, the public were inoculated with distrust, and feared to join our ranks, lest their connection with the society of Odd Fellows should expose them to the charge of disaffection to their Queen and country, and a predilection for the Democratic Institutions of our neighbors. Poor men! how little they knew of our principles, or the spirit which instigated our worthy brothers GEORGE MATTHEWS and JOHN HARDIE, to whom Canada is indebted, as well for the introduction of the Tree of Odd Fellowship, as for its culture and support. Like our own native evergreen, it is prosperous and luxuriant, even when the chilling blasts of winter would induce man to remain selfishly at his fireside, while his fellows were shivering in sickness and distress. Some there were, on the introduction of the Order, who sought to smother the infant with a *political* blanket, but their endeavors recoiled harmlessly upon themselves, and we now number in our ranks "men of the most discordant opinions," who have sustained and cherished it without loss of character or *caste* in society. The principles of Odd Fellowship, though not, perhaps, fully understood, have been infused into the hearts of many, to whom we look forward as zealous and efficient supporters, and although it would ill become us to boast of the respectability of its members, I think we may, without egotism, say that which should be its proudest boast, that its members are MADE from honest men, and the desire for numerical appearances has not led us to associate with men of doubtful character.

It is now little more than a year since five brethren, of whom three only were resident in the Province, petitioned our late worthy and respected Grand Sire Kennedy, for a Dispensation. After some delay, occasioned by the novelty of the application, issuing as it did from a foreign colony, it was granted to the Lodge which now rejoices in the title of "*Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1,*" and its officers duly installed. The success of this Lodge, and the progress and interest taken in Odd Fellowship, surpassed the fondest hopes of those who had long awaited an opportunity for its introduction, and had been mainly instrumental in its establishment in Canada, having partaken of its privileges and felt its influence in your country. Soon after the opening of Prince of Wales Lodge, some of its members foreseeing the success of Odd Fellowship, and perhaps a little ambitious of advancement, applied for and received a Dispensation for "*Queen's Lodge, No. 2,*" which was forthwith installed. Thus a second step was made causing a generous rivalry, which has stimulated and cheered the members of both Lodges, between whom, I am happy to say, the kindest feelings have always existed. A third Lodge has been established in St. Johns, hailed as "*Prince Albert's Lodge, No. 3,*" its Dispensation having been obtained last summer. All things are in fact prosperous; all opposition has been borne down, so far, and our fellow citizens of every station in society, have been led to worship at the altar of Odd Fellowship and link the moral influences of each others character.

I have thus hastily glanced at the formation of the three subordinate Lodges first established under Dispensations from the U. States; notices of their formation having already appeared in the Covenant. I now come to an era in Odd Fellowship in Canada, which we trust and firmly believe, from the spirit hitherto evinced, will prove an eventful and important one—*the formation of the Grand Lodge of Canada*—a Charter for which was granted at the September Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The Rev. Bro. ALBERT CASE, G. R. of South Carolina, who was charged with the important trust of installing the Lodge, arrived in our city on Friday morning, 15th inst., and the same evening installed the Grand Lodge of Canada, instructed its members in the general Work of the Order, its principles, and the respective duties of its officers; he expressed himself highly gratified with the prospects of the Order and the zeal of its members.

On the Tuesday evening following, (having in the interim been welcomed and visited by individual members of the Order,) in compliance with previous invitation, attended a dinner provided at the Exchange Hotel. I will not occupy your columns with details which might prove uninteresting, suffice it to say that after a pleasant evening passed in social mirth, and *without vicious fluids*, the meeting separated at an early hour. On this occasion our Rev. Brother gave us an interesting account of the rise, progress, and present condition of Odd Fellowship in the United States, interspersed with appropriate anecdotes, of which he has a fund ever ready at his command.

On Wednesday evening our worthy Brother's powers were again, and publicly, put forth in the good cause to which he has already devoted much of his time and attention. After the urgent solicitations of the Lodges in this city he delivered a public address on the principles of Odd Fellowship and its history, before a large and respectable audience, and I need scarcely tell you, who are doubtless acquainted with his zeal and energy in the advancement of our Order, that his address embodied every thing calculated to awaken an interest and inspire respect for the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; clothed in stirring eloquence, and replete with undisputable facts, it cannot fail to stimulate those already enlisted in our ranks, to renewed exertion; and induce many who have been in doubt, to espouse our cause; its elevated sentiment, poetic diction, instructive material and graceful delivery, commanded the attention and admiration of every listener.

Our worthy Brother left on Thursday for New York, and I can only add a hope that his visit to Montreal has been as agreeable to himself as his presence was to the Brethren whose prayers attend him on his homeward way.

Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,

W. B. HARTLEY, G. Master, Canada.

P. S. Since writing the above letter I have received application and granted a Dispensation to five Brothers for a Lodge at the city of Quebec, to be hailed as "*Albion Lodge No. 4*," and Brother P. G. THOMAS HARDIE has proceeded to Quebec to instal its officers.

W. B. H.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a letter, dated Middletown, Butler Co., Ohio, Oct. 19, 1844:

"Having been appointed by this Lodge (Hope 16,) as 'Special Agent for the Gavel,' I have procured the names of ten subscribers, and herewith enclose you \$10. * * * I think I shall be able to forward you a few more names in a few days. Yours in F. L. and T.

W. T. D."

Extract from one dated Syracuse, Oct. 8, 1844:

"Bro. Tanner—I forward you the subscription for Bro. Tannjee, you will please send the back numbers; I am in hopes to send you several before long. What are your prospects? Are there any doubts of your success?

Yours Fraternally,

J. K."

Our prospects are bright, Bro. K.; and if our Brethren continue their kind offices there can be no "doubts of our success." But here is another from a Brother, dated Montreal, Nov. 9, 1844:

John Tanner—Sir and Bro.—

"I have procured, and herewith forward you eight new subscribers to your excellent publication, 'The Gavel.' The subscription list of which, I hope will contain names from every state and province on the continent. Enclosed is \$8.

I remain, dear sir and Bro., yours truly,

D. M."

MARRIED.

At Ballston Spa, on the 12th Nov., by the Rev. D. Babcock, Brother Visscher Mix, of Hope Lodge No. 3, and Miss ALMIRA W. SMITH, of the former place.

DIED.

On Friday evening, Nov. 1st, after a protracted illness and much suffering, ISABELLA FRAZER, wife of Bro. Walter S. McCulloch, of American Lodge No. 32.

Amiability of manners, sweetness of disposition, fervency and firmness of affection, a heart early imbued with the principles of religion, and a virtuous integrity, were qualities in the deceased which will long be remembered and cherished by a large number of surviving relatives and friends. With an unshaken faith in her Redeemer's love, and with a "hope full of glory," she has left the scene of her earthly suffering, and passed away rejoicing to the "better land."

On the 27th ult., ANNA LOUISA, youngest daughter of Bro. Peter B. Leddy of Phoenix Lodge, No. 41.

On the 30th ult., JANE ANN, wife of Bro. G. W. Bell, of Hope Lodge, No. 3.

RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—J. W. Harcourt, CP; John Tanner, HP; B. C. True, SW; G. Quackenbush, S; P. M. McCall, JW; A. Heyer Brown, T. ALBANY CITY DEGREE LODGE, No. 11.—Thos. D. Knower, NG; D. McCulloch, VG; J. G. Northrup, ANG; H. G. Goodno, DANG; Lansing Van Wie, Sec; E. Colborn, Treas.

EXCELSIOR DEGREE LODGE, No. 15.—Eugene Kissam, NG; T. W. I. Groves, ANG; John Tanner, DANG; Cha's Holt, PG; H. D. Curran, VG; William Rennie, See; C. Brooks, Treas.

HOPE LODGE, No. 3.—Peter Relyea, jr., NG; S. B. Carter, VG; J. H. VanAntwerp, QS; G. W. Bell, PS; J. W. Harcourt, Treas.

CITY PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, No. 5.—R. J. Grant, NG; Wm. Reese, VG; H. Hainer, QS; Fred'k Ingmire, PS; W. B. Scott, Treas.

UNION LODGE, No. 8.—John Morrow, NG; Alex. Selkirk, VG; W. A. House, QS; A. Whitney, PS; J. G. Northrup, Treas.

GERMAN COLONIAL LODGE, No. 16.—Joseph Spaerberg, NG; J. Levi, VG; Jacob Newberger, Sec; John Wacher, Treas.

FIREMEN'S LODGE, No. 19.—Peter Putman, NG; R. S. Howard, VG; Sam'l S. Barnes, QS; William Rennie, PS; A. Heyer Brown, Treas.

AMERICAN LODGE No. 32.—Jetur Gardner, NG; James Muir, VG; David Chambers, QS; Thos. D. Knower, PS; Frances Low, Treas.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41.—Geo. F. Taylor, NG; E. J. Moseley, VG; M. Bray, QS; P. B. Leddy, PS; John Tanner, Treas.

SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93.—C. V. Clark, NG; J. M. Hughes, VG; D. S. Davis, Sec; S. Van Schaeck, Treas.

AGENTS FOR THE GAVEL.

NEW YORK.—A. Smith, 197 River st., Troy—Nathaniel J. Cady, *Hudson*—N. Drullard, *Schenectady*—L. W. Hall & Co. and James Kinny, *Syracuse*—J. Anthony, *Cohoes*—Geo. A. Wilkins, *Ballston Spa*—Geo. Andrews, *Saratoga*—J. H. Pomeroy, *Utica*—J. B. Devoe, *Flushing, L. I.*

OHIO.—Robinson & Jones, *Cincinnati*—J. Cranmer, *P. M. Lancaster*—J. V. Campbell, *Eaton*—A. A. Selover, *Cleveland*—Wilson T. Drake, *Middletown*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Colou & Adriance, *Philadelphia*.

KENTUCKY.—H. J. Brown, *Lancaster*.

NEW JERSEY.—J. L. Page, *New Brunswick*.

CANADA—David Milligan, *Montreal*.

DIRECTORY OF THE I. O. O. F. OF THE UNITED STATES.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Grand Lodge,

Meets in the city of New-York quarterly, at National Hall. The officers for the present year are : Wm. A. Tyler, GM; Wm. Fardon, DGM; John G. Treadwell, GS; Moses Anderson, GT; Cyrus Lawton, GW; W. H. Dikeman, GC; A. D. Wilson and B. C. True, G. R's. Subordinate Lodges.

1 Columbia,	New-York, Thur	74 Orange County,	Newburgh, Wed
2 Friendship,	Pleas' Val.	sur'd cha'	75 Cryptic,	Peckskill, Fri
3 Hope,	Albany,	Tues	76 Rockland Co'ty,	Haverstraw, Thur
4 Stranger's Refuge,	New-York, expelled	77 Westchester,	Tarrytown, Mon
5 Philanthropic,	Albany,	78 Croton,	New-York, Wed
6 Good Intent,	Columbiaville, sur. ch'r	79 Onondaga,	Syracuse, Fri
7 Clinton,	Albany,	sur'd cha'	80 Cayuga,	Auburn, Thur
8 Union,	Albany,	81 Jamaica,	Jamaica, Tues
9 Tompkins,	New-York,	Tues	82 German Oak,	New-York, Fri
10 New-York,	do Wed	83 Piermont,	Piermont, Tues
11 Gettys,	do Tues	84 Chelsea,	New-York, Fri
12 Washington,	do Tues	85 Pacific,	Flushing, Mon
13 Germania,	New-York, Fri	86 Kosciusco,	Kingston, Wed
14 Teutonia,	do Mon	87 Fidelity,	New-York, Fri
15 Albany City,	Albany,	sur'd cha'	88 Richmond Co.,	Factoryville, Wed
16 German Colonial,	Albany, Mon	89 Putnam,	West Farms, Thur
17 Perseverance,	New-York, expelled	90 Suffolk,	Sag Harbor, Mon
18 LaFayette,	Channingville, Thur	91 Fishkill,	Fishkill,	
19 Firemen's,	Albany, Thur	92 Allen,	Hudson, Sat
20 Manhattan,	New-York, Mon	93 Samaritan,	Albany, Mon
21 Poughkeepsie,	Poughkeepsie, Mon	94 Eagle,	Brooklyn, Mon
22 Knickerbocker,	New-York, Thur	95 Skenandoah,	Utica, Fri
23 Mariner's,	do Mon	96 Rising Sun,	Lansingburgh, Wed
24 Franklin,	Troy, Wed	97 OSSinian,	Sing-Sing, Fri
25 Niagara,	Buffalo, Mon	98 Saratoga,	Saratoga Springs, Tues
26 Brooklyn,	Brooklyn,	Tues	99 St. Paul's,	Schenectady, Tues
27 Trojan,	Troy, Mon	100 Wyoming,	Attica, Fri
28 Ark,	New-York, Wed	101 Cincinnati,	Batavia,	
29 Star,	Lansingburgh,	Tues	102 Kayaderossoars,	Ballston Spa, Fri
30 National,	New-York, Mon	103 Otsego,	Cooperstown,	
31 Olive Branch,	do Wed	104 Stanwix,	Andover, Onei., Wed
32 American,	Albany, Wed	105 Washington Co.,	Hartford,	
33 Metropolitan,	New-York Thur	106 Silver Lake,	Perry, Sat
34 Marion,	do Thur	107 Hinman,	New-York, Mon
35 Covenant,	do Thur	108 Hughsonville,	Hughsonville,	
36 Enterprise,	do Tues	109 Syracuse,	Syracuse,	
37 Buffalo,	Buffalo, Tues	110 Waverly,	Waterford, Tues
38 Watervliet,	West Troy, Mon	111 Owasco,	Port Byron,	
39 Nassau,	Brooklyn, Thur	112 Middletown,	Middletown,	
40 Greenwich,	New-York, Mon	113 Mechanics',	New-York, Fri
41 Phoenix,	Albany, Wed	114 Chenango,	Oxford,	
42 Meridian,	New-York, Wed	115 Rome,	Rome, Tues
43 Concorde,	do Tues	116 Ontario,	Canandaigua, Wed
44 Harmony,	do Mon	117 Continental,	New-York, Wed
45 Kings County,	Williamsburgh, Wed	118 Genesee Valley,	Mt. Morris,	
46 Jefferson,	New-York, Tues	119 Le Roy,	Le Roy,	
47 Mercantile,	do Tues	120 Cold Spring,	Cold Spring,	
48 Tehoseronor,	Buffalo, Thur	121 Cataract,	Lockport,	
49 Hancock,	New-York, Wed	122 Union Village,	Union Village,	
50 Atlantic,	Brooklyn, Mon	123 Canaseraga,	Danville, LIV.,	
51 Genesee,	Rochester, Fri	124 Black River,	Watertown,	
52 United Brothers,	New-York, Tues	125 Vernon,	Vernon, Onei., Mon
53 Rensselaer,	Troy, Tues	126 Excelsior,	New-York, Fri
54 Whitehall,	Whitehall, Thur	127 Morning Star,	Chatham F. C. Wed
55 Courtland,	Peekskill, Wed		Grand Encampment,	
56 Halcyon,	Troy, Thur	1 New-York,	New-York, Wed
57 Mutual,	New-York, Mon	2 Bowery,	do Fri
58 Grove,	do Thur	3 Erie,	Buffalo, Wed
59 Dutchess,	Poughkeepsie, Wed	4 Hudson,	New-York, Sat
60 Howard,	New-York, Wed	5 United Brothers,	do Wed
61 Williamsburgh,	Williamsburgh, Tues	6 Clinton,	do Sat
62 Spartan,	Cohoes, Frid	7 Rensselaer,	Troy, Wed
63 Long Island,	Wallabout, Fri	8 Ridgeley,	Troy, Fri
64 Empire,	New-York, Tues	9 Dutchess,	Channingville, Sat
65 Highland,	Newburgh, Tues	10 Selby,	Poughkeepsie, Fri
66 Fulton,	Brooklyn, Wed	11 Albany City,	Albany, Sat
67 Commercial,	New-York, Tues	12 Monroe,	Rochester, Tues
68 Oriental,	do Thur	13 Franklin,	Brooklyn, Fri
69 Teoronto;	Rochester, Mon	14 Washington,	Williamsburgh, Thurs
70 Oneida,	Utica, Thur	15 Excelsior,	Albany, 1 & 3 Fri
71 Ithaca,	Ithaca, Fri	16 Harmony,	Lansingburgh, Tues
72 Mohawk Valley,	Schenectady, Mon	17 Kennedy,	Ithaca, Fri
73 Mt. Vernon,	New-York, Fri	18 Utica,	Utica, 2 4 Tues
			19 Treadwell	Syracuse	

Grand Encampment,
Meets semi-annually, in the city of N. York, on the Mondays following the first Wednesdays in August and Feb'y. The following is a list of the officers for the present year : Moses Anderson, MWGP; Jno. Green, MEHP; Jno. D. Farrington, GSW; Jas S. Cadle, G. Scribe;

R. Sharp, GT; Jno. Wigham, GJW; Wm. N. Lewis, GS; R. G. Milard, BGS.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 New-York State,	Albany,	expelled
2 Mt. Hebron,	New-York,	2 4 Fri
3 Mt. Sinai,	do,	1 3 Fri
4 Troy,	Troy,	1 8 Fri
5 En-bakkore,	Albany,	2 4 Fri
6 Mosaic,	New-York,	1 3 Fri
7 Salem,	Brooklyn,	2 4 Fri
8 Mt. Vernon,	Buffalo,	1 3 Fri
9 Palestine,	New-York,	2 4 Th
10 Mt. Olivet,	Williamsburgh,	1 3 Th
11 Mt. Hope,	Roschester,	1 8 Th
12 Mt. Hored,	New-York,	2 4 Mo
13 Mohawk,	Schenectady,	3 4 Fri
14 Mt. Nebo,	Syracuse,	1 3 Mon
15 Olive Branch,	Lansingburgh,	2 4 Fri
16 Mt. Ararat,	Peekskill,	2 4 Tues
17 Union,	Hudson,	2 4 Tues

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Richmond semi-annually.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Virginia Lodge	Harper's Ferry	Mon
2 Washington	Norfolk	Mon
3 Virginia	Wheeling	Mon
4 Jefferson	Richmond	Mon
5 Old Dominion	Portsmouth	Fri
6 Madison	Winchester	Wed
7 Union	Richmond	Fri
8 Monroe	Petersburg	Mon
9 La Fayette	Norfolk	Mon
10 Friendship	Richmond	Tues
11 Wildey	Charlestown	Sat
12 Powhatan	Richmond	Wed
13 Franklin	Wheeling	Mon
14 Rappahannock	Fredericksburgh	Mon
15 Patrick Henry	Hampton	Sat
16 Appomattox	Petersburg	Fri
17 Lynchburg	Lynchburg	Thurs
18 St. Pauls	Prince Anne e. n. Th	
19 Harmony	Norfolk	Tues
20 Smithfield	Smithfield	Mon
21 Maffit	Martinsburg	Sat
22 Pythagoras	Lynchburg	Fri
23 Caledonia	Shepherdstown	Sat
24 Gratitude	Hedgeville	Thurs

GRAND ENCAMPMENT

Meets at Portsmouth annually.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Abrams	Wheeling
2 Neilson	Richmond
3 Wildey	Portsmouth
4 Jernaslem	2 & 4 Thur
5 Widow's Friend	Norfolk
6 Glazier	Winchester
7 Virginia	Petersburg
8 Damascus	Lynchburg
9 Salem	Smithfield
10	Hampden

STATE OF NEW-JERSEY.

GRAND LODGE

Meets at Trenton quarterly. The following are the officers for the present year: J. D. Edwards, G. M.; T. McPherson, D. G. M.; J. Morrison, G. W.; W. C. Howel, G. S.; Thomas Ashmore, G. T.; M. C. Holmes and D. G. Pitch, Grand Representatives.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Trenton	Trenton	Tues
4 Concordia	do	Wed
6 New-Brunswick	N. Brunswick	Tues
7 Howard	Newark	Mon
8 Newark	do	Fri
9 Franklin	Elizabethtown	Mon
10 Massau	Princeton	Thurs
11 Friendship	Newark	Thurs
12 La Fayette	Orange	Thurs
13 Covenant	Belvidere	Thurs
14 Hudson	Jersey City	Mon
15 Leal Lenape	Lambertville	Tues

16 Bordentown	Bordentown	Mon
17 Madison	Allentown	Thurs
18 Clinton	Clinton	Mon
19 Mount Holly	Mount Holly	Wed
20 Monmouth	Freehold	Wed
21 Washington	Salem	Wed

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Newark Semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

2 Trenton	Trenton	1, 3 Thurs
3 Mt. Ararat	Newark	1, 3 Wed
4 Olive Branch	Trenton	1, 3 Fri
5 Mt. Sinai	Jersey City	1, 3 Mon
6		
7		
8 Raritan	New Brunswick	

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New-Haven quarterly, J. L. Devotion, GM; Charles W. Bradley, G. Secretary.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Quinnipiac	New-Haven	Mon
2 Charter Oak	Hartford	Tues
3 Middlesex	East Haddam	Wed
4 Pequannock	Bridgeport	Tues
5 Harmony	New-Haven	Tues
6 Ousatonic	Derby	Mon
7 Samaritan	Danbury	Wed
8 Mercantile	Hartford	Fri
9 Thymes	New London	Mon
10 Our Brothers	Norfolk	Mon
11 Uncas	Norwich	Mon
12 Central	Middletown	Tues
13 Charity	Lower Mystic	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New-Haven semi-annually. John H. Devotion, GP; P. Demick, G. Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sasacas	New-Haven	
2 Oriental	East Haddam	2, 4 Fri
3 Palmyra	Norwich	1, 3 Fri
4 Unity	New-London	24 Thu

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Grand Lodge.

Meets quarterly at Concord. The following are the officers for the present year: David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDM; Walter French, RWGW; G. H. H. Silsbee, RWGS; C. T. Gill, RWGT; G. W. Montgomery, RWGC; Walter French, G. Rep.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Granite	Nashua	Tues
2 Hillsboro'	Manchester	Tues
3 Weeconet	Dover	Mon
4 Washington	Soonerworth	Tues
5 White Mountain	Concord	Fri
6 Piscataque	Portsmouth	Fri

Subordinate Encampment

1 Nashoonet	Nashua	1, 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset	Nashua	

STATE OF INDIANA.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Madison quarterly. The following are the present officers: Wm. Cross, GM; James Gibson, DGM; J. H. Taylor, GS; Wm. Morrison, GW; Wm. Whitridge, G. Con.; A. Tawall, GG; Benj. Mazten, G. Chap.

Subordinate Lodges.

2 Monroe	Madison	Mon
3 Jefferson	Jeffersonville	Mon
4 Friendship	Rising Sun	Tues
5 Vevey	Vevey	Thur
7 Morning Star	Evansville	Thur
8 Union	Lawrenceburg	Thur
9 Patriot	Patriot	Sat
10 New-Albany	New-Albany	Thur
11 Washington	Madison	Thur
12 Neilson	Logansport	Thur
13 Chosen Friends	Aurora	Tues
14 Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne	Mon

15 Lafayette,.....	Lafayette,.....	Tues
16 Vigilance,.....	Lawrenceburgh,.....	Mon
Subordinate Encampments.		
1 Jerusalem,.....	New-Albany,.....	
2 Wildey,.....	Madison,.....	1 3 Tues

STATE OF OHIO.

Grand Lodge,

Meets at Cincinnati on the 3d Saturday in every month. The officers are: H. M. Clark, GM; D. T. Snelbaker, DGM; Joseph Roth, GW; I. Heffley, GRS; A. G. Day, GCS; Cha's Thomas, GR; C. Walker, G. Coa.; J. Ernst, G. Chap.; J. Phares, GG; M. P. Taylor, GH
Subordinate Lodges.

1 Ohio,.....	Cincinnati,.....	Mon
2 Washington,.....	do,.....	Tues
3 Cincinnati,.....	do,.....	Wed
4 Franklin,.....	do,.....	Thur
5 Montgomery,.....	Dayton,.....	Wed
6 Jefferson,.....	Steubenville,.....	Thur
7 Charity,.....	Lancaster,.....	Mon
8 Piqua,.....	Piqua,.....	Wed
9 Columbus,.....	Columbus,.....	Mon
10 Wayne,.....	Dayton,.....	Tues
11 Warren,.....	Franklin,.....	Mon
12 Union,.....	Warrenton,.....	Sat
13 Cleveland,.....	Cleveland,.....	Mon
14 Harmony,.....	Kasville,.....	Tue
15 Lebanon,.....	Lebanon,.....	Wed
16 Hope,.....	Middletown,.....	Thur
17 Hamilton,.....	Hamilton,.....	Thur
18 Marietta,.....	Marietta,.....	Tues
19 Mansfield,.....	Mansfield,.....	Fri
20 Mt. Vernon,.....	Mt. Vernon,.....	Wed
21 Friendship,.....	Germantown,.....	Fri
22 Cuyahoga,.....	Cleveland,.....	Wed
23 Central,.....	Columbus,.....	Thur
24 Chillicothe,.....	Chillicothe,.....	Tues
25 Lafayette,.....	Hillsborough,.....	Mon
26 Morning Star,.....	Medina,.....	Mon
27 Erie,.....	Ohio City,.....	Tues
28 Muskingum,.....	Zanesville,.....	Wed
29 Mahoning,.....	Warren,.....	Mon
30 Eaton,.....	Eaton,.....	Mon
31 Scioto,.....	Portsmouth,.....	Fri
32 Columbia,.....	Circleville,.....	Wed
33 Springfield,.....	Springfield,.....	
34 Olive Branch,.....	Newark,.....	

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	Cincinnati,.....	1 3 Fri
2 Dayton,.....	Dayton,.....	1 3 Fri
3 Nimrod,.....	Steubenville,.....	2 4 Fri
4 Cleveland,.....	Cleveland,.....	2 4 Fri
5 Piqua,.....	Piqua,.....	2 4 Fri
6 Capitol,.....	Columbus,.....	1 3 Fri
7 Butler,.....	Hamilton,.....	2 4 Fri

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Grand Lodge,

Meets at Encampment Hall, Boston, quarterly. The following are its officers: Thos' F. Norris, MWGM; N. A. Thompson, WDGM; S. Jenkins, WGW; W. E. Parmenter, WGS; M. Prince, WGT.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Massachusetts,.....	Boston,.....	Mon
2 Siloam,.....	do,.....	Thur
3 Good Samaritan,.....	Taunton,.....	sur. char
4 New-England,.....	E. Cambridge,.....	Fri
5 Washington,.....	Roxbury,.....	sur. char
6 Adam,.....	Boston,.....	sur. char
7 Merrimack,.....	Lowell,.....	Mon
8 Suffolk,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
9 Crystal Fount,.....	Woburn,.....	Mon
10 Oriental,.....	Boston,.....	Wed
11 Mechanics',.....	Lowell,.....	Fri
12 Bethel,.....	W. Cambridge,.....	Tues
13 Nazarene,.....	Ware Village,.....	Mon
14 Bunkerhill,.....	Charlestown,.....	Mon
15 Tremont,.....	Boston,.....	Wed
16 Covenant,.....	do,.....	Mon
17 Middlesex,.....	Malden,.....	Wed
18 Warren,.....	Roxbury,.....	Tues

19 Monument,.....	E. Lexington,.....	Thur
20 Friendship,.....	Cambridgeport,.....	Mon
21 Howard,.....	Andover,.....	Thur
22 Oberlin,.....	Charleston,.....	Fri
23 Franklin,.....	Boston,.....	Fri
24 Winnisimmet,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
25 Essex,.....	Salem,.....	Mon
26 Hampden,.....	Springfield,.....	Thur
27 Oberlin,.....	Lowell,.....	Tues
28 Columbian,.....	Stoneham,.....	Tues
29 Bethesda,.....	South Boston,.....	Mon
30 Lafayette,.....	Watertown,.....	Wed
31 Ancient Landmark,.....	Boston,.....	Mon
32 Montezuma,.....	do,.....	Wed
33 Hope,.....	Methuen,.....	Wed
34 Prospect,.....	Waltham,.....	Thur
35 Maverick,.....	East Boston,.....	Mon
36 Shawmut,.....	Boston,.....	Tues
37 Souhegan,.....	South Reading,.....	Mo
38 Quasacuccuen,.....	Newburyport,.....	Thur
39 Bay State,.....	Lynn,.....	Tue
40 Acushnet,.....	New Bedford,.....	Wed
41 Pacific,.....	Boston,.....	Thur
42 Quinsigamond,.....	Worcester,.....	Mon
43 King Philip,.....	Taunton,.....	Tues
44 Framingham,.....	Framingham,.....	Mon
45 Tiverton,.....	Millford	
46 Macdonian,.....	Bedford	
47 Norfolk Lodge,.....	Dorchester	
48 Mystic,.....		
49 Hobak,.....		

Degree Lodges.

1 Union,.....	Boston,.....	Sat
2 Maverick,.....	do,.....	Thur

Grand Encampment,

Meets at Boston semi-annually.

Subordinate Encampments,

1 Massachusetts,.....	Boston,.....	1 3 Fri
2 Tri-Mount,.....	do,.....	2 4 Fri
3 Monotony,.....	W. Cambridge,.....	2 4 Fri
4 Monomak,.....	Lowell,.....	2 4 Thur
5 Butler Hill,.....	Charlestown,.....	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington,.....	S. Boston,.....	2 4 Thur

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Lodge.

1 Pennsylvania,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
2 Washington,.....	"	Tues
3 Wayne,.....	"	Mon
4 Morning Star,.....	"	Fri
5 Franklin,.....	"	Thurs
6 General Marion,.....	"	Fri
7 Herman,.....	North Liberties,.....	Tues
8 Rising Sun,.....	Frankford,.....	Sat
9 Mechanics',.....	Pittsburgh,.....	Thurs
10 Philomatheon,.....	Germantown,.....	Sat
11 Kensington,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Wed
12 Philadelphia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
13 Wilday,.....	Frankford,.....	Sat
14 Philanthropic,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Sat
15 LaFayette,.....	"	Thurs
16 Amity,.....	"	Thurs
20 Miners,.....	Pottsville,.....	Sat
21 Teutonia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mon
22 Friendship,.....	"	Tues
24 Western Star,.....	Pittsburgh,.....	Mon
25 Penn,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Mon
27 Schuykill,.....	Port Carbon,.....	Tues
28 Henoisis Adelp'n,.....	N. Liberties,.....	Thurs
29 Robert Morris,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
31 Manayunk,.....	Manayunk,.....	Sat
32 Decatur,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Wed
40 Benevolent,.....	Vil. Green,.....	1 and 3 Sat
43 Hancock,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Fri
44 Hayden,.....	Pottsville,.....	Thurs
45 William Tell,.....	Pittsburg,.....	Sat
46 Girard,.....	Pottsville,.....	Fri
48 Independence,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Thurs
56 Social,.....	Minersville,.....	Sat
57 Montgomery,.....	Nerriestown,.....	Sat
58 Cambria,.....	Carbondale,.....	Sat

59	Montgomery	Reading	Thurs
60	Concordia	Catawissa	1 and 3 Sat
61	Adam	Philadelphia	Mond
62	Beaver Meadow	Beaver Meadow	Sat
63	Hand-in-Hand	Philadelphia	Tues
64	Gomer	Birmingham	Sat
65	Hazleton	Hazleton	Sat
66	Roxborough	Roxborough	Sat
67	Lancaster	Lancaster	Thurs
68	Harrisburgh	Harrisburgh	Wed
69	Peace and Plenty	Easton	Wed
70	State Capitol	Harrisburgh	Tues
71	Allen	Allentown	Sat
72	Evening Star	Milestown	Sat
73	Delaware	Easton	Tues
74	Mount Zion	York	Wed
75	Columbus	Chambersburgh	Thurs
76	Mauch Chunk	Mauch Chunk	Tues
77	Brotherly Love	Kurtztown	Sat
78	Keystone	Bethlehem	Thurs
79	Howard	Honesdale	Wed
80	Susquehanna	Columbia	Sat
81	National	Washington	Sat
82	Charity	Halifax	Sat
83	Lehigh	Allentown	Sat
84	Friendly	Millertown	Wed
85	Mutual	Milton	Wed

Grand Encampment

Meets at Philadelphia bi monthly.

Subordinate Encampments.

1	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	1 & 3 Tues
2	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh	1 Sat
3	Morning Star	Frankford	1 3 Wed
4	Franklin	Pottsville	1 3 Sat
5	La Fayette	Philadelphia	1 3 Fri
6	Mt. Olive	Kensington	1 3 Fri
7	Walhalla	Kensington	2 4 Fri
8	Hebron	Reading	1 3 Sat
9	Andrew Jackson	Manyunk	1 3 Sat
10	Danphain	Harrisburgh	1 3 Fri

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Springfield quarterly.

1	Western Star	Alton	Mon
2	Alton	Alton	Tues
3	Clarke	Greenville	Sat
4	Illini	Jacksonville	Sat
5	Wilsey	Galena	Sat
6	Sangamon	Springfield	Mon
7	Jefferson	Bellville	Fri
8	Washington	Springfield	Tues

Subordinate Encampments.

1	Wilsey	Alton
2	Chosen Friends	Galena
3	Lebanon	Springfield

Subordinate Encampments.

1	Ridgely	Ridgely	2 & 4 Sat
2	Washington	Columbia	2 & 4 Sat
3	Gayoso	Memphis	

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Subordinate Lodges.

1	Michigan	Detroit	Mon
2	Wayne	do	Tues
3	Oakland	Pontiac	Sat
4	Jackson	Jackson	
5	Peninsula	Marshall	

Subordinate Encampment.

1	Michigan	Detroit	2 & 4 Thurs
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STATE OF MISSOURI.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at St. Louis quarterly.

			<i>Subordinate Lodges.</i>
1	Traveler's Rest	St. Louis	Mon
2	Wildey	do	Tues
3	Germany	do	Thur
4	Far West	Boonville	Mon
5	St. Louis	St. Louis	Sat
6	Western Light	Weston	Sat

Encampments.

1	Wildey	St. Louis	Fri
2	Frontier	Weston	

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Grand Lodge.

Meets at Louisville quarterly.

1	Boone	Louisville	Mon
2	Chosen Friends	"	Tues
3	Washington	Covington	Wed
4	Lorraine	Louisville	Wed
5	Friendship	Lexington	Fri
6	Capital	Frankfort	Mon
7	Franklin	Lancaster	Sat
8	Central	Danville	Tues
9	Social	Stanford	Wed
10	Union	Nicholasville	Sat
11	Lafayette	Georgetown	Tues
12	De Kalb	Maysville	Mon
13	Stranger's Rest	Henderson	Sat
14	Madison	Richmond	Tues
15	Howard	Shelbyville	
16	Morning Star	Petersburg	
17	Herman	Louisville	Sat

Encampments.

1	Mount Horeb	Louisville	1 & 3 Mon
2	Olive Branch	Covington	1 & 4 Mon
3	Moreah	Lexington	1 & 3 Thur
4	Pilgrim	Frankfort	1 & 3 Thur

STATE OF MARYLAND.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Washington	Baltimore	Mon
2	Franklin	"	Thurs
3	Columbia	"	Wed
4	William Tell	"	Tues
5	Gratitude	"	Mon
6	Harmony	"	Wed
7	Friendship	"	Thurs
8	Mariou	"	Tues
9	Jefferson	"	Thurs
10			
11			
12			
13			

16	Union	"	Thurs
17	Miller	Easton	Sat
18	Morning Star	Havre-de-Grace	Sat
19	Mount Pisgah	Port Deposit	Tues
20	Mt. Vernon	Ashington	Sat
21	Philip Read	Chestertown	Mon
22	Potomac	Hagerstown	Tues
23	Mt. Moriah	Clear Spring	Thurs
24	Aaron	Williamsport	Fri
25	Chosen Friends	Cumberland	Fri
26	Adam	Frederick	Tues
27	Le Grange	Sharpsburg	Sat
28	Covenant	Hancock	Thurs
29	Renewal	Middletown	Sat
30	Neilson	Hillsborough	Sat
31	Centre	Ellicott's Mills	Sat

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Jerusalem	Baltimore	Fri
2	Aalem	"	Tues
3	Zion	Cambridge	Tues
4	Jacob	Easton	Tues
5	Bethlehem	Chestertown	Tues
6	Galena	Hagerstown	Tues
7	Mt. Carmel	Cumberland	Tues
8	Evening Star	Havre-de-Grace	Tues

STATE OF ALABAMA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Mobile quarterly.

1	Alabama	Mobile	Tues
2	Mobile	"	Wed

2 Chosen Friends	Mobile	Thurs	4 Chattohoochee,	Columbus
4 Samaritan,				
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.			
1 Mount Ararat	Mobile	Fri		
	STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Wilmington quarterly.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Weldon	Weldon	Tues	1 Mississippi	Natchez
2 Cape Fear	Wilmington	Tues	2 Washington	Natchez
3 Washington	Murfreesboro	Fri	3 Warren	Vicksburgh
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS		6 Grenada	Grenada
1 Campbell	Wilmington		7	
2 Bain	Murfreesboro		8 Macon	Vicksburgh
3 Fine,	Fayetteville,		9 William Dale	Liberty
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.		10 Wilkinson	Woodville
1 Florida	Jacksonville		11 Capitol	Jackson
2 Kennedy	Black Creek		12 Concordia,	Natchez
	STATE OF TEXAS.		13 Belmont,	Belmont
	GRAND LODGE			SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.
Meets at Austin.			1 Wilder,	Natchez
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.		2 Vicksburgh	Vicksburgh
1 Lone Star	Houston	Mon		
2 Harmony	"	Fri		
3 Galveston	Galveston	Wed		
	STATE OF MAINE.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Portland quarterly. The following officers have been installed for the present year. James Prat, G. M.; Samuel Thatcher, Jr., G. W.; Benj. Kingsbury, G. Sec.; James Winslow, G. Treas.; Geo. W. Churchill and W. R. Smith, G. Reps.;				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Maine	Portland	Mon	1 South Carolina	Charleston
2 Saco	"	Tues	2 Marion	"
3 Georgian	Thomaston	Mon	3 Howard	"
4 Ancient Brother	Portland	Thurs	4 Jefferson	"
5 Ligonix,	"	Sat	5 Palmetto	Columbia
6 Sabbathis	Augusta	Wed	6 De Kalb	Winsboro
7 Penobscot	Bangor	Wed	7 Aiken	Aiken
8 Relief	East Thomaston	Fri	8 La Fayette	Chesterville
9 Natahori	Gardiner			SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.
10 Lincoln	Bath	Mon	1 Palmetto	Charleston
11 Saccorappa	Westbrook		2 Estaw	Columbia
12 Kenduskeag,	Bangor	Mon	3 Ashley	Charleston
13 Phipscot	Brunswick	Thur		
14 Cushnoe	Augusta			
15 Passagassawakeag	Belfast	Wed		
16 Hobomah	Bath			
17 Washington	Orons,	Sat		
18 Orron,				
19				
20 Harrison,	Harrison,	Fri		
	DEGREE LODGE.			
1 Union	Portland	Tues		
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.			
1 Machigonne	Portland	1 8 Tues	1 Prince of Wales	Montreal
2 Eastern Star	"	2 4 Fri	2 Queens	"
3 Sagamore	Augusta	1 3 Thurs	3 Prince Albert,	St. Johns
4 Katahdn	Bangor		4 Albion,	Quebec,
5	Saco		1 Hochelaga,	Montreal,
	STATE OF GEORGIA.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Savannah.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Oglethorpe	Savannah			
2 Franklin	Macon			
3 Live Oak	Savannah			
4 Sylvan	Milledgeville			
5 United Brothers	Macon			
6 Muscogee	Columbus			
7 Washington	Augusta			
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.			
1 Magnolia	Savannah			
2 Ocumgee	Milledgeville			
3 Franklin	Macon			
	STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Natchez quarterly.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Mississippi	Natchez	Wed		
2 Washington	Natchez	Thurs		
3 Warren	Vicksburgh	Thurs		
6 Grenada	Grenada	Fri		
	STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Charleston quarterly.				
	GRAND ENCAMPMENT.			
Meets at Charleston.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 South Carolina	Charleston	Wed		
2 Marion	"	Fri		
3 Howard	"	Thurs		
4 Jefferson	"	Tues		
5 Palmetto	Columbia	Fri		
6 De Kalb	Winsboro	Mon		
7 Aiken	Aiken	Wed		
8 La Fayette	Chesterville	Mon		
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.			
1 Palmetto	Charleston			
2 Estaw	Columbia			
3 Ashley	Charleston			
	WISCONSIN TERRITORY.			
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Iowa	Mineral Point			
2 La Fayette	"			
3 Milwaukee	Milwaukee			
4 Rose of the Valley	Potosi			
	RHODE ISLAND.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Providence quarterly.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Friendly Union	Providence	Thurs		
2 Ergle	"	Wed		
3 Roger Williams	"	Tues		
4 Hope	"	Mon		
	SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.			
1 Narraganset	Providence	2 4 Frid		
	PROVINCE OF CANADA.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Montreal.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Prince of Wales	Montreal	Mon		
2 Queens	"	Set		
3 Prince Albert,	St. Johns			
4 Albion,	Quebec,			
1 Hochelaga,	Montreal,			
	PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.			
	GRAND LODGE			
Meets at Tredegar.				
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Ivorin	Tredegar			
2 Covenant	Tredegar			
	IOWA TERRITORY.			
	SUBORDINATE LODGES.			
1 Washington	Burlington			
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THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

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NO. 5.

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THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

BY C. C. BURR.

Our German Literature.

A KNOWLEDGE of the modern languages, especially of German, French, and Spanish has come to be considered almost an indispensable part of a good education; and the dead languages are losing much of the reverence which has sustained them in the Universities long after their usefulness has mainly passed away. There was a time when no considerable learning could be obtained except through the dead languages. All the literature which survived the common wreck of letters and civilization was contained in the Greek and Latin tongues. But now every thing that is valuable in these languages has been faithfully translated into English, and most modern languages, so that they are no longer of the least importance as treasures of knowledge. It is sometimes urged that a knowledge of Latin is necessary to a good understanding of our own language, by enabling us to trace our own words to their roots. But we do not happen to find those *roots* in Latin or Greek. Many of our words are indeed adopted directly from those languages. We have whole verbs from the Greek; and some of our nouns are merely Latin supines, only varied in having *um* changed into *ion*, as *constitution*. But this is by no means tracing our English words to their *roots*. To say that *auxiliary* come from the Latin *auxilium*, or *phlegmatic* from the Greek *phlego* is only ringing changes on the same words, without in the least improving our idea of their roots. To get at the real root, we must go through those more remote northern languages whence the Latin and Greek were derived. Seven-tenths of the words used by our best writers come direct from the Mœso-Gothic and Anglo-Saxon dialects. If therefore we are hunting after *primitives* we must set ourselves to delving in the dark and laborious shaft of Teutonic tongues, rather than be digging some hundreds of years this side of where the primitives may be found. Indeed we stand much nearer a majority of our primitives while studying the German language than when we are on the Greek and

Latin tongues. Professor Behnsch, of Breslau, in Prussia, in speaking of the elements of our language says, "of the 40,000 words of the English language are 24,000 of German origin." And then as an exercise for the mind German has every advantage over the Latin. German far excels the Latin in power and comprehensive exactness, as do the French and Spanish also in simplicity and neatness. There is a pomp and vastness, a great, solemn, funeral-state richness in the German language and in German literature, which cannot fail to elevate and strengthen the mind and heart; while at the same time it opens the way to the richest fields of romance and poetry that lie in the literature of the earth. In her education and literature Germany is at least half a century ahead of any other nation on the globe. And the time, too long delayed, has come at length when no lady or gentleman is deemed fashionably educated until they can read the language in which Burger and Stolberg wrote. The poet, or the lover of poetry can no longer content himself until he can sing in the native numbers of Schiller and Goethe. The disciple of romance must have *inspired* fiction from the great original of Jean Richter, and Tieck; while the philosopher and philanthropist must drink from the fountain head of Klopstock and Kant.

There has been an impression on the minds of English and American Christians that the German Philosophy tends too strongly to liberalism in religion; and this impression undoubtedly is one of the causes which has kept German literature from entering deep into the literature of our own country and that of the most cultivated districts of Europe. But fortunately for the world, Christians are beginning to understand that *real Christianity, absolute religion*, can never suffer harm by any *false* philosophy. Entrenching herself within the nature of man, and ministering ever to his heart, she courts severest scrutiny, challenges the *false* in all philosophies; while the eternal *true* is her own and can never be given to another. Religions, like systems of science, are found traveling up and down in the earth; earning their own living,—sustained not quite so much by *accident* and *authority* as formerly, but more by the awful realities of their own value. It is more than probable that the diffusive, elevating spirit, and mystic charm of German literature has contributed its share to this reform. But it astonishes one that such an influence and such a literature should come up from a country so politically debased as Germany—a literature which asserts the highest dignity of man, elevates him to an innumerable company of angels, and sweeps round the world to refine and enlarge his capacities for an earthly immortality,—coming out from a country where a man dare not give his own weary brother a night's lodging without the consent of the *polizei*. But so it is; in that land where men's minds are boldest and thought is freest, there is no *political freedom* to cheer the night of the ages. That inner boldness of German thought, speaking out in her philosophies, in defiance of her guilty outward entrammelment, is the result of her splendid system of education. Educate men, and Roman priests and Milton's devils will strive in vain to hush up

their almighty thought. Enchain wisdom as you will—lock it up in prison walls, to lie in the stocks, and dream upon the straw, you cannot quench its spirit nor restrain the unfathomable uttering of its thought. No: rock God's thunders to sleep in an infant's willow cradle as soon!

Troy, December 16, 1844.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP:

An Address delivered before the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Montreal, on Wednesday evening, 20th November, 1844.

BY REV. BRO. ALBERT CASE.

We live in an age full of interesting events; an age in which the restless spirit of man is engaged in seeking his own comfort and advancement, and in promoting the welfare of a wide-spread humanity.

No obstacle appears too great for this spirit to surmount; no labor too severe for man's enterprising energies, while he cherishes the fond hope of a triumph at the last.

He is constantly adopting plans by which to achieve new victories—gleaning wisdom from the vast sources that are opened before him in nature, philosophy and experience—exploding false theories—reviving old truths, associating them with later developments, and reducing old truth to the infallible test of practice.

The energies of men are all aroused; they grapple with the forked *lightnings of heaven*, and bring down the red thunderbolt harmlessly from the clouds; they arrest the ascending vapor in its upward course and convert it into a power that enables man to laugh at distance, and achieve a mighty victory over the obstacles that space had interposed to the intercourse of man with his fellow man.

They traverse the rivers and great waters as a bird on rapid wing; and is not yet satisfied—man stretches his arm from the Atlantic coast over the vast plains and fertile valleys—he forms passes in the rock-ribb'd hills, whose tops pierce the clouds of heaven, and unites a vast country in iron bands, so that in a short day he can view the whole with the same ease that the citizen in his “old arm chair,” can inspect the plants, and flowers, and fruits, of his own quiet garden.

He enters the political arena, and contends with all the powers of his mighty mind, for the reformation of antiquated abuses—the establishment of just and reasonable laws upon correct *principle*. They unite in parties and bands, thus combining the wisdom and strength of the many, in the hope thereby to succeed.

They associate in churches, societies and fraternities, for the ostensible object of promoting a knowledge and practice of what they deem the right, and true, and useful.

In many of these we behold an increasing benevolent spirit ;—we see the deep affections of the soul rise up and go out to claim its relation to a kindred humanity ;—it views a fellow, however low and ignorant, as capable of improvement ;—it sees in him powers and faculties fitted for progression. Our Saviour himself has given the high authority of his sanction to the doctrine of progress, in so far as the kingdom of nature is concerned, in the figure of the fruit of the earth. “first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear.” And in the moral world man sees a similar arrangement, and feels that man is capable of going on to higher degrees of perfection. Plans are laid, schemes adopted and unions effected, to carry on more successfully the great work of mental and moral culture, thereby to promote the temporal, moral and social condition of humanity.

Many are the associations that claim to have this for their object. But, among the most favored and most successful of all institutions of human origin, exerting a salutary influence over the physical, social and moral condition of man, I place that of the “Independent Order of Odd Fellows.” I mention this Order at this time, because it is appropriate that I should do so. It is at the call of those who worship around its altars that this assembly is here, and through their respectful invitation that I am permitted to speak on its behalf.

I have to speak briefly of the early days of the Order—its progress and condition,—to lay before you its principles, and claim for them your sanction,—to defend it from false accusers, and urge my Brethren of the Order, to a practical exemplification of the charitable and moral principles they profess. I shall speak of these things, because I presume there are some present who have not yet learned what are the principles and objects of the Order, and because, as Odd Fellows, we delight to dwell upon them, and bring home to our own hearts the convictions of truth, and the duty we owe to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. I am aware that some may desire me to trace the history of our Order, link by link, back to the time when it first obtained a local “habitation and a name.” They would claim for it reverence and respect, on account of its antiquity ; but let them judge it by what *it is*, and we are satisfied. Mankind are disposed to go to the past : they desire to revel amid the recollections of its difficulties and dangers, especially when it is identified with personal interests. They delight to stand beside the deep bright fountains of antiquity, that send their sparkling waters toward the skies, until the mind is imbued with the beautiful colors of the intellectual bow they form in the firmament of the memory. The poet and historian delight to wander amid the bright spots of other days, and as distance lends enchantment to the scene, decipher the records of the past, and collate the history of nations which have figured in the splendid drama of earthly empire ; yet, like Maurus amid the ruins of Carthage, they find themselves surrounded by broken arches, shivered shrines, and tottering columns, obliterating by the gloom of their desolation, the landmarks that guide the chronicler, as he records their birth, their existence, or the expiration of their great-

ness and glory. The country of the Ptolemies—the land of Tully and Leonidas—of Parnassus and Ida—the hill-crowned mistress of the Old World, all have their origin involved in mystery, and surrounded by fables too difficult to be deciphered by the men of later ages. Even what has been rescued from the destroying hand of time, is strangely mingled with light and shade, beauty and deformity, which resting their shadows on the almost obliterated ruins that monument their lost glory, tell the vanity of human ambition—the folly of human pride; and like the spirit of the past, in silence more expressive than words, proclaim,

“This is earth’s history.”

God has inscribed upon their desolation, “Righteousness alone exalteth a nation; sin is a reproach to an people.”

Yet, with all this uncertainty, with all its record of crime and blood, there is a fascination thrown around the history of other years: the very excess of their wickedness presents a terrible sublimity; as when we see the gorgeous temple shivered by the thunderbolt, or a village buried beneath the rush of a mighty avalanche, the earth trembling as it passes, and the everlasting hills bowing at its presence. If from such scenes and circumstances the soul catches inspiration, and weaves the brightest chaplets that decorate the altars of song, we may demand a more intellectual note, when we turn from ruins which tell us that the ancients *had hands*, to those brighter évidences which exist to tell us that they had minds to think, and hearts to act and feel, in the cause of suffering humanity. If it be the duty of the historian to chronicle the rise and fall of empires, surely splendid social virtues, acts of pure and lively benevolence, should not be entombed without a sigh, and suffered ignobly to rest without an epitaph. Were it so, humanity might well weep as the record of her champions is obliterated, and the spirit of immortality cast a lingering look behind, when aroused from their graves. The impartial pen of history, guided by the hand of destiny, repudiates such acts, and claims as its province the pleasing task of recording the rise of communities as well as nations—the uprising of philanthropy and virtue, alike with the war-founded throne of power, or the creation of a new dynasty. We invoke her assistance in filling up the brief chronicles of Odd Fellowship—to tell of battles fought and victories won—the battles bloodless, and the victories, the triumphs of the indomitable and enduring spirit of benevolence and truth. “The weapons of our warfare are not carnal,” and the gilded trophies that decorate our altars, are gemmed with the widow’s tear of joy, that has hailed us as victors.

The best history of our Order does not assure us of the time of its organization. We find faint traces of its existence many centuries ago; for then the principle of covenanting which we adhere to, was fostered in the most positive manner. A covenant was considered one of the strongest ties that could be made. God said unto Noah—“And I will establish my *covenant* with thee. I do set my *bow* in the

clouds, and it shall be a *token* of a *covenant* between *me* and *thee*—and the *bow* shall be in the cloud : and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting *covenant* between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.” And thus it has continued since the days of Noah. Fraternities have been formed, men have bound themselves in a covenant sanctioned by the example of the Almighty, for the mutual benefit of those concerned ; and although isolated individuals were weak in the performance of noble deeds, united in a bond or covenant they were strong. It is so with Odd Fellows now.

It is said that our Order assumed a prominent feature after the Order of the Israelites in the Roman Camp, during the reign of the Emperor Nero, and at that time they were called “fellow-citizens,” that the name Odd Fellow was given to the Order by Titus Cæsar, in the year of our Lord 79. The reason assigned why he gave them this name, was, they could recognize each other when they met, as well by night as by day. It is also said that near that time they made their appearance in North Wales, as an invasion was made by one of Cæsar’s generals (Agricola,) on North Wales, and shortly after on the island of Anglesea—that it entered Spain in the fifth century, where its importance was peculiarly manifest, in the protection of the widows and children of the soldiery. It entered Portugal in the 6th century, France in the 12th century, and soon was taken to London by Jean de Neville, and five knights from France. They established the Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor. They continued progressing until the 18th century, under the reign of George the III., when a new Union was formed by many members, the old still maintaining its identity, calling themselves “Loyal Ancient Independent Odd Fellows.” The present organization of Independent Order of Odd Fellows is of more recent date, being improved and reformed at Manchester, England, not far from 1809. Since which time it has gone abroad in the earth, and improved in its customs and forms as the spirit of the age, and its own inherent principles demanded. There are others who give to the Society a “local habitation and a name” in forests of the northern tribes, before whose iron valor the lofty towers of earth’s imperial mistress were prostrated, and her eagles rendered powerless. But of this last statement, and many of the preceding, we have very little evidence. We presume that similar societies existed among the ancients referred to. There were Odd Fellows, however, in England, previous to the organization of the Manchester Unity in 1809. The formation of that Union gave to Odd Fellowship a stand among the benevolent institutions of the kingdom. Its character from a mere social club, was changed in part to a system of charity and benevolence. After all, it will be acknowledged that antiquity is of little importance if the *principles and influences* are good and true. We *love the Order*, although it were but of yesterday. From England, where now enthroned in royal state, rules a most gracious Queen, with a heart deeply imbued with the benevolent principles Odd Fellowship incul-

cates, gaining the hearts of her subjects, and by the gentle influences of her own generous disposition and charitable mind, bringing them up to the nobility of that charity which thinketh no evil, and that benevolence which is wide-searching and powerful as the wants of humanity. From that old England from whence came our *Fathers* and our *Mothers*, our *religion*, our *laws*, our *letters* and *customs*. From there Odd-Fellowship wended her way westward, and found a resting place for her foot in Baltimore, in the year 1818. And though the scion grew and flourished there, the Parent stock of principle was not diminished. Freely the Order in England gave, and behold now!—like bread cast upon the waters it returneth after days and years to bless the subjects of the same government, whose sons scattered the seed broad-cast; and we look for that proud era in our Order, when all branches thereof shall fully conform to its requisitions, banish the hurtful customs, by some allowed, and like the majestic rivers which flow on, and mingle in the great sea, when all branches of Odd Fellows shall mingle together as *one*, worship at one altar, and speak one peculiar language understood by all!

Odd Fellowship was first planted on the Western Hemisphere by Brethren from England. The *Father* and *Founder* of Odd Fellowship in the new world, was the Respected Past Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, who had been admitted a member in his native land. Singly and alone, he for years cherished a love for his *Social Alma Mater*! He was not satisfied to be an Odd Fellow thus isolated, and after the manner a dusky old bachelor calls himself one. He therefore sought to hail brethren of the Mystic Tie. And he succeeded in a city numbering 100,000 souls in finding four Brothers, who, like himself had bowed at the Altar of Odd Fellowship in their far off home! They were noble and generous spirits—they were filled with that soul stirring benevolence, which animates the heart of a “fine Old English gentleman.” They saw the great necessity of the spread of the principles, in the wants of the people. There was destitution unrelieved—want that cried from door to door. Poverty that stalked forth from the alleys and bye-ways—and its voice was heard from the market-place and the highway. They saw the widow—lone and forlorn—with no human comforter and no bread. The orphan, in abject poverty and vice, uneducated and uncared for. The man of toil, when the strong arm was nerveless, and sickness shook the frame, was left to the entire care of the slender wife, and the family to her feeble exertions, or the cold charity of a world. The traveler, far off from home, if sick, deserted, and if dead hastily deposited in the cold earth, and no friend to shed a tear of sympathy. They saw that men were divided in feeling, alienated by party prejudices, and sectarian animosities; and in all this they saw the necessity of an institution where they could meet as Brothers, where at the door of entrance they should lay down all sect and party, and enter as into a safe retreat from temptation, pollution and schism. In fine, of an Odd Fellow’s Lodge, where the voice that declares the Lodge open,

hushes in silence all contention, the unruly elements, as the voice of Him who said to the winds and waves—"peace, be still"—and it was so! Brother Wildey repaired to England, obtained a Charter from the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, and returned with the prayers and benedictions of the Brethren in England. The Grand Lodge of Maryland was organized in April 1819. And here we date the rise of the Order in North America. I have not time to trace it from that day to this, a general statement will suffice. There is now one General Grand Lodge, twenty-seven State and Provincial, and about 50,000 members, all engaged in the promotion of Friendship, and the social relations.

The present condition of the Order furnishes cause for rejoicing to every generous bosom. When a few years since it was like Elijah's cloud, smaller than a man's hand, like the point around which collect the storm forces for elemental warfare; it has expanded until the western hemisphere is redolent with the freshness of its showers. We have laid our principles and our regulations before the public, the general inquiry has been answered, and that public almost universally approves of Odd Fellowship, and bids it God speed in its glorious career. Wherever we turn our eye on this vast continent, we see it looming up before us like a rock—a strong tower—a rectifier of morals—a promoter of charity and good will—a refuge to the stranger, and the distressed of every land and name.

We regard Odd Fellowship as an institution that has a powerful influence in the culture of the intellect and the affections, thereby ameliorating the moral condition, while it extends support and relief to the animal wants. The teacher of a benevolence—broad as humanity, and deep as its wants—it has its altars erected to the sternest morals, and binds its votaries to their observance and practice by cords of love and social feeling; it unites men together as Brethren, and identifies the interest of each with the happiness of the whole.

It is a beneficial Institution.

Every member on his initiation pays a small but stated sum as an admission fee, and pays a weekly tax of a few pennies while he is a member. It is thus that our funds are raised.

If a Brother is from accident or sickness unable to follow his usual avocation, the Lodge pays him a specified sum per week. This sum is regulated by each Lodge, and is generally from three to six dollars. This amount is not paid or received as charity: it is every Brother's right, and paid to every one when sick, whether he be high or low, rich or poor. Thus the idea of a cold charity is removed; and the poor in purse, yet of proud, manly spirit, will receive and apply it to satisfy the wants of his family, when he would reject the mite presented as a charity offering, and suffer in want.

The presiding officer directs Brethren to watch at the bed-side of the sick, and minister to his consolation and comfort.

And then again death is abroad in the world; he cuts down the young and the strong, and lays the glory of earth's most exalted sons in the dust. Of this we are all assured. We go among the tombs

and weep over the dust of the departed, and muse upon the gloom of that vast charnel house of death, where lie the mouldering ashes of the thronging multitude who have lived from Adam to the present time; and when we remember that the brawny arm of the *mail-clad warrior*, and the feeble limb of the tender infant, are alike nerveless and weak in the battle of death—that when a few more years at most are gone, *all, all* that now live and breathe will be *there*, then it is that the truth comes home to our minds, that here we have no abiding city. From the beginning death has been in the world. He wages a powerful *warfare* upon the children of men; and there is no discharge from that war—we must meet him at last. Sooner or later the rough lineaments of his grim visage will stare us in the face. This the world has seen; and from the moment the Divine sentence went forth, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,” the conflict has been going on. Death has conquered. Our fathers—where are they? Alas! they fell before the power of the destroyer, and their proud names are upon the list of the prisoners of death. And still the battle rages. Our fellows fall around us like forest leaves in autumn; and we know right well that when a few more years have passed, our heads will be laid low in the dust, the funeral knell of all that now live shall be sounded, and another generation shall follow us to die as we have died.

If a Brother dies, the members of our Order—when allowed so to do—attend his funeral, and inter him with proper honors, leaving the tear of sorrow at his loss, to moisten the earth that hides him from their sight.

The bereaved widow (if one he leaves) is paid a sum monthly, to enable her to live in circumstances becoming her previous condition.

If orphans are left, they, too, are provided for. They are clothed and fed, and educated; and the Lodge, as a tender father, rears them up as its own, and employs every available means to make them useful and respected members of society.

Thus it is that our funds are disposed of.

(Concluded next month.)

MANCHESTER UNITY.

AT the Salby anniversary of Odd-Fellows, where the Rev. Dr. Hook, of Leeds, preached, it was stated, after dinner, in his presence and with his concurrence, that the funds of the Order consisted of upwards of one million of money; the supposed income two hundred and thirty thousand pounds. The increase of members for the last year had been twenty-five thousand.

WHAT became of them after they crossed the Red sea?

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS:

*Constitution of the Encampment of Patriarchs, in the state of Maryland,
Consecrated July 6th, 1827.*

BY EN-HAKKORE.

BROTHER EDITOR:—Enclosed is a copy of the first Constitution of the first “Encampment of Patriarchs.” Its reprint in the *Gavel* may be interesting to your readers—I am sure it will be to the Patriarchal portion of them—as it will well illustrate the progress made in the economy of the higher branch of the Order. The following note appended on p. 51, of McGowan & Treadwell’s edition of the “Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States,” explains the time, manner and purpose of the establishment of Encampments:

“*Encampment of Patriarchs.*—Until the opening of this Encampment, the several degrees known now as the ‘Patriarchal Degrees,’ had been conferred only in the body of a Grand Lodge, or ‘District Committee,’ except the Golden Rule, which was given as a token of confidence, to scarlet degree members, in the M. U. The limitation of this branch of the Order to Past Grands being deemed onerous and unjust, on the 6th of May, 1827, a number of the members of the G. Lodge of Maryland held a meeting, and determined on applying to the Grand Lodge for a Charter, authorizing them to open an Encampment of Patriarchs, with power to confer the Patriarchal, Golden Rule, and Royal Purple Degrees on scarlet members in good standing. Whereupon, the G. L. of Maryland, on the 15th of the same month, granted their prayer on the payment of *forty dollars.* The following were duly installed into the several offices of the Encampment, on June 14th, 1827, to wit: John Boyd, *GP*; Thomas Wildey, *HP*; Thomas Scotchburn, *SW*; Richard Marley, *Scribe*; J. J. Roach, *JW*; and E. Wilson, *Guar.*

“The style by which this body was known for a long time, on the minutes of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, was ‘the Encampment Lodge.’ Its dispensation, however, denominates it ‘*The Encampment of Patriarchs*,’ by which it continued to distinguish itself, (except during a period of a few months when it styled itself ‘*Encampment, No. 1.*’) until the 24th August, 1832, at which time it adopted the title of ‘*Jerusalem Encampment, No. 1, I. O. O. F.*’ It held itself subordinate to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, paying to that body regular percentage on its receipts up to the January Session of 1832.”

It will be seen that in this, as in the subordinate branch, Maryland led the way, and the founder of the Order there, who was afterwards the first Grand Sire, was also the first H. P. If “brevity is the soul of wit,” there certainly is in this document as compared with those of recent date, a concentration of the “sparkling,” amounting to a rarity. I suppose, however, the Patriarchal primitives adopted it as the New Haven Colony adopted the “Bible Laws,” for their government—that was “until they could make better ones.”

PREAMBLE.

On the sixth day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and twenty-seven; Thomas Wildey, John Boyd, Thomas Scotchburn, John Roach, Ezekiel Wilson, John F. Exe, Thomas Chartres and Richard Marlay, Past Grands; being in good standing in their respective Lodges, and members of the Grand Lodge of the state of Maryland, met agreeably to previous appointment, to take into consideration the necessity of opening an Encampment of Patriarchs, in the state of Maryland, when after maturely weighing the great advantages that

must accrue to the Order, and the beneficial effects it must produce, by providing a sanctuary in which Odd Fellowship in all its purity may be found, and to which all worthy Odd Fellows may retire, (secure from the aspersions of the vicious,) for instruction and perfection in the sublime principles and precepts of the Order: they determined to petition the Grand Lodge of the state for a Charter, to enable them to carry their beneficial views into effect: their petition was presented, and their prayer granted by the Grand Lodge, who appointed the sixth day of July eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, for the opening and solemn consecration of the Encampment of Patriarchs, in the city of Baltimore, state of Maryland, which was done accordingly, and on the first day of May, A. D. 1828, was approved by the Grand Lodge of the United States. Therefore, to make this Encampment fully embrace the objects above stated, and bind its members more firmly together, do establish this

CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1st. This Encampment shall meet on the first Friday in every month, from the stated meeting in March, until September, at eight o'clock, and from the stated meeting in September, until March, at seven o'clock.

Art. 2d. The elective officers, shall be a Grand Patriarch, High Priest, Senior Warden, Scribe and Treasurer, to be elected by ballot, on the first Friday in July, annually; and of a Junior Warden, and Guardian, to be appointed by the Grand Patriarch, for one year.

Art. 3d. The officers shall be eligible to re-election and appointment, as often as the Encampment may think proper.

Art. 4th. All nominations for officers, must be made on the stated meeting preceding the election, by any member present, and on being seconded, after three times calling, shall be put to ballot, and a majority of the members present, shall be sufficient for a choice.

Art. 5th. Any brother who has taken all the degrees in a Subordinate Lodge, and is in good standing and clear of the books, may on application to the Encampment in writing, become a candidate for admission, when a committee of three shall be appointed, to investigate his character and standing in the Lodge to which he belongs, who shall report to the Encampment, after which they shall proceed to ballot, and if one black ball appear, and it shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Encampment, that it was not done through private malice, he shall not be admitted; and any member who shall disclose to any applicant, or to any person so that the same may be disclosed to any applicant, any report or statements that may be made on the character of any applicant, he shall pay for the first offence five dollars, for the second ten dollars, and for the third be suspended, at the discretion of the Encampment.

Art. 6th. Should any of the offices become vacant, by death, resignation, or any other cause, the Encampment shall on the next stated meeting, proceed to fill the vacancy in the same manner as at the annual election.

Art. 7th. Each member of this Encampment shall pay twenty-five cents per month, and every member who shall refuse or neglect to pay for three successive months, shall be excluded from all benefits of the Encampment.

Art. 8th. The officers shall be fined fifty cents, for every meeting they shall neglect to attend, (except the scribe, who shall pay a fine of one dollar,) and no excuse shall be taken, except sickness or absence from the city.

Art. 9th. The Grand Patriarch shall draw all orders on the treasurer for moneys, provided bills have been presented to, and approved by the Encampment for the same, said orders to be attested by the scribe.

Art. 10th. The treasurer shall pay no moneys, without an order signed by the Grand Patriarch, and attested by the scribe, he shall keep a correct account of all moneys received and paid by him, and shall have his books and vouchers before a committee, to be appointed by the Encampment, at the annual settlement, and on retiring from office, shall deliver to his successor, all moneys, books and papers, in his hands, within twelve days after leaving his office, under the penalty of five dollars for default.

Art. 11th. Honorary members may be admitted in this Encampment, but no brother who is an honorary member in a Subordinate Lodge, shall be admitted as a benefit member of the Encampment, and each honorary member shall pay twelve and a half cents, every time he visits the Encampment. It is however provided, that an honorary member shall not be eligible to any office in the Encampment.

Art. 12th. No member shall leave the Encampment, without the consent of the Grand Patriarch, and pass-word from the Senior Warden.

Art. 13th. By-Laws may be passed for the government of the Encampment, provided they accord with this Constitution.

Art. 14th. Any proposition to alter or amend this Constitution, must be presented in writing, at a stated meeting, receive its first reading at the next stated meeting, its second reading at the next succeeding stated meeting, and at the third stated meeting, may become a part of this instrument, by the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

Without the powerful agency of the blessed Spirit, to enlighten our understandings, and to apply the doctrines of the Bible to our hearts, we shall be, even with the word of light and life in our hand, somewhat like blind Bartemæus setting amidst the beams of day : or like the withered arm with invaluable treasures before it.—*Independent Odd-Fellow.*

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permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke.

So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth,—as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquilized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz;—for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the Chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired “in what part of Galway Ireland lay?”

After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and preparing everything for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers: the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll, threatened by the storm. The Pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, ha-

preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire, which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch ? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed ; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favored the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's; after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see ; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate ; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected ; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description.

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers : and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character.

This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society ; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection.

But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which

every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as *his*,—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humorsome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Everything betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion,—and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez! for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation; and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez,—so little capable of concealment,—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom,—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness, or the condition of a still accountable creature.

On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burrying his dagger a hundred times,

with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with Satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him,—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand.

Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness,—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death.

Meantime the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he was nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands.

We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when at break of day Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—but the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out,—and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal.

At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unfaltering voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you: your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it."

While he spoke these words he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided as if stunned to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

WE are sorry to learn that Damascus Encampment, No. 9, at Smithfield has surrendered her charter to the Grand Encampment of Virginia.—*Independent Odd-Fellow,*

EDITOR'S TABLE.



JANUS-DAY.

TAKE up thy cloak about thee, mortal, and gather in thy garments snug upon thy flesh ; for January is here, with his cold frosty fingers, that shall pinch thee hard, and make thee shudder many an hour in his winds and snows, if indeed he pinch thee not with woe and want. He hangs his black storms up in the blue heavens over thy head—locks up the earth under thy feet—and cries out after thee in the night wind, or sits in the brave tops of the oaks to sing the dirge of the year, and whistles his tune to the dance of the storms. Thou has seen how remorseless December puffed his blasts and frosts in the wrinkled face of the decreped old year—no respecter of age are these winter months ; and January is the heart of them, to which thou wilt appeal in vain for warm beams and breezes, though thou hast not bread and clothes. He says to thee, look to *Spring* and *Summer* and *Autumn*, if they provide not, nor shall I : I have but one garment, my mantle of snow, which I throw over the dead, naked year ; and as for food—work in summer or die. Small sympathy a poor shivering mortal finds with this January ; as well may he knock for charity on the ice bound river, or smite turbid ocean.

January is a name given by the Romans, from their god *Janus*, which had two faces—so they said the first day of this month had two faces, one that looks towards the new year, and the other upon the old. And though every body dislikes two faces on one body, and though ministers preach against this two-facedness, and philosophers write against it, and poets sing against it, yet almost every body will sing, and dance, and run round among their friends on this *Janus-day*. In France the *bon bons* and *cornets* make the urchins merrily hop and skip from the first peep of dawn almost until dawn peeps again, on this first day of January. Young men and maidens, with their blue eyes and their black eyes full of sweet smiles, go out to the shops and stands of the *Grisettes* to buy little gold ornamented boxes and baskets for their lovers ; and old men and women creep into the parlors to tell for the ten thousandth time their courtships, and youthful pranks on *Janus-day*. Almost all over the world this is a merry making day—a carnival of smiles and kisses and warm delight in the middle of the gloom of winter. Mr. Hutchinson in his “History of Northumberland” has given us an amusing description of the festivals of *Janus-day* among his countrymen in his time. On a day of festivity, mirth is excited by a rustic masquerading and playing tricks in disguise ; the hide of the ox slain for the winter cheer,

is often put on, and the person thus attired attempts to show the character of the devil, by every horrible device in his power. This was a truly amiable sport for the two-faced day of the year: but the historian does not inform us whether they wished each other a happy new year while the devil was after them in the ox hide. We confess that we prefer the French kind of festival; where the heart and face too no doubt appear in masquerade also, but then it is friendship and love that are represented. But all these poor matters aside—masquerades, bon bons, frolics and all—the Editor sends out to his good readers a hearty Odd Fellows greeting in *Friendship, Love and Truth* a HAPPY NEW YEAR to the Brethren.



THE HOLIDAYS.

At this season of the year when plenty has crowned the industrious toiler with a full harvest; when all is gathered for the winter, and each cranny has been chinked to keep out its chill, who does not feel that the stripping of the green clothing from the trees and the herbage, and the sweeping away of the fragrant flowers; the withdrawal of the balmy zephyrs that distil warmth through the veins, and delightful aroma from a thousand blossoms to the senses; who does not feel when instead of these, the wintry blast is spreading his refracting carpet, and man is driven to a closer companionship with his kind, that then is a fitting season to call together his household, and rendering thanks for the many blessings he is enjoying, make glad the hearts of his people in the indulgence of a relaxation from their toil, and a feast upon the sweets they have garnered? It seems but a pleasant introduction of a company at the commencement of a winter's journey, the which will more likely be enjoyed from its happy beginning, engendering in each bosom a desire to continue to its end the pleasures thus awakened.

Who can conceive of a rarer felicity than must be enjoyed when there is gathered together, in good old Yankee style, the scattered family on "Thanksgiving day." The frosty haired Sire, the Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, the Grand-mother and Grand-child, all gathered to greet each other, to renew their love, to give God thanks, and share their joys in a happy feast. And where the heart but joys at such an exhibition and has a feeling of honest pride that such is an American institution? It does not beat in an Odd Fellow's breast surely.

The benevolent and humane, ever thoughtful for the poor, whom "ye have always with you," now cast their alms abroad, and devise the means to ward off menacing want. Societies are formed, and delicate fingers are industriously plying the busy needle in behalf of the poorly clad, and anon dispensing a thousand blessings upon those who can but receive the lesser happiness involved in the act: for she that bears the proud consciousness of having relieved a sister's want,

or of having turned aside a threatened pang, wears a joy more unalloyed than falls to any recipient of her care. 'Tis a holy act that blesses both the giver and the receiver, but most who doth bestow. To such purposes do we at this season behold the numerous "Ladies' Fairs." Here by concentrating their efforts do we find great varieties of the pleasing and useful articles, the product of industrious hands, working under the prompting of that charity "that never faileth,"—and it adds another charm to the blessed act, by winning a smile from the fair devotee who sells you the toy you select from her assortment, as you involuntarily drop a praise for her taste and ingenuity there displayed.

Merry Christmas too, bringing its joys to the children of lesser growth, is the time to reward the good behavior of each expectant urchin, through the agency of that kind dispenser of all such pleasures—"Old Santa Claus." And when so cheaply it is done who will not purchase a child's happiness, and perchance his love, by filling his "stocking" on that his Holiday?

Anniversaries are a sort of mile-post on the journey of life, reminding the traveler of the stage of his progress. But Holidays are the pleasant resting places, where the scenery and the luxuries of the great highway are most enjoyed. They are the posting places from whence we date and send off our notes of the progress of this earthly jaunt, and they tarry longest in our pleasant recollections. The New Year like a central termination of many divergent paths, brings together again the yearly wanderers with the happy greetings and happy wishes of all. 'Tis then that acquaintances are renewed, when each, like the merchant, takes his account of stock, and brings from the quiet retreat many a valued parcel, for a season obscured by the more obtrusive but of less intrinsic worth. 'Tis then that man asks himself who are his friends: who has he neglected, and to whom can he make amends? He goes abroad and greets even those he has before passed in coldness, with the happy wish, and the smile of good will, that proclaims his better nature and desire to forget the indifference or icy feelings of unfounded prejudice and dislike. 'Tis a sort of muster-day when friendships regiment is reviewed and a tear dropped to the memory of those whose names the Great Commander has stricken from the service of earthly duty. Who shall say that Holidays have not their chastening influences upon all right minds. They are blessed in their uses as in their origin, for the Lord rested from his labor and beheld his work that it was good.—B. C. T.



Perhaps it is not generally known to our readers that Bro. J. D. W. WHEMPLE has taken the prizes at the Fairs and Mechanics' Institutes, for a number of years past, for the manufacture of the most elegant and highly finished Sleighs and Carriages; that such is the fact, numerous diplomas and medals will bear ample testimony. Bro. W.'s place of business is at No. 42, Division street.

CORRESPONDENCE.



ANNUAL MEETING OF St. PAUL'S LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F.

SCHENECTADY, December 16, 1844.

JOHN TANNER,—Sir and Brother—

The First Annual Meeting of St. Paul's Lodge, took place December 11, 1844, at their lodge room, at which time the report of the year's Work was presented and accepted, which was as follows :

Receipts,

Initiation,	- - - -	\$236 00
Degrees,	- - -	83 75
Deposit of Card,	- - -	4 00
Weekly Dues,	- - -	81 84 $\frac{1}{4}$
Widows' and Orphans' Fund,	-	24 18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Donation from P.C.P. Peter Rowe,	-	20 00
		\$449 78

Expenditures,

Benefits,	- - - -	\$38 00
Relief of a distressed brother,	- -	3 00
Years' expenses of Lodge,	-	199 92 $\frac{1}{4}$
		\$240 92 $\frac{1}{4}$

Balance for the Year, - - - - \$208 75 $\frac{1}{2}$

After which an address was delivered by P.G. John Bt. Clute, on the cause of the separation of the founders of St. Paul's Lodge from Mohawk Valley Lodge—the encouragement met with since their formation—the necessity of unity and mutual effort in the great work of the Order—the amount of benefit the world had already received and what might be expected by the universal spread of its principles—the temporal benefits conferred by other associations and that of the Order compared—the funeral of an Odd Fellow, &c.

After which a call was made, by resolution, that the address be presented to the editor of the "Gavel" for publication. Br. Clute, in reply, stated that the address was made from the inspiration of the occasion, and that it would be difficult for him to give it to the world, not having a line written—a call of this kind being perfectly unexpected. The Committee therefore hope that their brethren of St. Paul's, and those present from neighboring Lodges, will not feel disappointed in seeing the report unaccompanied by the address.

JOHN Br. CLUTE, P.G., } Com. } WILLIAM LAMEY, P.G.,
PETER ROWE, P.C.P., } J. L. VAN INGEN, V.G.

THE ORDER IN MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Michigan, December 3, 1844.

P. G. JOHN TANNER,—Brother—

I herewith forward you the names of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, for publication in the Gavel. As our Grand Lodge was but recently organized it may perhaps prove interesting to some of your readers:

WILLIAM DUANE WILSON, of Detroit, MWGM,
 WILLIAM N. CHOATE, of Jackson, RWDGM,
 BENJAMIN F. HALL, of Detroit, RWGW,
 ADRIAN R. TERRY, of Detroit, RWG Secretary,
 JOHN ROBINSON, jr., of Detroit, RWG Treasurer,
 JOSHUA R. SMITH, of Detroit, RWG Chaplain,
 Ex. Gov. J. WRIGHT GORDON, of Marshall, RWG Marshal,
 JOHN BACON, of Pontiac, RWG Guardian,
 HARTFORD JOY, of Detroit, RWG Conductor.

Yours in F. L. & T.

MICHIGAN.

ALBANY, December 17, 1844.

DEAR GAVEL—

In your last number you marked down the *Green* Mountain state as the only *dark* spot in our land, that the rays of Odd Fellowship had not as yet illumined. Wait a bit, my dear sir, there is a *spec in the East*, and though, as yet, “it is not larger than a man’s hand,” it gives much promise: ☐ Arrangements are now going on for the establishment of that *triune* glory of Friendship, Love and Truth, upon her soil, and in the hands of the intelligent, warm-hearted sons of that state, it would be no wonder if the old adage was exemplified again in our Order, that the youngest child is the *smartest darling*. Already some “Brothers,” are fixing it for Burlington. And they wo’t stop there. God speed ‘em, say I. Give us your had on that.

Yours,
 N. Y. G. R. No. 2.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—John Tanner, CP; V. B. Lockrow HP; C. Brooks, SW; C. Holt, Scribe; A. Heyer Brown, Treas; R. H. Pruyne, JW.
PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41.—E. J. Moseley, NG; W. C. Haskell, VG; Charles P. Page, Secretary; Thomas Johns, Treas.

Married,

By Justice Garret Smith, on the 12th ult., Brother H. D. CURRAN, of Firemans Lodge No. 19, and ELIZABETH, daughter of David Worth, of Watervliet.

THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, FEBRUARY, 1845.

NO. 6.

Written for the Gavel.

CLAUD HAMILTON.

BY DR. R. M'FARLAND.

CHAPTER ONE.

MARY STEWART, Queen of Scots—at the mention of that name, how the heart thrills, as touched by the mournful melody of by-gone days. How happy were the days of her youth—how full of woe the many long years of her weary captivity—how cruel her death, as the hand that shed her blood was her cousin, her friend.

Educated in France, she was married at an early age to the heir of the throne; but an early grave severed the tie which bound her to the land of Martel, and at the request of her nobles she left the land of her first love, and the beloved scenes of her infancy, to assume the crown of her father and the government of Scotland's rude peers.

As the vessel was fast leaving the vine-clad hills of sunny France in the distance, she sat upon the deck with her eyes fixed upon the shore, until the last blue outline had entirely faded from her vision; it was then that sadness, deeply foreboding of the future, sunk deep into her soul, and she exclaimed, “farewell France; lovely, lovely France, I will see thee no more.”

No period could be more unfortunate for Mary than the one in which she became Queen of Scotland. A catholic herself, the most of her subjects had become presbyterians, and the regency of her mother, (who had banished the intrepid Knox to the galleys of France,) had left no favorable impression on the hearts of those who still remembered the cruel death of the good George Wishart, and who wept at the fate of the venerable Mills.

Yet at the beginning of Mary's reign, every thing appeared to promise peace, long life, and happiness. Possessed of rare beauty and winning manners, she charmed the most stern baron with her smile, and in the desire to please their young sovereign, her religion was forgotten as having been the scourge of her country, and Holyrood palace again swarmed with priest and palmer, as ostentatiously as in the days of her bigoted mother. The deep convulsion of the reform-

ation, seemed for a time to have been buried in forgetfulness, and the power of Mary's beauty seemed to sway the hearts and feelings of her subjects to her every purpose. Feasting, gaiety, and pleasure had taken the place of the stern and simple attention to presbyterian worship, and the palace was nightly the scene of ball and masquerade, the sure accompaniments of sin and licentiousness. Married to the handsomest man of her court, she also over his weak mind exercised complete control, and at this period of her life, it truly might be said in the language of Burns,

" How lightly rose she in the morn,
As blith lay down at e'en."

But amid all this outward show of happiness, a sword, like that of the courtier of Dyonisius, was suspended over her neck by a single horse hair. Fond of music, she had admitted a low Italian, who was an accomplished performer on the violin, to exercise too much court power, by the employment of a number of his countrymen, as mean as himself, a practice which had hurled one of Mary's forefathers from his throne, and prepared for him a bloody winding sheet.

And there was one, too, whose voice often broke upon the corruptions and festivities of court like claps of thunder. John Knox had felt the bitter persecution of the house of Guise, and neither the flattery of their royal descendant, nor the gold of France, could bend him one straw breadth from the line of his duty ; openly and fearlessly he preached in the very lion's den, against the corruptions of the court ; he was no secret declaimer, but honest, open, stern and unyielding ; of him it truly has been said " he never feared the face of man."

The murder of Rizzio, the Queen's musician, by the famous Ruthven, who rose from a sick bed to plunge his dagger into the heart of the parasite, was the flash of the cannon before the rolling sound of the discharge.

Then came the sickness and awful end of Darnly, and Mary's subsequent marriage with Bothwell, the principal actor in the bloody drama, confirmed the strong suspicions, that there was blood on the hand of Mary Stewart, and that blood, was her husband's. It was then that civil war burst forth in all its demon fury, with all its cruel carnage.

At this period the chief of the protestant faction was James Murray, the half-brother of Mary, a man of great civil and military qualities. He had broke the power of the great Huntly in battle, and in the cabinet he was a match for all Mary's adherents banded together. Had there not been a bend in his crest he would have adorned the crown of Bruce more than any of the Stewarts. By the energy of his character, he soon dispersed the followers of his sister, and confined her a prisoner to the lonely castle of Lochleven, where instead of the witching strains of Italian music, or the melting tones of Scottish melody, she heard only the dashing of the wave on the castle wall, or the scream of the mew as it fleeted o'er the battlements of her dreary prison.

From her lonely confinement Mary was at last relieved by the power of her flattery and the spell of her charms. George Douglass, her young keeper, was won to her purpose, and he ferried her from her island prison-house to the shore, where her friends, prepared for the event, were awaiting her arrival. In a few days she was at the head of a powerful army of the Hamiltons, who resolved to place their royal mistress in a place of full security. For this purpose they marched from Hamilton for Dumbarton Castle, a strong fort, which had defied the discipline of the Roman Legions and shattered the power of the Sea Kings of the north. Aware of their intentions, earl Murray rapidly, with a few followers, marched into their line of march, and encamped on Langside hill. Early on the morning Mary from Cathcart beheld the road of her march glittering with the squadrons of the Regent; no ways daunted by this sight, the chivalry of the Hamiltons pushed on to the encounter, furious was their onset and fierce was the fire of their charge, and the ranks of Murray began to bend before the steel-clad warriors of Hamilton; it was at this critical juncture, that five hundred of the Arochar Highlanders, led by Duncan Dhue, burst between the opposing horsemen, and with sword and buckler soon decided the battle by close combat. Mary from a hill near Cathcart, (seven trees still mark the place where she stood,) beheld the battle, and when she saw the MacPharland Highlanders with their long hair streaming over their shoulders, hewing down her gallant adherents, she was seized with a panic and fled in haste to the strong castle of Rutherglen. Here she only halted to change her horse, wearied with the deep mire of Ruglen Moor. From this she ascended the wilds of Strath Avon, and never stopped until she was fifty miles from the field of battle.

Soon after this event she, by the hopes held out to her by Elizabeth, left Scotland, alas! never to return!

For nineteen years she was a lonely prisoner, and at the end of that period her head rolled from the scaffold, as if she had been a common malefactor. In adversity and at death she exhibited that losty courage for which her family has become so remarkable, and which has led to the trite observation, that "in prosperity, the Stewarts were mountebanks, in adversity stoical philosophers."

It is an eternal stain upon the character of Elizabeth that she duped Mary into her power; for although Mary's conduct had warranted the assertion of being a second Cleopatra, yet she was an exile from her own country, she had thrown herself upon the protection of England's Queen in her distress; but woman's heart, so soft and tender in general, in the case of politic Elizabeth, was harder than the nether millstone. For the great sufferings of Mary Stewart in her last years the historian in pity draws a veil over her former life, and weeps with her venerable confessor at her last words, as telling of a long, long line of sorrows, "weep not for me, good Melville, this day thou shalt see Mary Stewart delivered from all her woes."

CHAPTER TWO.

But the fall of Mary was the cause of sorrow and suffering, to more than her own self.

Claud Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, had thrown himself after the battle of Langside, into the castle of Rutherglen, and maintained so gallant a defence, that for long the victorious arms of Murray were arrested, and when it was no longer tenable, he cut his way with his few followers, sword in hand, through his enemies, and escaped to the hills of Cathkin. Murray was so exasperated at the defence, that he razed the castle to its foundations, confiscated the estate of Bothwellhaugh and bestowed Woodhouselec, the patrimony of Hamilton's wife, upon one of his officers, named Chisholm, a fierce and cruel man, who turned Marion Hamilton out of the home of her fathers, amid a severe winter storm.

The snow was drifting in wreaths around the wilds of Roslin. Old Edith, of Woodhouse brae, was rubbing her hands and gazing upon the bright turf fire, and ever and anon as the shutters of their cottage flapped and the blast whistled fearfully around their dwelling, she would utter in the singleness of her heart, "God help the wanderer and the friendless poor, who have no shelter, this dreary night." A blast more fearful than all that had preceded it, made the cottage tremble, and threatened to strew each rude stone of its walls upon the moor. At last it began to die away, its moanings were fading upon the ear, when starting up from her stone seat by the fire, Edith said to her two sons, "that was surely Birkie's bark that I heard, and there it is again, there must be something the matter; rise up, Andrew and Kenneth, light a torch, some poor being may have lost their way, and in such an awful night as this. Oh, oh, I mind when Malcolm Monteith lost his way in the Moor, it was just such a night as this, him and his young wife. They were found locked in each others arms in the glen when spring came, the wild daisies were blooming beneath them. God help me, he was my own brother's son. But do not be longsome my sons, we do not know but some poor being may be in distress and ready to perish."

Guided by the bark of their faithful dog, Edith's sons soon came to a spot, where by the light of their torch, they beheld a beautiful female sunk in the snow wreath, her pale arms rivaling the snow in whiteness, had no covering from the gale, and her golden ringlets were waving in the wind or buried in the snows. With that instinctive humanity so peculiar to sheep dogs, it was evident that poor Birkie, by laying close to her bosom, had endeavored to restore warmth to the cold frame of the poor lost one, who had now, to all appearance, bid farewell to time forever. It took no second thought for Andrew and Kenneth how to act, for wrapping her in their plaids they bore her swiftly home to their cottage. Edith was saved all interrogation by her oldest son saying,

"Mother, here is a poor lost one, and I am afraid that her soul has gone to the presence of her Maker, and we will never be able to tell

the name of the poor wanderer who perished on Roslin wilds this terrible night."

Edith was no one to be paralyzed by startling news, she had lived in, troublesome times and seen strange events. They laid her on Edith's own soft bed, and Edith was a kind nurse, but—"God preserve me," she exclaimed, "what do I see? my eyes cannot be mistaken!—my own young lady, Holy Mary it is too true; often have I carried her in my arms, and here too is the strange jewel, that bold Claud Hamilton put around her neck the day of her marriage. Oh, they were a noble pair, but now he is hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and here is his beautiful Marion. Oh, my Father, may it not be death."

If ever effort was made to restore warmth and life, it was made by the kind hearted Edith, and the movement of the lips and heaving of the bosom, blessed with joy the exertions of so good a friend by the hope, that life not yet extinct, might yet revive to bless and be a blessing. At this moment the trampling of a horse's hoofs at the door arrested their attention, and a tall powerful man entered their cottage, requesting a seat by the fire and shelter for his steed. Andrew surveyed the stranger for a moment, his sable locks clustered thick upon his shoulders, lofty his pale brow and powerful his frame; beneath his cloak he wore a glittering steel Quirass, sword and dagger were at his side, a matchlock slung over his shoulder, he appeared to be a man who lived in and was prepared for danger. A fearful man for a foe, as noble for a friend. Despite of his haggard countenance, Andrew could not mistake the once powerful Claud Hamilton. All that we have, Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, is at your command, we are not the people to forget those that were once kind to us."

"Thank you, Andrew, thank you; the times have changed many a one, but Andrew you were always trusty, kind and honest; your simple kindness in the hour of adversity, when powerful friends have forsaken, and powerful foes have pursued, will not easily be forgotten. But tell me have you seen the Red Chisholm with Murray's troopers pass last evening to Woodhouselee?"

Edith, from her room, heard and knew the voice, and before Andrew could answer she stood before him. "Claud Hamilton," she said, "I am both glad and sorry to see you, I heard your question; I saw the cruel, dark hearted Chisholm and forty troopers, pass down to Woodhouse just before dark, and God knows how you will betide the news."

Hamilton quivered at her words, and said, "tell me the worst, Edith, tell me the worst, suspense is despair."

"Come this way," she said, "and you will know all."

Bothwellhaugh, who thought only of some dark tale, was thunderstruck, when Edith pointed to the lowly couch, where laid his beautiful Marion, the wife of his bosom, the beloved of his heart, soon, alas! to bid farewell to earth and him forever. It did not require the husband's eye and the heart of love to need a second look; spring-

ing forward, he clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, " Marion, my own, my beloved Marion, is it you, and thus!"

Then how the strong man was bowed, and the stern heart that feared nothing but fear, softened. He bathed her hand with his tears and his full heart seemed as if it would burst. He thought upon the sweet hours in the woods of Roslin, and her who was the apple of his eye in all her maiden beauty ; now she was before him unconscious of the present and shortly to be unconscious of all " earth or earth's things." Bright is the flash of the taper, when burned to its socket, before it sinks into darkness. So human life may well be compared to the " languishing lamp that but flashes to die." Often indeed, have minds that have been overclouded, just before death, become suddenly clear, and the soul, treading on the confines of eternity, has often revealed truly prophetic visions of the future, as if at that period it was gazing on the boundless ocean before it, and saw the coming events of time, looming up upon the heaving waves of its immeasurable circumference.

So it was in the case of Claud Hamilton's Marion. He was sitting with her hand in his, listening to the tale of Edith, when suddenly he felt his hand pressed, one deep sigh, and opening her dark blue eyes, she gazed steadily on his face for a moment and faintly uttered : " Oh, Claud, is it you ? oh it was a fearful picture. I saw the crowd around the crafty Murray, his bloodhounds pursued you Claud, but you escaped ; yes, Claud, it was a fearful sight ; there was the bloody Chisholm, too, who drove me from Woodhouselee, the sweet place where I first saw you, Claud ; but he fell, I saw his blood upon the rock—thou wert the avenger, Claud ; but oh, lay your hand here Claud,"—and laying his hand upon her heart, it suddenly fluttered, like the dove struck by the bolt of the fowler, and sunk to rest forever. Who could describe the anguish of that stern man ?—we will not attempt it. The soul connected to another world, has feelings and sensations, in which at the trying moment, the most forcible language of description is silence. Let the reader reflect.

It was a strange providence that brought Hamilton, who had been hunted for his life, at that very particular period to Woodhouse brae, to hear the last words of his beloved wife—to see extinguished the light which had often illumined his dreary cavern on the mountain, and softened his hard bed upon the flinty rock. His cup of sorrow was now full, and there he drank the dregs of its gall and wormwood. With a brain on fire he bent over his beloved wife, and with her hand pressed in his, he swore on his naked dagger, that through every moment of his life he would dog the dark Murray for revenge, as the bloodhound tracks his prey. And fiercely well did he keep his vow !

At the dead hour of the following night, he secretly laid his beloved Marion in the tomb of her fathers. In death at least she slept not with strangers—the last of an ancient house mingled with the dust of her noble sires. But as they stealthily passed the home of her youth

and heard the revel of the troopers in the Hall, saw the lights gleaming in the windows, and their shadows on the wall, Bothwellhaugh took the matchlock from his shoulder, and braced himself to send death among his foes, but pausing he replaced the piece, muttering : “mine is no mean revenge, I will strike at the root of the tree.”

All Scotland had submitted to the victorious arms of the Regent, he swayed the sceptre in the name of his royal nephew, James VI, and on the tide of popular success, he might have looked forward to the enjoyment of his triumphs, but in the midst of his prosperity the bullet was missioned, that for the cruelty of one of his emissaries, so foreign from his own heart, was to strike him to the dust.

Bright was the day when the Regent was to pass through royal Linlithgow, and young and old assembled to do him honor, and there was one who joyed more at the journeay of Murray than all the populace of the town. Claud Hamilton, concealed in the house of his uncle the Bishop, gloated over the moment when he would drink his draught of revenge in the death of his persecutor. A cheer is heard upon the breeze, another and another, and the crowd came waving down, all eager to see the wonderful man who had struck his sister from her throne and destroyed the power of her mighty adherents. Ah, little did Murray think at that moment, as he drank the applause of the multitude, that a few seconds more and he would appear before the bar of the great Jehovah, who has pronounced the doom of those who love the praise of men rather than the praise of God.

Behind a darkened window, with his matchlock in his steady hand, stood Claud Hamilton, his eye like a ball of fire was fixed on one object of the moving mass before him ; thousands are there—he sees but one. On they come, nearer and nearer—a flash !—a report ! and the Regent in the pomp and applause of his worldly glory is stretched beneath the hoofs of his courser, a dead man. Hamilton gazed with savage joy as he saw his foe fall, and shouting “So falls the murderer of my Marion,” he sprang down stairs, leapt into the saddle of his fleet steed, and bounded forth to escape the fury of his foes, who had already burst through the barricaded doors of the mansion and were fast on his track. Oh, Claud Hamilton, if ever thy fleet courser has carried you safely through danger, never had you more need of his swiftness than now. Twenty chosen troopers pursue the fugitive ! Away they dash—five are left behind—now ten fail in the chase ; but woe betide thee Bothwellhaugh, five furious foes are yet behind. Nearer, and nearer, ah, St. Andrew, revenge is surely stronger than fear. Down, down, they come upon him like eagles on their prey. Before them is the deep ravine of Calder ; death is there on its shelving crags to Hamilton, or behind from the blades of his foes. Yet forward they fly, he is on the brink, he hears the loud roaring of its dark waters—bright flashes his dagger in the sun-beam—down it comes in the flank of his noble grey ; like a rocket bounding, o'er the deep chasm he sprung. Well done, gallant steed, thy intrepid rider is thrown far over thy head, but thou hast saved his life.

The desperatefeat of Hamilton, was indeed his salvation, but exhausted and wounded, his horse staggered and fell backwards, dashed to pieces on the rocks below. His pursuers wonder-struck at the terrible leap, had reigned in and stood motionless gazing on the scene before them. Hamilton was out of their grasp. From the opposite brink he eyed his bloody foes, and there was one there that made his blood boil. The red Chisholm, his old and mortal foe had been the foremost of his pursuers; a moment and the ball was in Hamilton's trusty musket, and standing up upon an overhanging cleft, he shouted to his enemy, "Bernard Chisholm, Bernard Chisholm, *remember Woodhouselee!*" Chisholm had but heard his words e'er the bullet reached his heart; his blood watered the rock, and falling down he was dashed to pieces like the noble animal that had saved the life of bold Claud Hamilton, and there they lay, the cruel man—the nobler brute. Hamilton had drank the cup of his sorrows to the dregs, he now quaffed the cup of his revenge to the bottom; his Marion's vision was fulfilled, but the bark that bore him o'er the billows, told that he was still a fugitive and an exile from his native land.

Albany, Jan., 1845.

Written for the Gavel.

THE ARABIAN BANDIT'S SONG.

BY C. C. BURR.

On threat'ning rocks that madly scowl
Terrific o'er abysses grey,
Where blasted demons dream or howl,
I fearless tread my midnight way.

Where hellish night around expands,
Through vaulted darkness like the tomb,
I wildly stretch my groping hands
That seem to clutch sepulchrous gloom.

Alone I tread the desert bed,
Pursuing still the guileless band,
Which on before the night had fled,
Or weary sunk upon the sand.

I plunge in darkness, like a bird
That swims a circumambient sea,
When nought but fatal storms are heard,
Affrighting all the world but me.

My music is the shrieking owl,
Which dreads approach of morning light;
I feed upon hyena's howl,
And nurse the flabby breast of night.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP:

An Address delivered before the Independent Order of Odd Fellows at Montreal, on Wednesday evening, 20th November, 1844.

BY REV. BRO. ALBERT CASE.

(Concluded.)

THE Odd Fellow knows that by some reverse of fortune he may be deprived of his earthly treasure ; he looks upon his wife and his little ones, dear to him as the apple of his eye ; he sees his own image reflected in his darling boy, and remembers that his own blood frolics in his veins, and the thought comes home—"I may be taken, and leave these dear ones alone—no, not alone, for I have laid up my pennies, a small sum, and other Brethren have laid up more, and we have bound ourselves to cherish and protect the widow and the orphan. The Lodge shall be a comforter of her I leave, and a father to my children, when these arms are powerless and this voice is hushed in death. Then shall my Brethren manifest that spirit which long since spake in notes such as angels use—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

I tell you, friends, that this conviction has been joyous to many an Odd Fellow, as he looked for the last time on his little family circle, and bid them a long adieu. I tell you that many a fond mother in the loneliness of widowhood, around whom and her helpless babes, the shield of the Order has been thrown, has blessed the day that he who received her in her youth and beauty, and swore upon the altar of God to love and protect her while he lived, I say she has thanked God that he was an Odd Fellow.

She knows, too, that if she should follow him, Odd Fellowship will save her children from the threatening storm,—guide them in the way of truth and wisdom, and thus lay the foundation for their respectability and usefulness in after life. I know of one Grand Lodge which now has under its care more than 200 orphan children, who are fed, clothed, and educated from the funds, and no Brother feels the poorer for it. I saw them in carriages as they composed part of a long procession in the city of Baltimore, and the sight was sufficient to cause the tear of joy to flow from the eyes of a crowd as they passed. "Ah!" said some, "here is a convincing argument in favor of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Those children, fatherless and pennyless, saved from temptation, penury, and want, snatched perhaps from the very jaws of destruction, and trained to virtue and usefulness." The argument is sufficient wherever it is known ; and Odd Fellowship is approved by the wise and good.

I have now told you how we dispose of our funds. We do not squander them in convivial parties at the festive board ; we allow no part or tittle of them to be expended to furnish the Lodge with indulgences such as bacchanalians use, but we cause them to go out in

such channels as you all approve, and more than \$70,000 have been thus sent out to relieve and support during the past year.

Our funds are given for specific objects; and they are sacred to those objects.

And here I may be asked, why may not your charities be applied for the relief of all the community? Why confine them to the Fraternity? Our charities, I do most religiously believe, are as universal as those of other people; but our benefits to the Brethren and their families are not charities, they are dues, and to be paid from our Lodge funds. But we should not be required to give those funds to every body. By observing the rules of life prescribed by Odd Fellowship, we shall be honest, frugal, temperate, and industrious, and thereby be most likely to secure enough to enable us to be as charitable as others, aside from our dues to the Lodge. And if I mistake not, Odd Fellows are generally as charitable and public spirited as any members of the community, and give as much for relief to every object of charity as their neighbors do, and that from their own private funds.

We associate for mutual benefit, we reserve our funds for those who have aided to fill the Lodge coffers, and we must be enabled to recognize such when they come from a distance, and for this reason we enjoin our secret, that only Odd Fellows may be enabled to obtain from that fund. We make known our principles, we invite those of good moral character to unite with us, and we beg you allow us to have enough of secrecy to save us from imposition. But Odd Fellowship has a moral as well as a beneficial power. The lessons it inculcates lead men to the practice of all good deeds. While it teaches brotherly love, relief, and truth, it enforces that charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," which is the "bond of perfectness"—the cement of human existence—the chain that binds heart to heart, and whose influence affects the great whole, gladdens the heart of angels and of men, and lights up the realms of glory with unclouded effulgence. Odd Fellowship has been rightly esteemed for its charity to the poor and distressed; but I tell you that the principle has a moral power. Our work is not well done until we exercise the reforming power of benevolence or charity in connection with its power to relieve.

There is joy in the consciousness that we have given relief to the needy, the sorrow-stricken, and the fatherless.

"He who hath soothed the widow's woe,
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven!"

Our charity or benevolence consists not alone in giving alms: it has a power to improve the moral as well as to support the animal nature; it involves the doing all we can for our fellow-beings. Under its influence we endeavor to protect the good name of our Fellow—to bear with his failings—to reach out the hand and lead him from

his sin, and to rejoice with him when he emerges from the mirky pit of iniquity, and puts on the robe of virtue. We are not to have the spirit of the boasting Pharisee when we see a Brother of the Order, or any child of humanity, falter and fall, and wish to sink him lower in crime and misery. We are not, then, to fold our robes about us and say, stand by, "*I am holier than thou,*" but to cherish that heaven-born spirit, which cried—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We watch over our Brethren, not for their halting that they may stumble, but that we may warn them of sin, the great foe to man's happiness, and encourage them to live in accordance with our declared principles. And while we obey the injunctions of Odd Fellowship, we not only improve ourselves—we exert an influence over others; and that influence will, ere long, we trust, operate upon all with whom we associate.

Our rules require us to be dutiful subjects of the Government under which we live,—to obey its laws: and any kingdom or nation desirous of having its laws respected, of having good subjects and good citizens, may be truly thankful to have Odd Fellowship prevail and exert its salutary influence there. We allow no political or immoral sentiment to be "held or uttered" in Lodge—is a truth "which nobody can deny." Brethren of different parties in politics—different sects in religion, assemble around our altars as brethren of one common Father—God, and find a safe retreat from the contentions—the jars and strifes of the outer world. I have often met Brothers in Lodge after the strife and confusion of a political day; a day in which a beholder would suppose every man's hand was against his neighbor—when parties were in open hostility to each other, and apparently ready to devour,—I say I have met them of all parties in Lodge on the evening of that day—their hostility and strife banished, and the warm and gentle greeting of Brothers was hearty and sincere.

Tell us not that ours is a political society, formed for the political advancement of its members. It is not so. We deny any such charge; and if you are not satisfied with that, then go out and examine the political views of our Fraternity. You will find that we are not all agreed in politics, but you may be assured that as Odd Fellows we require no political test, savoring more of party than this—that we will be true to our Government, obedient to its laws, and moral citizens.

In the religious world, too, sects and parties are formed, and the contention is often bitter and severe. But around our altars no such feelings are indulged. All who "believe in God, the Creator of all things,—*the Father*,—and acknowledge and honor him as God,"—while they would live to God and for humanity, of whatever kindred or tongue, may become votaries at the altar of Odd Fellowship.

Thus do we cherish a spirit of broad benevolence—of brotherly kindness; and thus we link ourselves together by a principle of "*Friendship*," that is more than a name; by *Love*, which emanat-

ing from heaven is pure and lasting; and a *Truth*, which, engraven upon our hearts, shall regulate our lives, and secure for us the approbation of the Supreme Majesty!

I will briefly advert to the benefit of our Order in another point of view. Beside its power to relieve and support—beside its influence in a moral, social and human sense, it has yet a protective influence. The traveler abroad finds friends; if destitute or sick—brothers; and more than once has the entire stranger on a bed of sickness—away from family and home—by a peculiar token, secured the attention, the sympathy and support, of a host of brothers. The steamer *Savannah* was lost on a southern coast. The crew escaped with the loss of clothing and every thing else: they reached a Christian city, and were provided with clothes, and food and lodging, and awaited an opportunity to return home. The city was invited to contribute to their relief, and something was done. Odd Fellows aided in the benevolent work. But one there was who made himself known as an Odd Fellow. He was well clothed and provided for, and furnished with funds to return to his family; aye, and with sufficient to provide for that family till he could gain employment. Thus might I go on speaking of the beneficial results of Odd Fellowship. But I weary the patience of my auditors.

There are in all North America able advocates pleading for the principles of Odd Fellowship. The clergy and laity of *almost* every denomination professing the Christian religion, are engaged in prospering an institution which they believe the handmaid of our holy religion; aye, there are advocates that plead with heaven-born eloquence, and they plead not only with men to be faithful to Odd Fellowship, but with God to bless and prosper it: they are the sick, the distressed, the widows and the fatherless children, who have shared our kindness. These are the advocates that will be heard—they will, and do, all over our land, commend our Institution to the generous, the humane; and their prayer will enter heaven and bring blessings upon us, for it is the prayer of the heart.

To the Ladies who have honored us with their attendance, I tender the thanks of the Fraternity.

Though not called to all the duties Odd Fellows perform in Lodge, you cherish those principles which we inculcate, and you delight to see them spreading and operating in the hearts of the sterner sex. We do not close our Lodge doors against your sex, because we distrust your faithfulness or your truth; but we do so because we wish to cultivate our moral natures, and arise to the standard of your own. It is not seemly for females to engage in strife on the battle field, when war's clarion is sounded and the thundering cannon shake creation,—nor that they enter the priesthood, nor engage in those avocations, which are for the strong arm and haughty spirit of man.

We have need of mental and moral culture to fit us the better for protectors and companions of the gentler sex, and we believe they will approbate our exertions when we attempt to approximate to

their dignity, virtue, and moral worth. I believe the Ladies now present will encourage the members of the Order here; and as time rolls on, and it becomes formidable, on the return of its anniversary each year, beauty's smile shall assure Odd Fellows that they have the approval of WOMAN. Your sanction shall aid and encourage the Brethren in the inculcation of the principles which form a great part of your very nature, and your approval shall cause them to go on to greater triumphs over all that would debase, and maintain such character as God will own and bless.

Our Lodge allows of nothing obnoxious to pure religion and sublime morality; and our secrecy will be approved of when we inform you, that it is only a means whereby we distinguish a Brother from others, and that this is necessary for the preservation and perpetuity of our Order.

Many a fond wife has found reason to bless our Institution, and many sisters and maidens have seen that their fathers and husbands, and brothers and lovers, have been improved in heart and life by their association with an Odd Fellow's Lodge. Many have reformed in their habits, and many have been saved from temptation's power, and made fit companions for her, in whose tongue is the law of kindness, and whose smile renders life a blessing. Ladies residing where the Order is fully known, although not of the Order, are *for* the Order; and while they are *for* it, Odd Fellows shall never fail.

My Brethren, but a short time has elapsed since you first planted a Lodge in your favored Province. You now number THREE Lodges, and some hundreds of members. You have also a Grand Lodge organized: henceforth it has the entire jurisdiction in all Canada. I congratulate you on the success that has crowned your efforts. I rejoice with you at your prosperity. With such members—cherishing such holy principles, Odd Fellowship will prove a blessing to your community—to your country. You will maintain the purity of the Institution, and hand it down unsullied to generations to come.

Do not think the duties all devolve upon your officers. Let each one feel that on his conduct the fair fabric rests; and then will Odd Fellowship not suffer in the house of its professed votaries. You have already attained a high distinction. Guard your Lodges and yourselves, for be assured that the fall of the Order—if fall it should—would be great.

It is said of Napoleon, that previous to the battle of the Pyramids, he said to his soldiers—"Forty centuries are looking down upon you from the tops of the Pyramids." He thereby designed to excite a spirit of martial glory in the minds of those whose trade was blood—whose hosannahs were the groans of the orphan and widow—whose trophies were cities sacked and virgins violated.

Could the thought that the spirits of the illustrious dead were gazing upon them—that by-gone centuries were bending their dusky forms over those time-marked monuments of art, kindle a glow of martial glory in *their* bosoms. What must be *your* emotions, when we re-

flect that unborn generations, children of want and penury, will look up to us for deliverance, and support, and blessings.

Let the French warrior in his panoply of mail, boast of "thrones as toys, and crowns as play-things." His power was taken, and he has gone; but the ambition that inspires, and the results of your labors, shall transcend *even his proud boast*, and gather a wreath for your brow, compared with which—

"The laurels that a Cæsar won were weeds."

Go on, then, my Brethren, strong in the indestructible principles of Odd Fellowship, and you shall infuse the spirit of our Institution all abroad,—you shall have the co-operation of brethren good and true from all quarters of the globe, and you shall see the benign influences spreading, altars rising, and you shall know that our *principles* prevail in the east; that they are spreading from the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic, all over the plains, and valleys, and hills of this northern country, flowing like the waters of some long pent-up river when loosed in their might, away to

"The continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashing."

Cherish and guard well *the principle!* Forms may change, but the principle is eternal; and wherever the flag that floats on the proud St. Lawrence is unfurled, may you be known as Odd Fellows—faithful and true.

Then shall the influence you exert be most salutary; then shall you rear monuments of pure benevolence which shall be more lasting than the age-defying Pyramids; and when the haughty pillars and cloud-capt towers reared by hands shall fall into ruins, these shall not crumble, for their material is immortal.

You have holy voices inciting you,—“It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing;” and we hear one as from the high and lofty cliffs of redemption, saying—

"Be not weary in well-doing."

Go on, Brethren, and that spirit which drowns nations in war, or convulses them in the throes of death, shall disappear—convolting clouds of darkness shall flee away, yet, from the valleys and the tall mountain peaks shall the light of Friendship, Love, and Truth, be seen: and when the last note of the vibrating pendulum of time shall have died away, then shall the moral Temple of Odd Fellowship stand firm and immutable, resplendent in beauty and immortal grandeur, approved by the Grand Master Supreme.

A TRUE SENTIMENT.—As well might a butcher cry at every stroke of his knife ‘Live,’ as for one man to drink the health of another, while in the very act of destroying it. We wish every moderate drinker would ponder on this when he is again tempted to partake of the poisonous bowl.—*Rainbow.*

Written for the Gavel.

SYMPATHY.

BY J. BATCHELOR, F. G.

THERE is implanted in the bosom of every human being a feeling to mitigate and bind up the drooping spirit of the children of sorrow and misfortune; while it enters the affections with a mournful joy and cheerfulness to assuage their troubles. How holy and sublime is this soothing and powerful feeling, when kindred friends, who are traveling through this dark and gloomy world, would joyfully partake of each other's sorrow. This was the silken chain, of sympathetic feeling—of "Friendship, Love and Truth," that bound the holy affections of those primitive Odd Fellows, Jonathan and David, and cemented their souls in that holy and indissoluble bond of union which existed between them ever afterwards through the journey of life.

On the stage of human existence how varied and numerous are the ties which bind us together, and which have a tendency to bring into lively activity those high and exalted emotions of our finer feelings, which can weep at another's woe. It is this that throws over the character of man such soft and mellow rays of light, and encircles it with such bright and resplendent beams of glory.

It is this holy feeling of sympathy and benevolence, possessed in a high degree, which has caused here and there an individual to leave their beloved home, and go out into the high-ways and by-ways, in quest of objects of misery and suffering. Through their instrumentality sympathy spreads her mild and heavenly influence over every heart—her soft hand wipes the scalding tear from the eye of deep and burning affliction, and pours the balm of joy and consolation into the wounded and bleeding heart. The lonely widow finds a friend—the forsaken orphan a kind protector, and the fatigued, distressed and persecuted, find succor and assistance.

When man is oppressed by sickness, care and meagre want—when he has sunk exhausted and helpless on the couch of anguish and distress, when nothing but gloomy forebodings occupy his distracted mind, how renovating is the sweet voice of sympathy, who like mercy's meek angel, hovers around his sick bed with untiring solicitude, and with almost supernatural kindness and love smooth down the pillow of sickness and death.

It is the full and free enjoyment of the sympathetic feelings, that sheds a bright and cheerful lustre over our rugged pathway through this transitory world. It is this which binds the human family together as with a triple chain of adamant. If it was not for this, chaotic darkness would reign with undismayed sway over this, now fair and beautiful world. Human governments with all their wisdom would crumble to the dust, and the social and domestic associations, which have been formed and created for man's happiness and enjoy-

ment, would be broken into a thousand fragments! If man in all his dignity and grandeur—he who was formed by the plastic hand of God himself, and by him pronounced but a little lower than the angels of heaven, had not been created and endowed with those high moral and social feelings—those kindly affections which knit heart to heart, this world with all its splendid allurements, would have been bleak and sterile indeed to him!

I have said that this feeling was implanted in the bosom of every human being. It is so. But in some it is suffered to lay dormant, and its latent energies seem to be ice-bound by the gross passions of their nature. In others it is cultivated to its highest perfection, and its beauties brought out, in bold relief, in all their pristine glory and splendor.

What is more pleasing and lovely to behold than a man possessing in an eminent degree the character of loving kindness and sympathy? He may not be invested in all the haughty pride and glory of the blood stained victorious hero; yet he is clothed and adorned in all the beauty of holiness—with all the cardinal virtues which grace humanity. The light and beauty of his glorious countenance, is made still more resplendent by the holy exhibitions of those warm gushing emotions of his soul which freely flow forth, like the smooth still deep waters of the mighty river in its onward course, when brought in close contact with human suffering and woe.

When billow after billow comes booming up in mountain height, of misfortune, misery and distress, and seem ready to overwhelm us in grief and despair,—when the howlings of the dark midnight passions, in all their fury, are raging in wild and fearful commotion about us, then it is that we look around us for some place where we can retire in safety, from the buffetings of an ever changing world—from the peltings of the pitiless storm.

And where shall we go to escape the troubles and cares of an unfeeling world, and at the same time enjoy in an unbounded measure the holy sweets of sympathy, of Friendship, Love and Truth? We say emphatically, join that benevolent institution, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, for beneath her broad spread branches the weary pilgrim and sojourner may rest secure from the storms, blight and milldew of the world, while through her thick, green and beautiful foliage the poisoned arrows of want and misery cannot reach us, while we remain faithful to our trust.

Hudson, Feb., 1845.



It is in the middle classes of society, that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound; for the good opinion of our fellow-men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property, too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first, places us beneath the influence of opinion—the second, above it.—*Odd Fellow.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

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TO THE PATRONS OF THE GAVEL.

THE present number completes a half year of the publication of the Gavel, and we trust we shall be indulged in some thoughts to which the fact gives rise.

In a review of this period of our existence, we find much cause for congratulation. Our publication was an experiment, and the experiment was a hazardous one; those older in years and better in capacity had ventured in fairer fields, and had failed; while others who were still laboring were receiving any thing but an encouraging reward. The commencement of an Odd Fellows' periodical seemed, as a matter of course, to be a premonitory of its death; for while all admitted the propriety and usefulness of such a work, and wished it well, but few were disposed or willing to carry their wishes further than words. In full view of all these difficulties, with alternate hopes and fears, the experiment was made, and "The Gavel," with many misgivings as to its fate, was sent forth upon its mission. The result has been better than our hopes, and shamed our fears. Friends have sprung up around us on every side, and substantial evidences of their approbation have been freely extended. Much of this approbation, we are constrained to believe, has been dictated by personal friendship, but more, we are persuaded, has resulted from a devotion to the objects we have endeavored to advance, and an attachment to the institution we advocate. For the former, we must be insensible to *any* emotion, did it not meet an acknowledgement and a return; and for the latter, we should be unworthy to hold a connection with our Order could we refuse to appreciate or esteem it. To all, then, who have favored us with their patronage, our thanks are tendered,—not the less acceptable, we hope, because proffered in the name of a brotherhood among whose watchwords is that of "Truth."

But, gratified as we are with our success, we are not content to exchange greetings merely as between publisher and reader. There is occasion for general not less than individual rejoicing. Our Order, within the last six months, has been eminently prosperous. Where it was established, it has taken deeper root and gathered greater strength; while in many places where it was known but in name, it has been planted and thrown out its beneficent influences. Many who were its opponents, or unacquainted with its purposes and labors, are now among its most useful members and ardent supporters; and it seems to be fast hurrying on to its ultimate destiny, when its organ-

ization shall be as extended as its benevolence is enlarged. The heart that does not beat quicker in contemplating this picture has imbibed little of the true spirit of Odd Fellowship.

A word now as to the future, and we have done. Our best efforts shall still be directed to render "The Gavel" worthy of the position it has attained. The character it has acquired it will endeavor to maintain; and acknowledging past kindnesses, it presents itself a candidate for the continued good will of those who have heretofore received it with favor or sought it as the labors of a friend.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

EVERY organized assemblage of men takes much of its character from those selected to execute the laws and regulations by which they are governed. And none more so, perhaps, than those claiming the bonds of a fraternal union, as the cementing and inherent principle wherewith they are bound. As a band of brothers we are powerful for good, when directed by equitable laws, founded in the principles of benevolence, charity and truth, and working in the spirit of love to the carrying out of the obligations due from each to his Brother. And such are the admirable regulations of our Order, that the duties and responsibilities of the work are so divided and shared among those who govern, that while each has his specified duties to perform, neither of them are onerous or difficult. And when promptly met and performed, they harmonize beautifully in the companionable intercourse of our meetings, and in the care and relief of those whom affliction's heavy hand prevents from participating in such pleasure, as well as in wiping the tear from the eye of the orphan, or that which moistens the cheek of the needy stranger.

The promptness with which business is performed in a Lodge, as in any society, is a test of the qualifications of its officers.

Our meetings become burdensome and dull whenever the legitimate business of them is protracted to unreasonable lengths, and at unseasonable hours. While most of the asperities, that we sometimes unfortunately find where harmony alone should dwell, have their origin in some warmth which the presiding officer allows to grow into too great heat, unchecked by prompt but kindly interposed authority.

The presiding officer has many things to engage his attention at the same time. Frequently having to answer points of order, watching the windings of debate, observing the address of Brothers entering or leaving, keeping in view the governing principles as well as the rules of order, laid out for strict observance. No wonder he should need an assistant or V. G. to help him in the duties of keeping order, and to remind him of any thing he may not remember. Nor is the further caution of having supporters, the one to hold converse, and by advice and counsel to help him in directing the work of the

Lodge, whilst the other has a specific duty to render, to the same end, show aught but wisdom in the design.

Each officer, elected and appointed, has a specific duty, to perform, and those duties are clearly indicated in the instructions given them upon their installation. There is therefore no excuse for neglect of duty on the part of any. Let none be accounted as fulfilling his obligations who allows the work of his Lodge to be retarded for his ignorance or nonperformance of official duty. The *appointed* trusts being qualifying parts for higher stations, the Lodge should exalt those only who prove their attention to and earnestness in their welfare, by performing those trusts properly, nor should a Lodge ever grant the *Honorary* degrees to those elected officers who do not deserve them as a merit for their efficient services rendered.

Order is God's first law.

"God glanced on chaos—into form it sprang—
Worlds cluster'd round Him—instant at His will,
Blazing, they darted to their destin'd spheres
Spangling the void, and in their orbits wheel'd
Each with a different glory."

The perfection of order throughout the world of nature,—nay, throughout a system of worlds, countless to human vision, shows the omnipotence of wisdom in both their creation and continuance.

Immutable and perfect, every law governing, any operation in nature, can be violated or infringed only by incurring a penalty as sure as the transgression is certain. Learning from teachings so exalted, as well as by the more costly experience of human exactions, penalties and punishment, no one will deny that to approximate to harmony in any institution, there must be system,—order both in the arrangement and the execution. And no one will deny that our ORDER will be but confusion and *disorder* if not managed with a disposition to harmony, and a prompt performance of duties assigned to each in its work. As well would an orchestra make harmony, if each member were to blow his instrument without regard to the time, key, or tune of his fellows, as can a Lodge work either harmoniously or healthily, with its officers either neglecting or misperforming their duties. This is but stating what every one must have observed. And a Lodge is only prosperous when its work is promptly and creditably performed. Upon the officers then is the responsibility of its prosperity in a large degree.—B. C. T.

REVISION OF THE WORK.

THE recent appropriation by the Grand Lodge of this State for the payment of the expenses of its Representatives to attend an extra session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and the assembling of the Committee of Revision in New York City, would seem to indicate early action upon the important matter of the "Revision of the

Work." That action, be it what it may, will be looked for with great interest. The Committee are entrusted with a highly important duty, and beyond doubt will bring to their task a disposition to discharge it with no other object than the welfare of the Order. As the work comes from their hands, it will probably be adopted, and henceforth constitute the organization and material of our institution. They, therefore, hold the power to give the "form and fashion" to ceremonials which are to be ordained for the use of thousands of intelligent and discriminating men, who can appreciate the beautiful and true, as well as detect the inappropriate and absurd. No mere forms, however bad, can overthrow our Order, for it embodies living principles, which will sustain it independent of its external decorations or initiatory ceremonies. Yet it may be much impaired in its usefulness and benevolence by being enveloped in a dress which shall justify ridicule or require apology; while it may be greatly strengthened by being surrounded by that which shall command respect and admiration.

These considerations, however, admit of no denial, and the only question is, *what* will be proper and best. Of course, this we shall not attempt to decide, but leave it where it has been judiciously placed, with the simple remark, that the expression of opinion and wishes thus far has been unequivocal; and we hope that, at all events, we may be spared a fruitless search for the children of Israel after they crossed the Red Sea, or a profitless rehearsal of admitted truths and stale maxims.—H.

HOPE LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F.

We acknowledge the receipt of a beautifully bound copy, under seal, of the Constitution and By-Laws of HOPE LODGE, No. 3, for which the Officers and Members will please accept our thanks. Below will be found the *whole* of the "Introduction," to the same; and although at a glance it may appear rather *short*, we can assure our readers it contains *more* than is usually found in half a dozen pages devoted to the like purpose in other publications of the same nature. Hope Lodge was opened in July last, and already numbers upwards of 80 members. Long may they prosper, and never weary in the glorious work they have undertaken, of relieving the distresses of their fellow mortals, and disseminating the principle of Truth and Love.

"That Sympathy is one of the holiest emotions of Humanity, none will doubt. That its exercise, when directed to alleviating the wants and elevating the morals of our fellow beings, is chastening alike to the brother that imparts or receives the offering, cannot be questioned. The consciousness of having performed a virtuous, noble, or generous act, gives ever an ennobling self-respect, which is a peculiar characteristic of the truly great and good; and the pleasures of which can, by no possible circumstance, be wrested from our enjoyment.

"Any organization, therefore, which has for its object the combining of effort and the extension of the means for effecting that good which the sympathies of our nature would extend to the sufferings of our kind, should be viewed, at least by the well disposed, with the eye of charity, and in the spirit of kindness. Such

an organization is the institution of Odd Fellowship. Its aims are to better the morals of its members; to inculcate a generous confidence with a companionable fraternity; to promote sobriety, industry and frugality in health, and to extend the open hand of kindness and charity to affliction and want. It enjoins attention to the requirements of the sick, a respectful tribute to the memory of the dead, consolation and help to the widow, and a tender guardianship to the orphan.

"It has no geographical bounds, no sectarian predilections, no political divisions; its compass the globe; its religion love to God and man; its polities devotion to our country and obedience to its laws; its foundation is in Benevolence and Charity; its motto—Friendship, Love and Truth. Judge ye its worth by its fruits."

HEY FOR A MERRY RIDE!

A NUMBER of Brothers from each of the Lodges, Union, No. 8; Philanthropic, No. 5; American, No. 32; Fireman's, No. 19; Samaritan, No. 93; Phoenix, No. 41; and Hope, No. 3; to the number of between 50 and 60, turned in for a sleigh ride, and visit their Brethren at Schenectady, on the evening of Jan. 27th, and a merry time they had of it. After visiting Mohawk Valley Lodge, they sat down to an excellent supper at the Temperance House. After enjoying an hour of song and wit with members of Mohawk Valley and St. Paul's Lodges, they returned to Albany among the small hours, highly gratified with their visit. The night was pleasant and the sleighing delightful.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE COVENANT.—By the January number of this periodical we perceive it has passed into the hands of PGM. ROBERT NEILSON, who is undoubtedly well qualified to carry out with vigor and satisfaction the enterprise which he has undertaken. In his leading editorial he says:

We ask then the aid of the brethren in this noble enterprise. Not the establishment of a visionary theory, yet to be experimented upon and developed by the future operations of the human mind or political associations of the human race, but the carrying out of sentiments impressed by Deity upon the world of nature as the fairest and most lovely image of himself, and to be found in the heart of man ready to bud and sprout and bring forth an abundant harvest, when called into action by the divine impulse of well regulated association, governed by the sympathy springing from suffering humanity. Such is Odd Fellowship, and such it shall be our aim and effort to continue it; guarding its portals with a jealous care, and watching over its interests with becoming zeal, so that it may still continue those blessings upon the way-worn traveler which shall point out to him the "bright beams of hope, and happiness in another and a better world."

THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.—The January number of this excellent monthly is now before us; and, as usual, well filled with excellent reading; among which we noticed a beautifully written Odd Fellow's tale, by an "Odd Fellow;" and the "Editor's Table," stored with choice morsels for the Brotherhood. The Independent Odd Fellow is published at Richmond, Va., by Brother J. M. FORD. Terms \$2 per annum in advance.

THE RAINBOW.—We have received several numbers of this weekly journal; also the January number of the SYMBOL, which will receive a more extended notice in our next.

THE GOLDEN RULE, a weekly journal devoted to Odd Fellowship and General Literature, published for the proprietors by Houel & Macoy, at 128 Fulton st., New York, at \$2.00 per annum in advance. The Golden Rule has changed proprietors, but into whose hands it has fallen we are unable to say; but this we can say, that it is an excellent and well printed weekly, and should, and undoubtedly has, a very extensive circulation, as it is well calculated to advance the cause in which it is enlisted.

OUR DIRECTORY.

THE DIRECTORY OF THE ORDER, prepared for the Gavel, has already become so large, (we have added over ONE HUNDRED Lodges and Encampments since its last publication,) that we have concluded not to publish it more than once or twice more during the remainder of the year. That we have succeeded in fulfilling our promise of publishing a complete "Odd Fellow's Directory of the United States," we think will be almost universally conceded, (having received upwards of one hundred and fifty communications on the subject,) and if our Brethren are satisfied with our exertions we shall feel amply repaid for the labor bestowed upon it.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 1.

THE chain of Odd Fellowship is now complete! We understand that "Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1," was instituted at Burlington, Vermont! Jan. 14, by D. D. G. M. SMITH; we shall endeavor to give our readers a full account of its organization and progress in our next number. The opening of this Lodge is perhaps the most interesting circumstance that can be mentioned in the history of our Order since the formation of the first Lodge in Baltimore. T. D. CHAPMAN was installed N. G., and JAMES SHAFTER, V. G.

TO ADVERTISERS.

As this number completes the first half year of the publication of the Gavel, it will be an excellent opportunity for those wishing to have their cards inserted for the next six months, to commence. It is undoubtedly the best medium of advertising ever afforded; as none but members of the Order are allowed the use of our advertising columns.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

"PROGRESS OF THE ORDER."

Brother JOHN TANNER—

In compliance with your wish, I cheerfully lay before your readers the "Progress of the Order," during the last quarter, ending in January. It affords me the highest gratification to state, that the Lodges composing the district were never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time. Much of the prejudice, that formerly existed in the minds of many in this community against the Order, is wearing away. And as an evidence of the fact, it will be only necessary to refer to a synopsis below, which will show the rapid increase of numbers, and the accumulation of the funds in the same proportion in comparison with the last few quarters. It will be cheering intelligence to any good Odd Fellow, to know that we are thus better enabled to carry out more fully the designs of an institution, that has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the sick and destitute, to relieve the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to administer the balm of consolation to the wounded and broken heart.

The number of contributing members in this District,.....	800
" " " Initiations during the last quarter,.....	131
" amount of cash receipts " "	\$1710.70
" " " paid for sickness and distress,.....	\$819.10
" " " Degrees conferred on members in the Degree Lodges during the term,.....	475

The Patriarchal branch of the Order in this district, I am happy to add, is also in a healthy and flourishing condition; adding to her numbers some of the most zealous and active members of the subordinates.

Yours fraternally,

V. B. LOCKROW, DDGM.

Jan. 24, 1845.

PROVINCE OF CANADA.

GRAND LODGE meets at Montreal. The Officers are W. M. B. Heartley, GM ; Geo. Mathews, DGM ; Thomas Hardie, GW ; Wm. A. Seldon, G. Secretary ; S. C. Sewell, G, Treasurer ; Wm. Rodden, G. Marshal ; John M. Gilbert, GG.

The Subordinate Lodges in the Province are Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, Montreal ; Queen's Lodge, No. 2, Montreal ; Prince Albert Lodge, No. 3, St. Johns ; Albion Lodge, No. 4, Quebec ; Commercial Lodge, No. 5, Montreal.

Hochelaga Encampment, No. 1, meets at Montreal; the following are the officers for the present term: Thomas Hardie, CP; J. H. Hardie, HP; J. M. Gilbert, SW; D. Milligan, Scribe; J. O. Brown, Treasurer; Wm. Hilton, JW.

Extract from a Letter dated HUDSON, Jan. 24, 1845.

Brother TANNER—

The blessed cause of Odd Fellowship in the Columbia co. district is still on the increase. It is but about eighteen months since it first made its heavenly appearance in this county, since which time there has sprung up two Subordinate Lodges and one Encampment. Allen Lodge, No. 92, numbers about one hundred and seventy members; has a splendid room, and furniture to match; and a fund of about \$1,300, besides having paid out for benefits and charitable purposes, something like \$300. Morning Star Lodge, No. 128, is located at Chatham Four Corners, having been in operation about three months, and numbers about eighteen; but her prospects look better now than at any time since she started. Union Encampment, No. 17, at this place, was instituted last July, and now numbers about thirty. You will perceive that there is nearly two hundred Odd Fellows in this District; and the Order on the increase.

Yours Fraternally,

JAS. BATCHELLOR.

Extract from a Letter dated BOSTON, Jan. 10, 1845.

"Odd Fellowship in this region is advancing to an unparalleled extent; four petitions for New Lodges have been received within a day or two. We now number fifty-seven Lodges in this state."

Extract from a Letter dated QUEBEC, Jan. 6, 1845.

"I would inform you that our Lodge was opened in this city by a charter from the Grand Lodge of Canada, on the 2d day of November last. We now number about 60 members with every prospect of continuing to increase at the same rate. Our night of meeting is on Monday evenings. We intend to have an Encampment started by the first boat from Montreal. We are fitting up a room 43 feet by 19 feet, which will be ready at the same time, (1st of May), as our New Lodge Room, both in the same house, which we have leased for five years. They are to be fitted up in the best style."

Extract from a Letter dated QUEBEC, Jan. 18, 1845.

"I am happy to inform you of the rapid progress of our Lodge although not two months old, until the 22d, we number over 80; we also have twenty propositions for next Monday evening; we are preparing for an Encampment to be opened by the month of May, and make calculations to make the first start at least from twenty to thirty members."

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held January 14th, 1845, much important business was transacted, which will be transmitted to the Lodges, in detail, as soon as the proceedings can be published. We will give, however, a brief synopsis of its transactions. The following amendment to the Constitution of Subordinates was adopted :

Art. II. Sec. 2d, Clause first, by adding, "Provided, nevertheless, any member who may be in the naval service of the United States, or engaged in the commercial marine, sailing to foreign ports, shall have twelve months in addition to the time above specified."

The following was adopted in the Grand Lodge of the United States, September session, 1844, and the Grand Lodge of New York, at its recent session, resolved that such "special enactment," shall be reserved alone to its own acts, within its jurisdiction.

"Resolved, That the delivery of lectures on Odd Fellowship, either in Lodges or in public, is not consistent with the duties of Brethren of the Order, unless they be authorised to act in such capacity by special enactment of Lodges or Encampments of the state or district within whose jurisdiction the lectures are delivered; and all enactments of Grand or Subordinate Lodges, having such an object in view, should expire by limitation within some reasonable space of time."

The form prescribed for the examination of visitors, and the regulation of the A. T. P. W., as adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its last session, was directed to be transmitted to the Subordinates.

The questions propounded at the last session of the Grand Lodge, relative to "what constitutes the disability which entitles a brother to benefits," &c., were answered by the Committee on Laws of Subordinates, and said answers adopted.

Answers to the interrogatories from No. 44, relative to service in office, and qualifications for the honors of the same, were also adopted.

The Committee to whom was referred the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, at the September session, 1844, submitted a report and resolutions relative to so much thereof as treats of the revision of the work of the Order, which was adopted, and ordered to be transmitted to the several State Grand Lodges and Encampments, officers and representatives of the Grand Lodges of the United States. We understand that the Report alluded to will be printed in a few days, and we will endeavor to give it in full in our next.

The following notice, relative to Visiting and Clearance Cards, has been issued to the Subordinates by the Grand Secretary :

You will please take notice that all blank forms of Visiting and Clearance Cards are now issued by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and you are hereby directed not to receive any bearing date after the first of January, 1845, other than those of the above mentioned issue. You are therefore directed by this Grand Lodge to supply yourselves with the forms as above noted.—*Golden Rule.*

DIRECTORY OF THE I. O. O. F. OF THE UNITED STATES.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

*Grand Lodge,*Meets in the city of New-York quarterly.
Subordinate Lodges.

1 Columbia,	New-York,	Thur	79 Onondaga,	Syracuse,	Fri	
2 Friendship,	Pleas't Val. sur'd cha'r		80 Cayuga,	Auburn,	Thur	
3 Hope,	Albany,	Tues	81 Jamaica,	Jamaica,	Tues	
4 Stranger's Refuge,	New-York,	expelled	82 Piermont,	Piermont,	Tues	
5 Philanthropic,	Albany,	Fri	84 Chelsea,	New-York,	Fri	
6 Good Intent,	Columbiaville, sur. ch'r		85 Pacific,	Flushing,	Mon	
7 Clinton,	Albany,	sur'd cha'r	86 Kosciusco,	Kingston,	Wed	
8 Union,	Albany,	Thur	87 Fidelity,	New-York,	Fri	
9 Tompkins,	New-York,	Tues	88 Richmond Co.,	Factoryville,	Wed	
10 New-York,	do	Wed	89 Putnam,	West Farms,	Thur	
11 Gettys,	do	Tues	90 Suffolk,	Sag Harbor,	Mon	
12 Washington,	do	Tues	91 Fishkill,	Fishkill,		
13 Germania,	New-York,	Fri	92 Allen,	Hudson,	Sat	
14 Teutonia,	do	Mon	93 Samaritan,	Albany,	Mon	
15 Albany City,	Albany,	sur'd cha'r	94 Eagle,	Brooklyn,	Mon	
16 German Colonial,	Albany,	Mon	95 Shenandoah,	Utica,	Fri	
17 Perseverance,	New-York,	expelled	96 Rising Sun,	Lansingburgh,	Wed	
18 LaFayette,	Channingville,	Thur	97 Ossinsin,	Sing-Sing,	Fri	
19 Firemen's,	Albany,	Thur	98 Saratoga,	Saratoga Springs,	Tues	
20 Manhattan,	New-York,	Mon	99 St. Paul's,	Schenectady,	Tues	
21 Poughkeepsie,	Poughkeepsie,	Mon	100 Wyoming,	Attica,	Fri	
22 Knickerbocker,	New-York,	Thur	101 Cincinnati,	Batavia,		
23 Mariner's,	do	Mon	102 Kayaderosso,	Ballston Spa,	Fri	
24 Franklin,	Troy,	Wed	103 Otsego,	Cooperstown,		
25 Niagara,	Buffalo,	Mon	104 Stanwix,	Andover, Onei,	Wed	
26 Brooklyn,	Brooklyn,	Tues	105 Washington Co.,	Hartford,	Wd	
27 Trojan,	Troy,	Mon	106 Silver Lake,	Perry,	Sat	
28 Ark,	New-York,	Wed	107 Hinman,	New-York,	Mon	
29 Star,	Lansingburgh,	Tues	108 Hughsonville,	Hughsonville,		
30 National,	New-York,	Mon	109 Syracuse,	Syracuse,		
31 Olive Branch,	do	Wed	110 Waverly,	Waterford,	Tues	
32 American,	Albany,	Wed	111 Owasco,	Port Byron,		
33 Metropolitan,	New-York,	Thur	112 Middletown,	Middletown,		
34 Marion,	do	Thur	113 Mechanics',	New-York,	Fri	
35 Covenant,	do	Thur	114 Chenango,	Oxford,		
36 Enterprize,	do	Tues	115 Rome,	Rome,	Tues	
37 Buffalo,	Buffalo,	Tues	116 Ontario,	Canandaigua,	Wed	
38 Watervliet,	West Troy,	Mon	117 Continental,	New-York,	Wed	
39 Nassau,	Brooklyn,	Thur	118 Genesee Valley, Mt. Morris,	Thur		
40 Greenwich,	New-York,	Mon	119 Le Roy,	Le Roy,		
41 Phoenix,	Albany,	Wed	120 Cold Spring,	Cold Spring,		
42 Meridian,	New-York,	Wed	121 Cataract,	Lockport,		
43 Concord,	do	Tues	122 Union Village,	Union Village,	Mon	
44 Harmony,	do	Mon	123 Canaseraga,	Danville, Liv.,		
45 Kings County,	Williamsburgh,	Wed	124 Black River,	Watertown,		
46 Jefferson,	New-York,	Tues	125 Van Eps,	Vernon, Onei,	Mon	
47 Mercantile,	do	Tues	126 Excelsior,	New-York,	Fri	
48 Tehoseronor,	Buffalo,	Thur	127 Chemung,	Elmira,		
49 Hancock,	New-York,	Wed	128 Morning Star,	Chatham F. C.	Wed	
50 Atlantic,	Brooklyn,	Mon	129 Schiller,	New-York,		
51 Genesee,	Rochester,	Fri	130 Chautauque,	Fredonia,		
52 United Brothers,	New-York,	Tues	131 Evergreen,	Fishkill Landing,		
53 Rensselaer,	Troy,	Tues	132 Tuckahannock,	Trumansburg,		
54 Whitehall,	Whitehall,	Thur	133 Steuben,	Brooklyn,		
55 Courtland,	Peekskill,	Wed	134 Amsterdam,	Amsterdam,		
56 Halcyon,	Troy,	Thur	<i>Degree Lodges.</i>			
57 Mutual,	New-York,	Mon	1 New-York,	New-York,	Wed	
58 Grove,	do	Thur	2 Bowery,	do	Fri	
59 Dutchess,	Poughkeepsie,	Wed	3 Egge,	Buffalo,	Wed	
60 Howard,	New-York,	Wed	4 Hudson,	New-York,	Sat	
61 Williamsburgh,	Williamsburgh,	Tues	5 United Brothers,	do	Wed	
62 Spartan,	Cohoes,	Frid	6 Clinton,	do	Sat	
63 Long Island,	Wallabout,	Fri	7 Rensselaer,	Troy,	Wed	
64 Empire,	New-York,	Tues	8 Ridgely,	Troy,	Fri	
65 Highland,	Newburgh,	Tues	9 Dutchess,	Channingville,	Sat	
66 Fulton,	Brooklyn,	Wed	10 Selby,	Poughkeepsie,	Fri	
67 Commercial,	New-York,	Tues	11 Albany City,	Albany,	Sat	
68 Oriental,	do	Thur	12 Monroe,	Rochester,	Tues	
69 Teoronto;	Rochester,	Mon	13 Franklin,	Brooklyn,	Fri	
70 Oneida,	Utica,	Thur	14 Washington,	Williamsburgh,	Thurs	
71 Ithaca,	Ithaca,	Fri	15 Excelsior,	Albany,	1 & 3 Fri	
72 Mohawk Valley,	Schenectady,	Mon	16 Harmony,	Lansingburgh,	Tues	
73 Mt. Vernon,	New-York,	Fri	17 Kennedy,	Ithaca,	Fri	
74 Orange County,	Newburgh,	Wed	18 Utica,	Utica,	2 4 Tues	
75 Cryptic,	Peekskill,	Fri	19 Treadwell	Syracuse		
76 Rockland Co'ty,	Haverstraw,	Thur	<i>Grand Encampment,</i>			
77 Westchester,	Tarrytown,	Mon	Meets semi-annually, in the city of N. York, on the Mondays following the first Wednesdays in August and Feb'y. The following is a list of the officers for the present year: Moses Anderson, MWGP; Jno. Green, MEHP.			
78 Croton,	New-York,	Wed				

Subordinate Encampments.

1 New-York State,	Albany,	expelled	18 Clinton	Clinton	Mon
2 Mt. Hebron,	New-York,	2 4 Fri	19 Mount Holly	Mount Holly	Wed
3 Mt. Sinai,	do	1 3 Fri	20 Monmouth	Freehold	Wed
4 Troy,	Troy,	1 3 Fri	21 Washington	Salem	Wed
5 En-hakkore,	Albany,	2 4 Fri			
6 Mosaic,	New-York,	1 3 Fri			
7 Salem,	Brooklyn,	2 4 Fri			
8 Mt. Vernon,	Buffalo,	1 3 Fri			
9 Palestine,	New-York,	2 4 Th			
10 Mt. Olivet,	Williamsburgh,	1 2 Th			
11 Mt. Hope,	Rochester,	1 2 Th			
12 Mt. Horeb,	New-York,	2 4 Mo			
13 Mohawk,	Schenectady,	2 4 Fri			
14 Mt. Nebo,	Syracuse,	1 3 Mon			
15 Olive Branch,	Lansingburgh,	2 4 Fri			
16 Mt. Arrarat,	Peekskill,	2 4 Tues			
17 Union,	Hudson,	2 4 Tues			

STATE OF VIRGINIA.*GRAND LODGE.*

Meets at Richmond semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Virginia Lodge	Harper's Ferry	Mon
2 Washington	Norfolk	Mon
3 Virginian	Wheeling	Mon
4 Jefferson	Richmond	Mon
5 Old Dominion	Portsmouth	Fri
6 Madison	Winchester	Wed
7 Union	Richmond	Fri
8 Monroe	Petersburg	Mon
9 La Fayette	Norfolk	Mon
10 Friendship	Richmond	Tues
11 Wildey	Charlestown	Sat
12 Powhatan	Richmond	Wed
13 Franklin	Wheeling	Mon
14 Rappahannock	Fredericksburgh	Mon
15 Patrick Henry	Hampton	Sat
16 Appomattox	Petersburg	Fri
17 Lynchburg	Lynchburg	Thurs
18 St. Pauls	Princess Anne c. h.	Th
19 Harmony	Norfolk	Tues
20 Smithfield	Smithfield	Mon
21 Mafifit	Martinsburg	Sat
22 Pythagoras	Lynchburg	Fri
23 Caledonia	Shepherdstown	Sat
24 Gratitude	Hedgesville	Thurs

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Portsmouth annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Abrams	Wheeling	
2 Neilson	Richmond	
3 Wildey	Portsmouth	2 & 4 Thur
4 Jerusalem	Norfolk	
5 Widow's Friend	Winchester	
6 Glazier	Petersburg	
7 Virginia	Lynchburg	
8 Damascus	Smithfield	sur. ch.
10 Salem	Hampden	

STATE OF NEW-JERSEY.*GRAND LODGE.*

Meets at Trenton quarterly. The following are the officers for the present year: J. D. Edwards, G. M.; T. McPherson, D. G. M.; J. Morrison, G. W.; W. C. Howel, G. S.; Thomas Ashmore, G. T.; M. C. Holmes and D. G. Fitch, Grand Representatives.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Trenton	Trenton	Tues
2	do	Wed
4 Concordia	do	Wed
6 New-Brunswick	N. Brunswick	Tues
7 Howard	Newark	Mon
8 Newark	do	Fri
9 Franklin	Elizabethtown	Mon
10 Nassau	Princeton	Thurs
11 Friendship	Newark	Thurs
12 La Fayette	Orange	Thurs
13 Covenant	Belvidere	Thurs
14 Hudson	Jersey City	Mon
15 Leni Lenape	Lambertville	Tues
16 Bordentown	Bordentown	Mon
17 Madison	Allentown	Thurs

18 Clinton	Clinton	Mon
19 Mount Holly	Mount Holly	Wed
20 Monmouth	Freehold	Wed
21 Washington	Salem	Wed

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Newark semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

2 Trenton	Trenton	1, 3 Thurs
3 Mt. Ararat	Newark	1, 3 Wed
4 Olive Branch	Trenton	1, 3 Fri
5 Mt. Sinai	Jersey City	1, 3 Mon
6		
7		
8 Raritan	New Brunswick	

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.*GRAND LODGE.*

Meets at New-Haven semi-annally. J. L Devotion, GM; Charles W. Bradley, G Secretary.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Quinnipiac	New-Haven	Mon
2 Charter Oak	Hartford	Tues
3 Middlesex	East Haddam	Wed
4 Pequannock	Bridgeport	Tues
5 Harmony	New-Haven	Tues
6 Usonatic	Derby	Mon
7 Samaritan	Danbury	Wed
8 Mercantile	Hartford	Fri
9 Themes	New London	Mon
10 Our Brothers	Norwalk	Mon
11 Uncas	Norwich	Mon
12 Central	Middletown	Tues
13 Charity	Lower Mystic	Wed
14 Wopowage,	Milford,	Wed
15 Montawese,	New-Haven,	Wed

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New-Haven semi-annally. John L Devotion, GP; P Demick, G Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sasacas	New-Haven	
2 Oriental	East Haddam	2, 4 Fri
3 Palmyra	Norwich	1, 3 Fri
4 Unity	New-London	2, 4 Thu

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets quarterly at Concord. The following are the officers for the present year: David Philbrick, MWGM; Ebene Francis, RWGDM; Walter French, RWGW; G. H. H. Silsbee, RWGS; C. T. Gill, RWGT; G. W. Montgomery, RWGC; Walter French, G. Rep.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Granite	Nashua	Tues
2 Hillsboro'	Manchester	Thurs
3 Wecohamet	Dover	Mon
4 Washington	Somerworth	Tues
5 White Mountain	Concord	Fri
6 Piscataque	Portsmouth	Fri
7 Winnipiassogee	Merideth Bridge	Tues

Subordinate Encampment

1 Nashoonon	Nashua	1, 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset	Nashua	
3 Penacook	Concord	

STATE OF INDIANA.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets at Madison quarterly. The following are the present officers: Wm. Cross, GM; James Gibson, DGM; J. H. Taylor, GS; Wm. Morrison, GW; Wm. Whitridge, G. Con.; A. Tawall, GG; Benj. Mazten, G. Chap.

Subordinate Lodges.

2 Monroe	Madison	Mon
3 Jefferson	Jeffersonville	Mon
4 Friendship	Rising Sun	Tues
5		
6 Vevey	Vevey	Thur
7 Morning Star	Evansville	Thur
8 Union	Lawrenceburgh	Thur
9 Patriot	Patriot	Sat
10 New-Albany	New-Albany	Thur
11 Washington	Madison	Thur
12 Neilson	Logansport	Wed

13 Chosen Friends, - Aurora,	Tues
14 Fort Wayne, - Fort Wayne,	Mon
15 Lafayette, - Lafayette,	Tues
16 Vigilance, - Lawrenceburgh,	Mon
Subordinate Encampments.	
1 Jerusalem, - New-Albany,
2 Wildey, - Madison, 1 3 Tues

STATE OF OHIO.

Grand Lodge,

Meets at Cincinnati on the 3d Saturday in every month. The officers are: H. M. Clark, GM; D. T. Snelbaker, DGM; Joseph Roth, GW, I. Hesley, GRS; A. G. Day, GCS; Cha's Thomas, GT; C. Walker, G. Con.; J. Ernst, G. Chap.; J. Phares, GG; M. P. Taylor, GH. Subordinate Lodges.

1 Ohio, - Cincinnati,	Mon
2 Washington, - do,	Tues
3 Cincinnati, - do,	Wed
4 Franklin, - do,	Thur
5 Montgomery, - Dayton,	Wed
6 Jefferson, - Steubenville,	Thur
7 Charity, - Lancaster,	Mon
8 Piqua, - Piqua,	Wed
9 Columbus, - Columbus,	Mon
10 Wayne, - Dayton,	Tues
11 Warren, - Franklin,	Mon
12 Union, - Warrenton,	Sat
13 Cleveland, - Cleveland,	Mon
14 Harmony, - Rossville,	Tues
15 Lebanon, - Lebanon,	Wed
16 Hope, - Middletown,	Thur
17 Hamilton, - Hamilton,	Thur
18 Marion, - Miamisburg,	Tues
19 Mansfield, - Mansfield,	Fri
20 Mt. Vernon, - Mt. Vernon,	Wed
21 Friendship, - Germantown,	Fri
22 Cuyahoga, - Cleveland,	Mon
23 Central, - Columbus,	Thur
24 Chillicothe, - Chillicothe,	Tues
25 Lafayette, - Hillsborough,	Mon
26 Morning Star, - Medina,	Mon
27 Erie, - Ohio City,	Tues
28 Muskingum, - Zanesville,	Wed
29 Mahoning, - Warren,	Mon
30 Eaton, - Eaton,	Mon
31 Scioto, - Portsmouth,	Fri
32 Columbia, - Circleville,	Wed
33 Springfield, - Springfield,	
34 Olive Branch, - Newark,	

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey, - Cincinnati,	1 3 Fri
2 Dayton, - Dayton,	1 3 Fri
3 Nimrod, - Steubenville,	2 4 Fri
4 Cleveland, - Cleveland,	2 4 Fri
5 Piqua, - Piqua,	2 4 Fri
6 Capitol, - Columbus,	1 3 Fri
7 Butler, - Hamilton,	2 4 Fri

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Grand Lodge,

Meets at Encampment Hall, Boston, quarterly. The following are its officers: Thos: F. Norris, MWGM; N. A. Thompson, WDGM; Subordinate Lodges.

1 Massachusetts, - Boston,	Mon
2 Siloam, - do,	Thur
3 Good Samaritan, - Taunton,	sur. char
4 New-England, - E. Cambridge,	Fri
5 Washington, - Roxbury,	sur. char
6 Adam, - Boston,	sur. char
7 Merrimack, - Lowell,	Mon
8 Suffolk, - Boston,	Tues
9 Crystal Fount, - Woburn,	Mon
10 Oriental, - Boston,	Wed
11 Mechanics', - Lowell,	Fri
12 Bethel, - W. Cambridge,	Tues
13 Nazarene, - Ware Village,	Mon
14 Bunkerhill, - Charlestown,	Mon
15 Tremont, - Boston,	Wed
16 Covenant, - do,	Mon
17 Middlesex, - Malden,	Wed
18 Warren, - Roxbury,	Tues

19 Monument, -	E. Lexington, Thur
20 Friendship, -	Cambridgeport, Mon
21 Fidelity, -	Andover, Thur
22 Howard, -	Charleston, Fri
23 Franklin, -	Boston, Fri
24 Winnisimmet, -	Chesterfield, Tues
25 Boston, -	Boston, Fri
26 Essex, -	Salem, Mon
27 Hampden, -	Springfield, Thur
28 Oberlin, -	Lowell, Tues
29 Columbian, -	Stoneham, Tues
30 Bethesda, -	South Boston, Mon
31 Lafayette, -	Watertown, Wed
32 Ancient Landmark, -	Boston, Mon
33 Montezuma, -	do, Wed
34 Hope, -	Methuen, Wed
35 Prospect, -	Waltham, Thur
36 Maverick, -	East Boston, Mon
37 Shawmut, -	Boston, Tues
38 Souhegan, -	South Reading, Mo
39 Quasacquacunquen, -	Newburyport, Thur
40 Bay State, -	Lynn, Tue
41 Acushnet, -	New Bedford, Wed
42 Pacific, -	Boston, Thur
43 Quinsigamond, -	Worcester, Mon
44 King Philip, -	Taunton, Tues
45 Framingham, -	Saxonyville, Wed
46 Tisquantum, -	Milford
47 Macedonian, -	Bedford
48 Norfolk Lodge, -	Dorchester
49 Veritas, -	Lowell
50 Concord, -	Concord, Tues
51 Mystic, -	Chelesa, Mo
52 Agawam, -	Ipswich
53 Hobab, -	S. Boston, Fri
54 May Flower, -	Plymouth, Tues'd
55 Atlantic, -	Atlantic
56 Worcester, -	Worcester

Degree Lodges.

1 Union, -	Boston, Sat
2 Maverick, -	do, Thur
3 Warren, -	Roxbury, 2 & 4 Fri
4 United Brothers, -	S. Boston, 1 3 Tues

Grand Encampment,

Meets at Boston semi-annually.

Subordinate Encampments,	
1 Massasoit, -	Boston, 1 3 Fri
2 Tri-Mount, -	do, 2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy, -	W. Cambridge, 2 4 Fri
4 Monomake, -	Lowell, 2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill, -	Charlestown, 1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington, -	S. Boston, 2 4 Thu

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Grand Lodge

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Lodge.

1 Pennsylvania, - Philadelphia,	Wed
2 Washington, -	Tues
3 Wayne, -	Mon
4 Morning Star, -	Fri
5 Franklin, -	Thurs
6 General Marion, -	Fri
7 Herman, -	North Liberties, Tues
8 Rising Sun, -	Frankford, Sat
9 Mechanics', -	Pittsburgh, Thurs
10 Philomatheon, -	Germantown, Sat
11 Kensington, -	N. Liberties, Wed
13 Philadelphia, -	Philadelphia, Wed
14 Wildey, -	Frankford, Sat
15 Philanthropic, -	Philadelphia, Sat
18 LaFayette, -	" Thurs
19 Amity, -	" Thurs
20 Miners, -	Pottsville, Sat
21 Teutonia, -	Philadelphia, Mon
23 Friendship, -	" Tues
24 Western Star, -	Pittsburgh, Mon
26 Penn, -	N. Liberties, Mon
27 Schuykill, -	Port Carbon, Tues
28 Heneo's Adelp', -	N. Liberties, Thurs
29 Robert Morris, -	Philadelphia, Wed
31 Manayunk, -	Manayunk, Sat
33 Decatur, -	Philadelphia, Wed
40 Benevolent, -	Vil. Green, 1 and 3 Sat

43 Hancock,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Fri
44 Hayden,.....	Pottsville,.....	Thurs
45 William Tell,.....	Pittsburg,.....	Sat
46		
47		
48		
49		
50 Girard,.....	Pottsville,.....	Fri
51		
52 Independence,	Philadelphia,.....	Thurs
53 Social,.....	Minersville,.....	Sat
54 Montgomery,.....	Norristown,.....	Sat
55 Cambria,.....	Carbondale,.....	Sat
56 Montgomery,.....	Reading,.....	Thurs
57 Concordia,.....	Cataswissa,.....	1 and 3 Sat
58 Adam,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Mond
59 Beaver Meadow,.....	Beaver Meadow,.....	Sat
60 Hand-in-Hand,.....	Philadelphia,.....	Tues
61 Gomer,.....	Birmingham,.....	Sat
62 Hazleton,.....	Hazleton,.....	Sat
63 Roxborough,.....	Roxborough,.....	Sat
64 Lancaster,.....	Lancaster,.....	Thur
65 Harrisburgh,.....	Harrisburgh,.....	Wed
66 Peace and Plenty,.....	Easton,.....	Wed
67 State Capitol,.....	Harrisburgh,.....	Tues
68 Allen,.....	Allentown,.....	Sat
69 Evening Star,.....	Milestown,.....	Sat
70 Delaware,.....	Easton,.....	Tues
71 Mount Zion,.....	York,.....	Wed
72 Columbus,.....	Chambersburgh,.....	Thurs
73 Mauch Chunk,.....	Mauch Chunk,.....	Tues
74 Brotherly Love,.....	Kurtztown,.....	Sat
75 Keystone,.....	Bethlehem,.....	Thurs
76 Howard,.....	Honesdale,.....	Wed
77 Susquehanna,.....	Columbia,.....	Sat
78 National,.....	Washington,.....	Thurs
79 Charity,.....	Hallifax,.....	Sat
80 Lehigh,.....	Allentown,.....	Sat
81 Friendly,.....	Millertown,.....	Wed
82 Mutual,.....	Milton,.....	Wed

Grand Encampment

Meets at Philadelphia bi-monthly.

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Philadelphia,.....	Philadelphia,.....	1 & 3 Tues
2 Pittsburgh,.....	Pittsburgh,.....	1 3 Sat
3 Morning Star,.....	Frankford,.....	1 3 Wed
4 Franklin,.....	Pottsville,.....	1 3 Sat
5 La Fayette,.....	Philadelphia,.....	1 3 Fri
6 Mt. Olive,.....	Kensington,.....	1 3 Fri
7 Walhalla,.....	Kensington,.....	1 4 Fri
8 Hebron,.....	Reading,.....	1 3 Sat
9 Andrew Jackson,.....	Manyunk,.....	1 3 Sat
10 Danphin,.....	Harrisburgh,.....	1 3 Fri

STATE OF ILLINOIS.*Grand Lodge*

Meets at Springfield quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges,

1 Western Star,.....	Alton,.....	Mon
2 Alton,.....	Alton,.....	Tues
3 Clarke,.....	Greenville,.....	Sat
4 Illini,.....	Jacksonville,.....	Sat
5 Wildey,.....	Galena,.....	Sat
6 Sangamon,.....	Springfield,.....	Mon
7 Jefferson,.....	Bellville,.....	Fri
8 Washington,.....	Springfield,.....	Tues

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	Alton,.....	
2 Chosen Friends,.....	Galena,.....	
3 Lebanon,.....	Springfield,.....	1 3 Fri

STATE OF TENNESSEE.

The Grand Lodge meets at Nashville quarterly.

1 Tennessee,.....	Nashville,.....	Tues
2 Nashville,.....	Nashville,.....	Thurs
3 Columbia,.....	Columbia,.....	Wed
4 Spring Hill,.....	Spring Hill,.....	Thurs
5 Washington,.....	Dresden,.....	Sat
6 Memphis,.....	Memphis,.....	Thurs

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Ridgely,.....	Ridgely,.....	2 & 4 Sat
2 Washington,.....	Columbia,.....	2 & 4 Sat
3 Gayoso,.....	Memphis,.....	

STATE OF MISSOURI.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets at St. Louis quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Traveler's Rest,.....	St. Louis,.....	Mon
2 Wildey,.....	do,.....	Tues
3 Germania,.....	do,.....	Thur
4 Far West,.....	Boonville,.....	Mon
5 St. Louis,.....	St. Louis,.....	Sat
6 Western Light,.....	Weston,.....	Sat
7 Covenant,.....	Warsaw,.....	
8 Harrison,.....	Lexington,.....	
9 Marion,.....	Hanibal,.....	
10 Howard,.....	Fayette,.....	

Encampments.

1 Wildey,.....	St. Louis,.....	Fri
2 Frontier,.....	Weston,.....	

STATE OF KENTUCKY.*Grand Lodge.*

Meets at Louisville quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Boone,.....	Louisville,.....	Mon
2 Chosen Friends,.....	"",.....	Tues
3 Washington,.....	Covington,.....	Wed
4 Loraine,.....	Louisville,.....	Wed
5 Friendship,.....	Lexington,.....	Fri
6 Capital,.....	Frankfort,.....	Mon
7 Franklin,.....	Lancaster,.....	Sat
8 Central,.....	Danville,.....	Tues
9 Social,.....	Stanford,.....	Wed
10 Union,.....	Nicholasville,.....	Sat
11 Lafayette,.....	Georgetown,.....	Tues
12 De Kalb,.....	Maysville,.....	Mon
13 Stranger's Rest,.....	Henderson,.....	Sat
14 Madison,.....	Richmond,.....	Tues
15 Howard,.....	Shelbyville,.....	
16 Morning Star,.....	Petersburg,.....	
17 Herman,.....	Louisville,.....	Sat

Grand Encampment

Meets at Louisville quarterly.

Subordinate Encampments,

1 Mount Horeb,.....	Louisville,.....	1 & 3 Mon
2 Olive Branch,.....	Covington,.....	1 & 4 Mon
3 Moreah,.....	Lexington,.....	1 & 3 Thur
4 Pilgrim,.....	Frankfort,.....	1 & 3 Thur

STATE OF MARYLAND.*Subordinate Lodges*

1 Washington,.....	Baltimore,.....	Mon
2 Franklin,.....	"",.....	Thurs
3 Columbia,.....	"",.....	Wed
4 William Tell,.....	"",.....	Tues
5 Gratitude,.....	"",.....	Mon
6 Harmony,.....	"",.....	Wed
7 Friendship,.....	"",.....	Thurs
8 Mariou,.....	"",.....	Tues
9 Jefferson,.....	"",.....	Thurs
10 Union,.....	"",.....	Thurs

17		
18 Miller,.....	Easton,.....	Sat
19 Morning Star,.....	Havre-de-Grace,.....	Sat
20 Mount Pisgah,.....	Port Deposit,.....	Tues
21 Mt. Vernon,.....	Abingdon,.....	Sat
22 Philip Read,.....	Chestertown,.....	Mon
23 Potomac,.....	Hagerstown,.....	Tues
24 Mt. Moriah,.....	Clear Spring,.....	Thurs
25 Aaron,.....	Williamsport,.....	Fri
26 Chosen Friends,.....	Cumberland,.....	Fri
27 Gratitude,.....	Frederick,.....	Tues
28 La Grange,.....	Sharpsburgh,.....	Sat
29 Benevolent,.....	Hancock,.....	Sat
30 Neison,.....	Middletown,.....	Sat
31 Centre,.....	Hillsborough,.....	Sat
32 Mt. Carmel,.....	Ellicott's Mills,.....	Sat

Subordinate Encampments.

1 Jerusalem,.....	Baltimore,.....	Fri
2 Salem,.....	"",.....	Tues
3 Zion,.....	Cambridge,.....	Tues
4 Jacob,.....	Easton,.....	Tues
5 Bethlehem,.....	Chestertown,.....	Tues
6 Galena,.....	Hagerstown,.....	Tues
7 Mt. Carmel,.....	Cumberland,.....	Tues
8 Evening Star,.....	Havre-de-Grace,.....	Tues

STATE OF ALABAMA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Mobile quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Alabama	Mobile	Tues
2 Mobile	"	Wed
3 Chosen Friends	Mobile	Thurs
4 Samaritan,		
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.		
1 Mount Ararat	Mobile	Fri

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Wilmington quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Weldon	Weldon	Tues
2 Cape Fear	Wilmington	Tues
3 Washington	Murfreesboro	Fri
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.		
1 Campbell	Wilmington	
2 Rain	Murfreesboro	
3 Pine,	Fayetteville,	

EAST FLORIDA.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Florida	Jacksonville
2 Kennedy	Black Creek

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Austin.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Lone Star	Houston	Mon
2 Harmony	"	Fri
3 Galveston	Galveston	Wed

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Portland quarterly. The following officers have been installed for the present year. James Pratt, G. M.; Samuel Thatcher, Jr., G. W.; Benj. Kingsbury, G. Sec.; James Winslow, G. Treas.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine	Portland	Mon
2aco	"	Tues
3 Georgian	Thomaston	Mon
4 Ancient Brother	Portland	Thurs
5 Ligonia,	"	Sat
6 Sabbathis	Augusta	Wed
7 Penobscot	Bangor	Wed
8 Relief	East Thomaston	Fri
9 Natahori	Gardiner	
10 Lincoln	Bath	Mon
11 Saccappa	Westbrook	
12 Kenduskeag	Bangor	Mon
13 Phipscot	Brunswick	Thur
14 Cushnoe	Augusta	
15 Passagassawakeag	Belfast	Wed
16 Hobomah	Bath	
17 Washington		
18 Orono	Orono	Sat
19 Pessamquoddy	Eastport	
20 Harrison	Harrison	Fri
21 Somerset and Franklin Mercer		

DEGREE LODGE.

1 Union	Portland	Tues
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.		

1 Machigonne	Portland	1 3 Tues
2 Eastern Star	"	2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore	Augusta	1 3 Thurs
4 Katahdin	Bangor	
5 Saco	Saco	
6 Sagadahock	Bath	

STATE OF GEORGIA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Savannah.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Oglethorpe	Savannah
2 Franklin	Macon
3 Live Oak	Savannah
4 Sylvan	Milledgeville

5 United Brothers

Macon Columbus

6 Muscogee,.....Columbus

7 Washington,.....Augusta

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Magnolia.....Savannah

2 Ocmulgee.....Milledgeville

3 Franklin.....Macon

4 Chattahoochee,.....Columbus

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Natchez quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Mississippi.....NatchezWed

2 Washington.....NatchezThurs

3 Warren.....VicksburghThurs

4 Grenada.....GrenadaFri

7 Macon.....VicksburghWed

8 William Dale.....LibertyWed

10 Wilkinson.....WoodvilleWed

11 Capitol.....JacksonThurs

12 Concordia.....Natchez,

13 Belmont.....Belmont

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Wildey,.....Natchez

2 Vicksburgh.....Vicksburgh

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Charleston quarterly.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Charleston.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 South Carolina.....CharlestonWed

2 Marion....."Fri

3 Howard....."Thurs

4 Jefferson....."Tues

5 Palmetto.....ColumbiaFri

6 De Kalb.....WinsboroMon

7 Aiken.....AikenWed

8 La Fayette.....ChesterervilleMon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Palmetto.....Charleston

2 Eutaw.....Columbia

3 Ashley.....Charleston

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Iowa.....Mineral Point

2 La Fayette....."

3 Milwaukee.....Milwaukee.

4 Rose of the Valley, Potosi,

RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....ProvidenceThurs

2 Eagle....."Wed

3 Roger Williams....."Tues

4 Hope....."Mon

5 Ocean.....NewportFrid

6 Amity.....Warren,

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narraganset.....Providence2 4 Frid

PROVINCE OF CANADA.

GRAND LODGE

Meets at Montreal.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Prince of Wales.....MontrealTues

2 Queens....."Wed

3 Prince Albert,.....St JohnsMon

4 Albion,.....QuebecMon

5 Commercial,.....MontrealMon

ENCAMPMENT.

1 Hochelaga,.....Montreal,2 & 4 Ther

IOWA TERRITORY.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Washington,.....Burlington

PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.
GRAND LODGE

Meets at Tredegar.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- 1 Iorin,.....Tredegar,
2 Covenant,.....Tredegar,

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Grand Lodge

Meets quarterly at Detroit.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Michigan	Detroit	Mon
2 Wayne	do	Tues
3 Oakland	Pontiac	Wed
4 Jackson	Jackson	Sat
5 Peninsula	Marshall	Mon
6 Berrien Co.	Niles	Thurs

Subordinate Encampments.

- 1 Michigan Detroit 2 & 4 Thurs
2 Marshall,

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Grand Lodge

Meets at Washington quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges.

1 Central	Washington	Fri
2		
3		
4		
5 Washington	Tues
7 Eastern	Fri
8 Potomac	Alexandria	Mon

9 Harmony	Washington	Mon
10 Columbia	"	Thur
11 Union	"	Wed
12 Friendship	"	Thur
13 Covenant	"	Mond

Subordinate Encampments,

- 1 Columbian Washington, last Weds
2 Marley, Alexandria, 24 Mo

STATE OF DELAWARE.

Grand Lodge

Meets at Wilmington quarterly.

Subordinate Lodges,

1 Delaware	Wilmington	Mon
3 Bayard	Laurel	Fri
4 Mechanics	Wilmington	Sat
5 Washington	New Castle	Sat
6 Morning Star	Smyrna	Wed

Subordinate Encampments,

- 1 Delaware, Wilmington,

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

Grand Lodge

Meets quarterly in the city of New Orleans.

Subordinate Lodges,

1 Louisianna	N. Orleans	Fridy
3 Washington	"	Thur
4 Feliciana	Bayou Sara	Thur
6 Union	N. Orleans	Mon

Subordinate Encampments,

- 1 Wildey, N. Orleans, 13 W
2 Louisiana, St. Francisville,

RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—John Tanner, CP ; V. B. Lockrow, HP ; C. Brooks, SW ; C. Holt, S ; A. Heyer Brown, T ; R. H. Pruyn, JW.

HOPE LODGE, No. 3.—S. P. Carter, NG ; LeGrand Smith, VG ; E. H. Bender, QS ; G. W. Bell, PS ; J. W. Harcourt, T.

CITY PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, No. 5.—Wm. Reese, NG ; Henry Hainer, VG ; William Quested, QS ; F. Ingmire, PS ; Wm. B. Scott, T.

UNION LODGE No. 8.—Alex. Selkirk, NG ; Geo. Wallace, VG ; George Penchant, Sec ; A. Whitney, PS ; J. G. Northrup, Treas.

GERMAN COLONIAL LODGE, No. 16.—J. Levi, NG ; Julius Paepkie, VG ; Jacob Newburgh, Sec ; John Wacher, Treas.

FIREMEN'S LODGE, No. 19.—R. S. Howard, NG ; S. S. Barns, VG ; S. H. Johnson, QS ; Wm. Rennie, PS ; A. Heyer Brown, T.

AMERICAN LODGE, No. 32.—James Muir, NG ; Henry Quackenboss, VG ; H. M. Hyde, QS ; Thos. D. Knower, PS ; Walter S. McCulloch, T.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41—E. J. Moseley, NG ; H. C. Haskell, VG ; Charles P. Page, QS ; Peter B. Leddy, PS ; Thomas Johns, T.

SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93.—J. M. Hughes, NG ; D. S. Davis, VG ; Stephen Van Schaack, QS ; C. W. Bentley, T.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

MORNING STAR LODGE, No. 128.—S. P. Lee, NG ; Wm. J. Peek, VG ; Thos. Harris, Sec ; Wm. T. Groat, Treas.

SPARTAN LODGE, No. 62.—Isaac F. Fletcher, NG ; John Vandemark, VG ; J. M. Brown, Sec ; G. Longley, Treas.

WATERVLIET LODGE, No. 38.—Thos. Gonsalis, NG ; James Quick, VG ; Jas. Cook, Sec ; A. R. Cheever, Treas.

~~(G)~~ Post Masters are authorized to forward all subscriptions for the Gavel, free of postage. Our friends, by bearing this in mind, would save us a great deal of expense in the way of postage.

~~(G)~~ Members of the Order wishing to have their cards inserted in the next number of the Gavel will please hand them in as early as possible.

~~(G)~~ We can still furnish back numbers of the Gavel to new subscribers.

~~(G)~~ To insure the speedy delivery of communications intended for the Lodges in the city of Albany, correspondents are requested to direct them to the *D. D. G. M.*, V. B. LOCKROW, box 264, post office, Albany.

~~(G)~~ The Regular Monthly Session of EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5, will be held on Friday Evening, February 14, 1845. A punctual attendance is particularly requested, as business of importance will then be transacted.

DIED,

On the 16th ult., FRANCIS W., son of Brother Samuel W. Gibbs, aged one year and three months.

Married,

At Cleveland, (O.) on the 4th ult. by Rev. S. B. Canfield, Bro. F. B. WALBRIDGE, P. G. of Cuyahoga Lodge, No. 22, and Miss CATHARINE FARLEY.

AGENTS FOR THE GAVEL.

NEW YORK.—A. Smith, 197 River st., *Troy*—Nathaniel J. Cady, *Hudson*—M. Drullard, *Schenectady*—L. W. Hall & Co. and James Kinney, *Syracuse*—J. Anthony, *Cohoes*—Geo. A. Wilkins, *Ballston Spa*—Geo. Andrews, *Saratoga*—J. H. Pomeroy, *Utica*—J. B. Devoe, *Flushing, L. I.*—J. H. Van Benthuysen, 223 State street, *Lansingburgh*—P. T. Heartt 2, *Waterford*—D. C. McCullum, *Rochester*.

OHIO.—Robinson & Jones, *Cincinnati*—J. Cranmer, *P. M. Lancaster*—J. V. Campbell, *Eaton*—A. A. Selover, *Cleveland*—Wilson T. Drake, *Middletown*.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Edward R. Rich, *Boston*—Geo. S. Wyllie, *Ware Village*—Geo. Ashworth, *Lowell*—John B. Goodnow, *Charlestown*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Colou & Adriance, *Philadelphia*—Wm. Fox, *Pottsville*—Alfred Craig, *Washington*.

KENTUCKY.—H. J. Brown, *Lancaster*—Wm. R. Walker, *Cairo*.

NEW JERSEY.—J. L. Page, *New Brunswick*.

CANADA—David Milligan, *Montreal*—J. H. Hardie, 30 John street, *Quebec*.

RHODE ISLAND.—John E. Risley, *Providence*.

CONNECTICUT.—Horatio N. Hawkins, *Derby*.

TENNESSEE—W. H. Chaplain, *Memphis*.

MISSOURI.—William Childs, *Boonville*,

THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, MARCH, 1845.

NO. 7.

Written for the Gavel.

THE SONG OF A MOUNTAINEER UNDER THE WINDOW OF HIS FAIR.

BY C. C. BURR.

O, come, my love—the moon's soft beam
Now sleeps upon the mountain ;
The sparkles dance upon the stream,
Or glisten in the fountain,
So pure and bright,
This silver night
Such pleasant scenes are given,
We sure might dream of Heaven.

The winds are hushed—the woods are still,
There 's not a whisper waking—
Naught but the merry mountain rill
The hour of stillness breaking ;
We'll rove awhile,
In Luna's smile,
With love the night adorning,
Till Phœbus breaks the morning.

This, dear Cath'rine, is the hour,
While all the world is sleeping,
To cull the dewy mountain flower
Like a sad angel weeping ;
Our smiles to view,
In drops of dew,
Mirrored in starry brightness
That shames the morning's lightness.

O, come, my love—you need not fear
To go with me a roving,
And spend so still and peaceful there,
The hour that 's made for loving ;
That heart of thine
And this of mine,
Each other's passion greeting,
Shall ne'er forget that meeting.

Troy, January 1, 1845.

Written for the Gavel.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

BY NINESKA.

THE day shone bright upon the land of Judah. "The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven." The dark blue waters of her gentle streams, as they meandered along, rejoiced in their own being. The flowers unfolded their petals also to welcome the bright monarch of the east. The pearly dew that glittered on their glossy leaves, fled at its approach, and naught was left to deck them save their own bright hues. No sound was heard save the lays of the forest bird, whose warbling notes sent "music, sweet music to the soul," while chanting its morning hymn to its Creator.

In this calm and holy hour a gentle mother, one of Syria's favorite daughters, with her first born son, journeyed through this smiling land to Zion, where stood the temple of the living God. On her calm and lofty brow, devotion to her God was stamped—the soft light of her dark eye spoke of those holy feelings that did fill that Hebrew mother's breast; the world held no claim upon her—she forgot all for the one great object she had before her. Slowly yet joyful did she wend her way toward the holy place in order to fulfill the vow which she had made to God respecting her son—her only son. She had consecrated him to God from his birth, and now rejoiced that "aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers to bring before her God." She heard nature's voice all around her, but the voice of her boy was dearer to her heart than aught beside. He too admired the beauties of nature, and would now and then exclaim, Mother! dear mother! how great must be that God who formed these flowers and gave to each a different hue. And as he spoke he observed her wipe a tear from off her face. But ah, how little did he know what caused this gush of feeling—these deep emotions which fill a mother's heart.

The temple was before her in all its majesty. The hour had come when she must leave her boy and journey homeward. Oh, who can tell a mother's anguish—

"Compassion touched her pure, pathetic soul,
And down her cheek a tear spontaneous stole,
Swift, and more swift, unbidden sorrows rise
And pearly drops rolled from her radiant-eyes,"

as she beheld her child turning from the white robed priest and clinging to her. Then parental love filled the mother's soul—her heart yearned as she beheld deep gloom portrayed upon that joyous face. At last her soul broke forth "in weeping and in song." Alas my boy! I fear I cannot leave thee; thy tears, thy looks, I cannot bear to see them thus, and then depart. Oh my boy, can I, must I leave thee? must I return childless unto my home, and hear no more the sweet tones of thy gentle voice? When I am gone what mother shall soothe thy anxious fears—shall cheer thee when in sadness—

shall watch o'er thy couch and wipe the death damps from thy brow? But be thou still my soul—vain, foolish are my fears. Have not I given thee to God, "in whom I have lived, moved, and had my being," who hath watched over my infancy, and preserved me from all the temptations with which I have been surrounded from my earliest years—and do I now hesitate to give to God that child which he gave me in mercy, and can take away without my consent if I yield it unwillingly. No: I will give thee to thy God my child. He will preserve thee and keep thee from every danger. Then fare thee well my child. I give thee to the living God, and expect at last to meet thee around the throne of Jesus. Then, then will we strike our melodious harps of gold in union. Then shall our love be consummated—refined—elevated. Then shall I meet again my beloved son, with such improved charms, new beauty, that even a mother's tender partiality can but just recognize him as her own son: the child of her faith—child of her prayers.

Albany, February, 1845.

Written for the Gavel.

SCIENCE.

Ne te quae siveris extra.

BY BRO. L. VAN WIE.

SCIENTIFIC research too often assumes the appearance of an atomic chaos, over which no regulating spirit sheds benignant rays of order, or imparts the quickening influence and intellectual necessity of form-giving power. Science, Bacon substantially defines to be the assimilation of observed phenomena. The perfection of science in his view then appears to have been attained, when general principles, justified by particular phenomena, were arrived at; and these, as all know who have ever marked the proneness of even the untaught to embody experience in form of maxims, when proposed are more susceptible of verification by experiment, as well as fitter subjects of investigation, than millions of unconnected simple facts. By giving to simple sources independence and individual existence, the harmony of the whole, as well as the observed interdependence of the parts are disregarded, or will not be appreciated. A single well chosen expression, appreciated by an inquirer, will often do more to convince, inform or elucidate a systematic truth than months of hard study, toiling through indefinite longings and thirstings after knowledge. All effort, all science, all discovery must be made and obtained in subservience to the capability of our nature, and its limitations are the references in all and in either progress. In our utmost efforts and highest attainments, we but develop a law of our own existence, and a condition of our organization. Newton's most profound discoveries are but the result of his own mental efforts, and

the extent of his powers was their utmost extent. When light shines into the dark corners of this our prison house, facts and particulars previously imbedded in darkness, deep and mysterious, are brought to our consciousness by that light, and discoveries of the most remote of nature's bodies or laws but elucidate our own mysterious selves, but when light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not, then mind is shut out from the beauty of the universal whole, as epitomised in the arcana of the soul, and the laws of our nature in the darkness of our ignorance are the destroyers of our peace; and the ministers of a fate blind in our own blindness and imperious as that ignorance renders them uncontrollable. This is the power of Fate; where falsity has obtained currency. Truth undeformed and unadorned is the only antidote, which fearlessly advocated and unreservedly proclaimed will set at large the souls which are now in bonds, and who, if this be not proclaimed, and this consummation ensured to them, must be regarded as sacrificial offerings at the shrine of a consecrated folly, despotic as destructive.

"How long, Oh! how long ere the day star arise," ere men shall recognize the divinely inspired command and sentiment, that all are brothers; when prejudices, which have a tendency to prostrate millions of the human race before the destroying strength of fears unfounded and hopes impracticable and visionary, shall give place to the persuasion that truth is not to be eschewed, and that freedom from fear does not necessarily infer that all the wisdom of God to be sought, and the blessings of that knowledge, are insufficient to keep men in obedience to law and order. The same laws of constitution, physical and mental, are now active which originally impelled the sweet singer of Israel, which dictated the wisdom of Solomon, and gave ability and ingenuity to the many who aided in erecting to the God of all glory a temple worthy of his majesty, and typical of his eternal and infinite wisdom, power and ways. It was not by consulting and trammeling his mind by the dictation of others, and hearkening to the limited views of faction, prejudice and partial feeling, that the noble Homer arose, like a star in the midst of pitchy darkness, to shine out and attract the attention of the present and future millions. He pursued the even tenor of his way in the strength of his mind's eye, and now, as then, finds an echo and a response in the bosoms of the most, as well as the least, enlightened. Such is the force of mind; and this the truth that never dies, that circles as it originates in eternity, and shines on though darkness envelope the earth and black darkness the people; it speaks in man, of man, and to all men; therefore seek not beyond thyself.

Albany, Feb. 25, 1845.

AMOUNT of relief paid by the Order in this state for the year 1844
was \$35,274.

Reported for the Gavel.

ADDRESS

*Delivered on the occasion of presenting a banner to Allen Lodge, No. 92,
I. O. O. F. Jan. 20th, 1845.*

BY BRO. E. B. SHAW.

If we contemplate man in the morning of his existence, we shall discover as much beauty, and harmony, in his moral and social nature, as in his physical constitution. In primeval purity all was sunshine and peace. Vice had not entered the moral system, and passion had not ruffled the smooth sea of life. All was unclouded joy and heavenly serenity—man, like the heavenly bodies, traveled on in the track which his creator had provided, enjoying unbounded bliss and exciting the admiration of angels; but sin entered the world, the great destroyer came and threw him for his orbit; since that fatal day he wanders in a devious track on the confines of a moral universe, pushing further and further into darkness and night from that radiant centre which draws and calls him back. The first transgression engendered and brought to maturity the whole brood of hateful passions. Anger, Lust, Envy, Hatred, and Revenge, with all their dreadful effects, swept across the human breast and overturned God's moral temple from its low foundation; instead of the raptures and joys of paradise, how feel we now? in our tumultuous bosoms waves of passion follow wave—sin has entered there and taken possession of our better natures. Within our hearts the gnawing worm is laid which preys upon our vitals, and wears out this weary, toil-worn frame; this beautiful moral edifice is but a ruin; man's moral form is scarcely an outline of what it was, of what it ought to be, of what it may hereafter be. To repair this ruin, to rebuild this grand temple which transgression has dilapidated, to restore fallen man to his primitive state of purity and holiness, to awaken the latent sensibility of his moral and social nature, which sin has blunted, to call into active exercise those intellectual powers of the mind which constitute man the noblest work of God; to teach man his relationship to his fellow man and to his God, and to wipe the tear of bereavement, of sorrow, from the eye of the disconsolate, is the professed object of Odd Fellowship. In its full development it teaches the prostrate nations of the earth the right divine of the people to life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness. It teaches them no longer to regard the drop of royal blood as worth an ocean from the hearts of the people; that there is a greatness which exceeds all the world calls great; that moral greatness as much surpasses the greatness of the hero as the light of the sun outshines the faintest glimmerings of the twinkling star. It throws a sacredness around the person of the peasant as well as that of the prince, over the humble tent of the soldier as over the gorgeous pavilion of the emperor. It makes us feel that the truly good man is the truly great man, and far richer than the proprietor of conquered kingdoms. That he who is found

bending over the couch of human suffering, holding the cup to the parched lips, or Howard like penetrating the loathsome dungeon to relieve the sufferer's wants, is worthier of a world's regard than Napoleon with his star undimmed by defeat, and his eagle waving in triumph over every capital on the continent. We rejoice that the good and benevolent of all nations have become imbued with these sentiments. The natural, moral, and political blessings we enjoy, render us almost insensible to the distress and desolation which inflict the world. If we cast our eye upon the ancient continent, we shall find the spirit of hatred and animosity inflaming the people and embattled armies arrayed for slaughter. The trumpet of war and destruction overshadow her prospects, and the crimson shadow of ambition rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm; her public faith, her social institutions, her peace and happiness will soon exist only upon the page of history, leaving the inhabitants in that state of mental darkness and moral depravity, which succeeded the splendid era of ancient literature. To stay this tide which threatens to inundate the social world, and dispel those clouds of moral darkness which overshadow the people, a star has arisen, whose benign ray is to teach us to curb intemperate passions and reconcile conflicting opinions—to extend to nations those principles of humanity and benevolence which should actuate individuals to destroy the pride of conquests and the pomp of war, to annihilate local prejudices, to banish from the world every sordid and selfish passion, those opinions founded in ignorance and superstition, and introduce those social feelings which are better calculated to preserve peace and good order, than penal laws or political regulations. Neither do the advantages of Odd Fellowship stop here; they have an important bearing and influence on our moral and intellectual faculties, the almighty creator of the human family hath given us capacities for improvement, he hath implanted in our breasts an earnest desire for the advancement of all that is truly wise and noble, that is calculated to elevate us in the scale of intelligence, and to draw forth the latent virtues to action. By fostering this desire we rise higher in intellectual acquirements, the darkness which clouded our reason vanishes, and the light of wisdom points out to us the path of truth. We attain the summit of human reasoning by a slow and toilsome progression, and it is by a progression as slow that we excel in virtue. The flight of genius is rapid, but genius stoops to fancy, and is often attracted from its pursuit by the glare of novelty. The human mind is quick and active in its perceptions, but it has the ignorance of ages to encounter, and it is only to him who has labored in the field of investigation, who has employed the whole energies of his mind in removing the rubbish of error, who has looked abroad upon the face of nature, and seen the order and beauty which govern her operations, that wisdom hath unveiled herself in her peerless beauty and majesty.

It is in a moral point of view that the principles of our Order appear in all their excellence. They act as a strong incentive to the

discharge of many of the duties incumbent upon us as members of society, and subjects of law and government. Man, considered in an individual light without any of the relations and dependencies of society, is a savage ; he is born to the endurance of evil, and his mind is on the constant look out for danger. Suspicion, jealousy, anger, and revenge, and the whole class of wicked and turbulent passions harrow his soul, poison his felicity, and closes every avenue to the social affections. Hath God given man to be happy within himself ? hath he formed him of materials which require not the contact and contiguity of others to polish the asperities of his disposition ? Will all the virtues which adorn the human character spring forth spontaneously, and all the warm affections of the human breast—those affections which are so immediately entwined with our existence, those feelings whose accompanying thrill, whether pleasurable or painful is still enjoyment—exist without the mutual relations and dependences which society confers ? Can we wrap ourselves up in our own self-importance, and coldly proclaim to the world that the names of ~~fec~~ city are without ourselves, and that we ask not the love, and friendship of our fellow creatures ? Can we wish that no hand of proffered affection should be extended to us while living, and that no tear of regret or remembrance should water the green turf where our ashes repose ? No ! no ! The philosophy of our minds would show at once the folly of our speculation ; it would pronounce in a voice too loud to be mistaken, that it is only by studying the well-being of others, and giving a free rein to the general impulses of the soul, that we are to find our happiness in the happiness of others. Where do we find the man who has no moral sense within him, however vicious his conduct may be, however estranged are his affections, who is not governed by some principles which he imagines equitable and just ? We believe there is none, and we further believe that the moral nature of man, bad as it is, must be much altered before he can lose sight entirely of the first law of human nature ; humanity must sink far lower in the scale of depravity and sin, and a state more horrible ensue, ere the light of truth and reason, strengthened and encouraged by associations like ours, shall go down in darkness and night, and all the angry and malevolent passions which disgrace human nature, be suffered to reign in undisturbed control. The principles of Odd Fellowship, which shield us from many of the vices, which the vile tendency of our nature would otherwise lead us to embrace, also draws forth many virtues which otherwise might not exist in their full force ; we are taught to believe in the existence of an over-ruling providence—we are taught to study nature that we may become impressed with the belief of the existence of deity : he is seen in the multiplied works of his creation, in the earth, in the heavens, but more particularly with man. The earth and the innumerable orbs which move through an endless infinity, obey the original laws of matter, but it is man only that speaks with the voice of intelligence, it is upon man, created after his own image, animated with the spark of im-

mortal life, and into whom he hath breathed a portion of his own spirit, that the impress of divinity is most conspicuous.

Sir, we have met this evening for a very interesting purpose ; it is to present, in behalf of the members of this Lodge, through you their chosen representative, to the Lodge, this beautiful ensign of our Order, and dedicate it to the sacred service of humanity ; and oh, may the God in whom we trust, shed around it his select influences, guard it from every danger, and conduct it untarnished through to victory. The first object which meets the gaze, is the eye, which is to remind us that the omnipresent eye of God is ever upon us, beholding all we say or do ; it teaches us to exercise before God, those virtues which Odd Fellowship inculcates, and that a practical application of the motto of our Order, Friendship, Love, and Truth, being the chief attributes of the divine mind, is the first requirement of eternal wisdom.

IN GOD WE TRUST. The spirit of our institution whispers to the heart of every man, trust in God. Without this we have no home, no comfort, no hope ; trust in God is one of the first lessons taught in that unerring standard of divine truth, which we are instructed to adopt as our guide and counselor. We claim no competition with that holy religion established by the divine hand. Our Order, as far as I can learn, is not of divine origin, but rather originated under divine approbation ; teaching us at every step to hold in view those first lessons of the Bible, relief, comfort, support, merit in distress and innocence in tears. May we all trust confidently in God, then should the angry elements conspire to hurl destruction upon our devoted institution, the principles of whose actions are sympathy and benevolence, which breathes universal peace on earth and good will to man, it will surmount every obstacle and rise higher and higher, until it shall be embosomed in the clouds of God's everlasting love, and enclosed with the rays of eternal glory.

We have also Liberty and Benevolence, resting upon a shield with the Bible in the centre. Some may ask why we have liberty on our standard. I answer no institution is more republic in its character than ours ; it is purely elective and representative in its form of government, our franchise is universal, we have no property qualification ; the great plea which has been urged against civil freedom has been founded on the assumed bases, that equal rights are subversive of social order, and that all institutions which are conducted upon this broad principle must speedily terminate in anarchy and confusion. The policy of this plea has been shown not by speculative reasoning, but by actual demonstration, by positive facts ; if we cast our eyes over the map of the world we shall there find that where the sun of liberty shines with the brightest light, there also morality flourishes as a tree planted by the rivers of water. Place man in a situation to communicate the result of his mental labors, untrammeled and unfettered ; let him know that in studying the welfare of a brother he advances his own happiness, and that in obeying salutary laws, he is strengthening the bulwarks of rational freedom, and you will

do more to promote social order than was ever effected by the most despotic exercise of tyranny. *Benevolence.* The duty of good will and benevolence to our fellow men, are particularly incumbent on us as Odd Fellows. In vain would all the virtues unite to render us good men, were we wanting in benevolence. In vain would we divest ourselves of all the vices of our nature and assume the garb of morality, were not the principles of disinterested benevolence and philanthropy engrafted in our bosoms. Benevolence alleviates the distresses of suffering humanity, it pours oil into the wounds which disappointment has given, and when sorrow hath wrecked in the broad ocean of despair, every bright prospect that can sustain our trembling faculties, every hope to which our hearts hath clung with an overweening fondness, the voice of benevolence is heard amid the strife of passion, the light of benevolence is seen in the solemn darkness which broods over mental anguish, and her hand is felt as it smooths the furrows of care and wipes the tear from the face of woe. High above those two essential principles of our Order, stands Charity, as the crowning excellence of the whole. Charity not only teaches us to bind up the broken heart, to soothe the afflicted, and dry up the widow's and the orphan's tears, but to throw the veil over the foibles of our brother, and to remember that perfection on earth has never been attained ; the wisest, as well as the best of men have erred. Charity recommends liberal benevolence and diffusive usefulness ; it teaches us to look with lenity on the faults, frailties, and imperfections of our fellow creatures, to compassionate the miseries of the unhappy and afflicted, and to extend the hand of relief to the indigent and suffering ; hence it is deservedly esteemed the summit of all the other virtues. In the sacred volume of inspiration, we are told to add to our faith, virtue, to virtue, knowledge, to knowledge, temperance, to temperance, patience, and to patience, godliness, and to godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, *Charity.* What can be more beautiful than the description we have of this virtue, where we are told, faith may be lost in sight, hope end in fruition, but charity, heaven-born charity, shall survive the assaults of death, live beyond the tomb, and through the ceaseless ages of eternity, flourish in one eternal spring.

Sweet is the memory of departed worth, is another motto inscribed on our standard. The primary objects of Odd Fellowship are indeed to smooth the rugged road of life, to remove the asperities of the human character, and to increase at once the usefulness and happiness of men. But these objects are sought through the influence of example as well as of precept, and no where is example so powerful and efficacious as in the recollection and the history of those who are gone. It is not until the whole career of life is run that the character can be considered as unalterably fixed, or its real merit can be fairly appreciated. It is not till the grave closes over its victim, and buried forever within his mouldering remains, the jealousies and rivalships by which all are surrounded while living, that impartial justice can be done to the illustrious benefactor of mankind. It is not until

the immortal spirits of the good and great have taken their upward flight to the scenes of their ultimate triumph and reward, that the brilliancy of their course on earth can be clearly discerned, and the cloud which has obscured the full orb'd splendor of their fame can be thoroughly and finally dispersed. Young Allen, whose name this Lodge bears, has passed from among us, his career of life has closed; he was killed while in command of the schooner Alligator in the act of attacking a piratical vessel in the bay of Lijnapo; he was first buried at Matanzas, from thence he was removed to this his native city, by the United States government, and now rests beneath a monument of which this is a representative, erected by the citizens of his native place. Young Allen's home was upon the rolling deep, his profession that of a naval officer, his business that of fighting the battles of his country. In early life, feeling all the heat of enthusiasm which war inspires, and devotedness to his country and her cause, he solicited an opportunity to evince his skill, and prove to his country that he knew no danger when duty called. We cannot but admire his devotedness to his country, yet we do not present his naval achievements at this time as claiming our particular attention. Neither have we paid this tribute of respect to his memory because he was an eminent patron of our order, we do not know that he was ever initiated into its sublime mysteries, but because in him centered all those moral virtues which elevate the character, adorn the nature, and enoble the mind of man. As a military man he was no less distinguished for his bravery, than the uniform courtesy of his manners. In ordinary life we discover none of those high qualities for which in the hour of danger he was so conspicuous. In his conversation he was instructive, and combined all the eloquence of the scholar, with the sound practical sense of a man of the world. He devoted himself to the study of naval tactics as a science, and labored to adorn the stern and masculine character of his sailors with softer graces and kinder embellishments. A stranger in his company and one wholly ignorant of his character, would have found himself drawn powerfully towards him by those predominant and pervading sympathies, which such endearing qualities always excite, every moment he would have found this attachment growing stronger and stronger, as the varied excellencies of his character disclosed in succession. Benevolence marked his whole character, with a heart swayed by the tenderest emotions of the soul, his ear was ever open to the cries of the distressed, and his hand open to relieve their wants. To all his other qualities he added a serenity of temper, and a cheerfulness of disposition, which gave to his whole character a charm as rare as it was delightful; he was also equally remote from the heat of enthusiasm or that lifeless system which excludes all the exercise of the affections. In his social relations he was cautious without being timid, familiar without sacrificing his dignity, and condescending without abandoning what he conceived to be principle and duty. And now what of his affections, were they lost beneath the wild growth of his imagination? No! no! here his character shines out in all its

glory, and all its beauty ; as a son he was devoted to an aged mother, and the worthy recipient of his heart's best affections. See him leaving that dear domestic circle, that aged mother, and a young and confiding sister; to go out upon the broad ocean to meet the dangers of the sea, and the jostlings of a cold world ; see him returning from the dangers to which he had been exposed, to that mother and sister, and empty at their feet the stores saved from his own wants, and then can you doubt his affection. Deep and pure, and living was the spring, and mighty was the gushing of its waters. Such was young Allen, whose name we have adopted, a name which he adorned by his bravery and his affections ; by his bravery which was so conspicuous in the affair of the Argus, which enlarged his ideas and made him pant for fame, that last infirmity of noble minds. But he has fallen, not before, however, he had lived long enough for all the ordinary purposes of life, and to enjoy the confidence of his country, and died in the performance of duty.

This combination, sir, tells you that this is our chosen standard, and briefly, though beautifully expresses the objects of our association. And I take pride in saying that this is a home-made article, that we look not beyond the circle of our own society for either the design or execution ; we have the honor to claim the artist as a true hearted Odd Fellow, and although time has not yet set the approving signet to his fame, yet the success of the present undertaking leaves no room to fear the verdict of the future, and adds another illustration of the well established rule, that true genius in painting as in poetry, born with its possessor, endows him with a skill which the labored rules of art can never teach ; but the production needs no commendation from me, there it is, it speaks for itself. Mercy designed it, the pencil of genius fixed its hues, and clothed with beauty all its folds.

Sir, you have been selected by the members, to receive in the name of the lodge this banner. Take it sir, and take it with a willing heart ; for this is not a banner which is to be rolled in blood, this is not a banner which is to be crimsoned with human gore, this is not a banner to float in triumph over ruined homes and desolate hearths, amid the smoke of sacked cities and the roar of blazing artillery. Take it sir, and rear it high in the van of human misery, at once a signal of relief and joy, as the bright promise of the future, and may children who are orphans of the heart with their mute beseeching looks, youth bursting into manhood, woman innocent, yet suffering from the coldness of the world, all unite in exciting us to renewed activity, until it shall be planted upon the grave of sorrow and sin, and earth's applauding millions be heard beneath its folds, shouting it is finished, Victory ! Victory ! Victory !

THE amount of relief paid by the Order under the jurisdiction of the G. L. of U. S. for the year ending Sept. 1838, was \$4,505 ; for the year 1844, \$72,113.

Written for the Gavel.

MASSACRE OF NESTORIA.

BY BRO. R. MC FARLAND.

OH! fiercely the glare of their eyeballs was seen,
As with blade of the butcher and heart of the fiend,
They burst on Nestoria to murder and kill,
And purple each streamlet, of valley and hill;
And the wail of the infant and scream of the fair,
The moan of the Patriarch, with snow-waving hair,
Were all to those slayers, their drink and their food,
To feast in their fury a hyena mood.
And what could the arm of the hero avail,
The tower on the mountain, or fort in the vale?
For in darkness and secret their life-blood was shed,
As the desert blast comes and is tracked by the dead.
Ah, butchers! though proud in your triumph you laugh,
And the death groan of murder the music you quaff,
Though the land of the Christian, that bloom'd like the rose,
As a wilderness lies now, in ruin's repose;
Yet vengeance will come! when your blood, for their blood,
Shall wash out their woes in its red rolling flood;
For their prayers like incense have gone to the skies,
And the Lord has remembered their tears and their cries.
And like hounds by the last, you shall outcasts be driven,
By the steel of the Christian and anger of heaven,
And the city of Osman, in triumph be trod,
By the foes of Mahomet—the children of God.
And though peacefully the cloud that now shadows the world,
Yet mark me! the banner for strife is unfurled;
And the crescent, before which the cross oft grew pale,
Shall vanish from earth and be known but in tale.

From the Odd Fellows' Offering.

ODD FELLOW'S ORPHANS.

"ODD FELLOWSHIP's the humbug of the age,"
Said Selfishness, with his wonted pride;
But FRIENDSHIP, (holy, venerable sage,)
And LOVE, whom none will dare deride,
Link'd to the TRUTH—three powers allied,
Whose deeds will live when others all have died—
In accents mild, reprovingly replied:
" You are mistaken—as you always are;—
You are too intimate with Envy: and
You have so little FAITH you do not dare,
Or even HOPE, to join that triune band
Whom CHARITY protects beneath her wings
With ever jealous care, though slander's stings
Assail earth's best and holiest things.
" Behold these Orphans! fostered by the care
Of our beloved Order: relics left
By dear departed "Worthy Brothers,"
Too soon of their protection 'rest.
Look on their happy, smiling faces:
Can 'Humbug' there have left such traces
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH's best graces?"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

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REVISION OF THE WORK.

THE importance of this subject, and the high character of the body from which the annexed proceedings emanate, will command attention and justify us in again referring to it, and occupying more space than we should prefer, but cannot well avoid :

In Grand Lodge, Jan. 14, 1845.

P. G. Davis, of No. 1, from the special committee to whom was referred the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, Annual Session, 1844, submitted the following report :

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York:

The committee to whom was referred the Proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, respectfully report in part :

That owing to the limited time in which they are required to render their report, together with their necessary daily vocations, they have not been able to give all the questions brought to their notice, that attention they could have wished, or their importance would seem to demand.

Your committee refer to the report of the Grand Representatives, for a brief statement of many of the acts of the Grand Lodge of the United States, (August Session, pp. 86 to 89.) Some of those acts, however, in the opinion of your committee, require more than a mere passing notice ; and the first to which we would call the attention of this Grand Lodge, is a series of resolutions, recorded on pages 62 and 55, as follows :

“ *Resolved*, That a committee of five be elected by ballot, with full power to revise all the Lectures and Charges of the Order.

“ *Resolved*, That said committee shall assemble at Baltimore at an early day to be fixed by them, for the purpose of attending to the duty assigned to them, and that their necessary traveling and other expenses, be paid by this Grand Lodge.

“ *Resolved*, That it is expedient that a special session of the Grand Lodge should be called at the earliest possible period, after the committee are prepared to make their report, for the purpose of considering the same.

“ *Resolved*, That the committee be authorized to have their report printed for the use of the Grand Lodge.

“ *Resolved*, That the committee who have been elected to revise the work of the Order, be instructed to write out in cipher, the whole of the language of the Order, and that the same be deposited in the Archives of this Grand Lodge for the purpose of reference.”

That the Grand Lodge of the United States have deemed the report of the Revising Committee thus appointed, of signal importance, may be learned from the fact, that, “ a special session ” of that R. W. Body, “ at the earliest possible period after the committee are prepared to make their report,” is to be called, solely “ for the purpose of considering the same,”—thus leading us to infer that the work of revision is expected to be thorough and extensive, and possibly to a complete remodeling of the entire Work of the Order. Your committee are reluctantly constrained to adopt, in part, the latter supposition ; and are led thereto not only from the importance apparently

attached to the report by that R. W. Body, but by information derived through private channels and a lengthy article on this subject in the Official Magazine—evidently written to prepare the public mind—the editor of which, is not only an influential member in the Order, but of the Revising Committee. Witness the following extracts :

* * * “on the contrary the desire for uniformity in the Order, in all that tends to constitute it one and the same throughout the globe, we believe to be universal—besides, if we are right in our conceptions of the meaning of the term *Work of the Order*, the power to enact a code of General Laws is not only inherent in the Grand Lodge of the United States, but forms a part of its organic law. It is true that in the discussions on the question of reform in the work, reference has generally been had to the charges and lectures, and no allusion has been made to that subject in the comprehensive sense in which we understand it; and it may be that some of the Representatives who voted for the appointment of the committee at the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, acted under the impression that the labors of that body were to be confined simply to a revision of this branch of the work, nevertheless we believe the power designed to be confided to that committee was general and plenary, embracing a thorough examination of the whole system of Odd Fellowship, in order to its improvement, if practicable, in any of its features.

There never has been a more propitious season to make such a revision, not only in obedience to the wish so clearly expressed at home, but especially in view of our relations with foreign countries. The position of Odd Fellowship in this jurisdiction now, is one of isolation—it stands disconnected with England and all other countries, and no conventional obstacles can interpose to any modification of the general system. We commend this to the committee as a perfectly legitimate subject for their consideration, and we trust that they may agree with us upon the utility and practibility of adopting a code of General Laws for the government of the Order at large. In the second place, as a part of the Work of the Order *ancient usage* has constituted to a considerable extent its discipline and practice. This feature of the work has been held as a sort of consecrated tradition, to be preserved and transmitted unaltered, with pious regard and affection. It is allowed to possess the full authority of written law, and in truth is not unfrequently held to be beyond the reach of legislation. Whatever difference of opinion there may be, as to the propriety of abrogating clearly defined and well ascertained usage, there cannot for a moment be a doubt as to the power on this subject.”

Again he says :

* * * * “There are forms, ceremonies, lectures, charges, and language, which require essential modification and perhaps entire abolition. A distinguished brother has expressed our idea of what should be the character of the work in a letter, which now lies before us. ‘Let it,’ he remarks, ‘be intelligible, chaste, beautiful, abounding in morality and philanthropy, interspersed with forcible and perspicuous illustrations—introduce whatever will elucidate the great principles and truths which we desire to hold up for the guidance of man in all his intercourse with his brother—not overlooking admonition concerning his duty to God, to his family and himself. Let the different parts have a visible connexion, let it be a uniform, progressive work, proceeding step by step, throwing light upon the path of the noviciate as he pursues his onward journey.’ We cordially respond to these sentiments, and while the fountains of truthful history lie open to us, let us draw freely from their refreshing waters; let the riches of classic lore be availed of, the elegance of literature, the counsels of pure philosophy, the eloquence and sublimity of nature—go to the oracles, beautify, elevate, exalt the forms, ceremonies and language as eminently as you please, but preserve the great principles of Odd Fellowship from all manner of assault.”

By the above it will readily be perceived, that the power to alter, amend,

remodel, or entirely abolish is freely claimed, and the *propriety* of so doing is more than hinted at.

Without stopping to discuss the power of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, to alter or amend the work of the Order at pleasure, your committee unhesitatingly express the opinion that it would be inexpedient and probably disastrous, for them to make any alterations whatever,—unless to correct mere grammatical or historical errors, which can be done without impairing its beauty and harmony.

Who can tell, if the work of *reform* be once commenced, where it will end, and to what it may lead? Who among us would wish to see the *Covenant Degree*—so illustrative of *Friendship* and *Love*—with all its beautiful sentiments, *abolished!*—and the most instructive and impressive scene in initiation, changed to one of an entirely different character! We trust no one; and yet we are informed it is possible, nay, quite probable, that strong efforts to effect both, will be made. Was it not mainly because Manchester Unity would not conform to our *present work*, that the decree has recently gone forth, declaring that “all connection with them had ceased?” And now shall we, at this early day, alter our work to a similarity to theirs, and thus virtually admit that we had no real cause of difference with them?

Your committee will not further enlarge on this subject, being satisfied that in this Lodge there is too much reverence for the wisdom of our fathers in the Order—too much love and respect for the Order itself—to willingly permit the ruthless hand of modern theorists, to violate and destroy our sacred rites and ceremonies, and substitute therefor the fanciful imaginings of their own fanciful minds. Would we wish to see our beloved Order continue to flourish, and transmitted in all its purity and loveliness to remote posterity—to be united and powerful to do good to all within its influence? Then let this Grand Lodge—representing full ONE-THIRD of the Order in this country—unite as one man and oppose *any* or all *alterations* or *amendments* in the *Work*, *Lectures* or *Charges*; and then, if we are forced to yield to numbers—if our beautiful forms and ceremonies are made to give place to fanatical sectarianism—we shall have the proud though mournful satisfaction of being numbered among the *earliest*, *truest*, and *last* friends of genuine Odd Fellowship.

The accompanying resolutions are respectfully submitted for adoption.

THOMAS O. DAVIS,
JOHN G. SPERLING,
WILLIAM N. LEWIS.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge is utterly opposed to any alterations in or amendments to, the Work, Lectures or Charges, as they now exist, believing that any change therein would ultimately operate to the injury of the Order.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the Revising Committee of the Grand Lodge of the United States, should confine their labor solely to the correction of such grammatical or historical errors as may be found in the Lectures and Charges.

Resolved, That the Grand Representatives from this Grand Lodge, be and they hereby are instructed, to oppose, in the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, any motion to alter, amend, suspend or annul, any part of the Work, Lectures, or Charges; and that they use every honorable effort to maintain them in the purity in which they existed at the time of our separation from England.

On motion the report was accepted.

The resolutions were then considered and separately adopted.

This is a most extraordinary report, whether considered in view of the circumstances under which it was made, or the character of the document itself—circumstances so peculiar and a character so

strange as to excite surprise and astonishment. We are well aware that the action of the Grand Lodge of this State is ever entitled to respect, and is never without an influence,—generally deliberate and right in its intent, and firm in its purpose ; and yet, in this case, we are reluctantly compelled to an effort to impair its influence, and constrained to the declaration that the action of its committee, which, by approval, has become its own, is unworthy of sanction, or even forbearance. That we may not be deemed to have passed a harsh judgment, we will briefly state the grounds which we conceive to maintain our position.

For a long time much dissatisfaction had been felt, and not unfrequently expressed, with some of our forms and ceremonies, and at the annual session of the Grand Lodge of this State in August, 1843, the following proceedings were had, in a very full meeting :

P. G. True of No. 41, submitted the following :

Resolved, That as the sense of this Grand Lodge, it is desirable that the work of the Order should be so revised and corrected, as to render it acceptable to good taste, by removing such incongruities and absurdities as now mar its beauties, and that the Representatives from this State, in Grand Lodge of U. S., be directed to use their exertions in procuring such revision.

This resolution was unanimously adopted, and in September following, in obedience to these instructions, the subject was brought before the Grand Lodge of the United States. The effort, nevertheless, then failed, because, as was alledged, that body was unable to bear the expense of a revision, and the loss of a large stock of charge and lecture books on hand. Poor as was the excuse, it was received, and those whose hopes had been excited yielded to the disappointment without complaint. The next session of the U. S. Grand Lodge, however, found it relieved from financial embarrassment, and without books, the supply having been exhausted by the rapid growth of the Order in the Union. Meanwhile the desire for a revision had strengthened with its early advocates and extended to others, and P. G. True had been elected a representative from this State to that supreme judicatory of the Order. Accordingly a new movement for revision was made, and resulted in the adoption of the resolutions cited in the introduction of the report under review, by the strong vote of 38 to 3, including *all* the Representatives from this State, and P. Grand Sire Kennedy, whose concurrence was certainly no unwilling sacrifice of private judgment to instructions, for he is responsible to no constituency whatever. A general expression of approbation followed this action, and no doubt entertained that at length was accomplished what was so earnestly desired and clearly demanded.

Such were the circumstances, and such the general indications of feeling, when, after a lapse of four months from its appointment, and it was to be supposed the Committee of Revision had commenced its labors, the Grand Lodge of New York was called upon to express an opinion in the premises. And the first thought here is,

why this delay in the matter, and why was a new expression *now* necessary? Had not one been already given, full, fair, and unequivocal, without any reference to ulterior objects? or had any change occurred in the condition of the Order to require a change in the tone of that expression? And if actually necessary to review that decision, did not every principle of justice demand that in a matter of such paramount importance and universal interest, *some* pains should be taken to obtain a full and fair expression from all to be affected? Nothing can be clearer. Yet what is the fact? The question was considered at an ordinary business session, held at an inconvenient season for attendance from other places than the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and without any notice being given that the matter was to be acted upon. The meeting was consequently of the character usual in such cases. Fifty-seven Lodges were represented, of which thirty-seven are located in those cities, and fourteen of the remaining twenty by proxies living in the city of New York?*

And this is the manner by which a result was obtained that is vauntingly sent forth as an evidence that the Grand Lodge of New York, "representing full ONE-THIRD of the Order in this country," is "opposed to *any* or all *alterations* or *amendments* in the *work, lectures or charges!*" We want better proof than this before we can admit the claim.

But if the action of the Grand Lodge be thus liable to objection, the report itself is open to severer comment; and indeed a difficulty at once arises in speaking of it, that while it shall be properly characterized, a tone of courtesy and a brotherly spirit be observed. We would not willingly offend, and yet we must say there is throughout an exhibition of sophistry, a perversion of facts, and a general unfairness, added to its imputation of "sectarian fanaticism," which is anything but creditable to its authors. Much is said by implication and left to inference, which it would have been more manly, but perhaps not so discreet, to have directly affirmed. We have not room, however, to go over the whole ground covered by this question, or follow the committee as we could wish, and the insertion in the report of the extracts from the Covenant relieves us from repeating what might otherwise be necessary. A passing notice of its main features is all that we can attempt.

The first position assumed, is an indirect denial to the Committee of Revision of other authority than the school-master's prerogative to correct his boy's compositions; but this point is well taken care of by the Covenant, and its denial here will hardly prevent the exercise of the power not only *intended* to be given but designed to be *used*; although if the Revisers do conclude to stop after a consultation with Murray and Rollin, we respectfully suggest to them the employment

* No division was called upon this question, and we make our statement from a vote by yeas and nays as recorded on a question taken immediately preceding this.

of the authors of this report, whose capacities have been evidenced as rhetoricians, not less than grammarians and historians. There need be no fear of exceeding authority. "Modern theorists" and their "fanciful imaginings," find no favor with those reverent worshippers "of the wisdom of our fathers," for "who can tell," ask they, "if the work of reform be once commenced, where it will end and to what it may lead?" They are therefore determined, to remain "the *earliest, truest, and last* friends of genuine Odd Fellowship," by a maintenance of old "forms and ceremonies" which they conceive to be "instructive and impressive," albeit the work of reform "commenced" years ago, (and they themselves have participated in it,) when "refreshments" were kicked out of doors and certain "implements" were thrown into the store room or stove; and will probably "end" in an entire expurgation of what others deem "absurdities and incongruities," which have driven many intelligent men from our institution, and even now frequently render an initiation a doubtful experiment; while it will "lead" to the substitution of what will at least be evident if not appropriate. But to pass on.

The following question, in the strongest form of assertion, we fear was dictated by something beside ignorance: "Was it not mainly because the M. U. would not conform to our *present work* that the decree has recently gone forth declaring that all connection with them had ceased?" No, sirs! The cause of severance was *not* a refusal by the M. U. to adopt the "present work," as may be seen by reference to Docs. H. and I., commencing on p. 418 of McGowan & Treadwell's "Journal of Proceedings" of the G. L. of U. S., but was the consequence of the refusal of the American Commissioners to accept certain conditions of membership in this country for members of the M. U. That was the cause of divorce, and the contrary statement is a glaring perversion of what ought to be a well known fact.

As a fitting close to this report, "sectarian fanaticism" is charged upon those who differ with the committee. With the glorification of themselves we find no fault; that's a matter of taste; but when in doing it they impugn others, they exceed even a poetic license. We can tell our brothers there is no "sectarian fanaticism" in efforts to abolish ceremonials, which, however they may be sanctioned by authority or commended by an alleged antiquity, are objectionable to good taste and extremely liable to misconception and abuse. Neither are *they* the *only* true friends of Odd Fellowship who resist a reform demanded alike by an almost unanimous expression of opinion and required by the best interests of the Order itself, but manage and get up a demonstration wholly local in its extent and trumpet it abroad as the will of "ONE-THIRD of the Order in the Union." The reform may perhaps be temporarily stayed by such means; but every delay will increase its strength, till it shall finally sweep all before it, and instead of stopping short at a revision of

forms, may overturn organizations, strike off features which are as anti-republican in their character as they are monopolising in their growth. Let prudence prevail.

P. S.—Since the foregoing was in type, the Grand Lodge of this State has receded from its ill-judged position. At a meeting on the 18th ult., the following resolutions were adopted, of course annulling those previously passed:

“*Resolved*, That this Grand Lodge approve of the calling of an extra session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, to consider the report of the Committee appointed at their last session to revise the Work of the Order.

“*Resolved*, That in the opinion of the Grand Lodge, a necessity exists for a revision of a portion of the Lectures and Charges, in order to correct the several inaccuracies of style and sentiment, and also with a view to more historical correctness, all of which it is believed may be accomplished without departing from the original landmarks of the Order.

“*Resolved*, That the Grand Representatives from this Grand Lodge be requested to urge upon the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States the necessity and propriety, should such revision be made, of leaving the original ground work undisturbed, having in view a due regard to beautifying and correcting the several Lectures and Charges of the Order.”

These resolutions while they look to the preservation of the ground work of the Order, (which, by the way, no one wishes to disturb, that we are aware of,) and retaining what is useful in the Lectures and Charges, leave “ample room and verge enough” for the exercise of a sound discretion and good taste. Doubtless this commendable change was the result of a free discussion and full understanding of the matter, as the prior action, it is not too much to say, was owing to an entire absence of discussion and a want of attention. Both Grand Representatives were present on the latter occasion, and neither on the former. They have now received instructions which they can obey without violence to their own opinions or injury to the interests committed to their charge.

“PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.”

SINCE the last publication of the Gavel SEVEN new lodges have been chartered in this State,—Lodge No. 135, at Vienne; Adriandock, No. 136; Valatie, No. 137 at Valatie, Col. co.; Chester, No. 138, Chester, Orange co.;—Lodge No. 139, Medina, Orleans Co.; Diamond, No. 140, New York city; Hempstead, No. 141, Hempstead, Queens co. The charter for Medina plants our standard in a county where it had not before been displayed, and the best results are to be expected from occupying this new camping ground. There has also chartered Myrtle Degree Lodge, No 20, at Newburgh, and Damascus Encamp., No. 18, in the city of New York.

CELEBRATION OF UNION VILLAGE LODGE, No. 122.

THIS celebration took place at the Reformed Dutch Church in Union Village on Thursday Evening, Jan. 24, 1845, and although the weather was very inclement the church was crowded at an early hour. The exercises were unusually interesting, as we learn from the Washington Journal, and gave general satisfaction. Among other exercises we notice the following ode written by Rev. Bro. J. N. MAFFIT :

Hail, Holy Seraph, Charity,
From Eden's sunny groves above,
Upborn on balmy wings of love,
To bless and save Humanity !

Where sorrow reigns and death pervades,
Thou pourest radiance on the eye,
And bringest gladness to our shades,
Through darkening clouds of destiny.

O God, of dread Eternity !
From thy high throne in light serene,
Long files of Cherubim between,
O God, bless our fraternity.

To Thee, the Noblest Grand, we'll go,
When we have left this world of wo,
To celebrate beyond the skies,
The Charity that never dies.

The Oration by Bro. J. H. McFARLAND is spoken of as "clear, eloquent, argumentative and conclusive." We understand it has been solicited for publication, if so, we may publish it in the Gavel.

LITERARY NOTICES.

*"Texas and the Gulf of Mexico : or Yachting in the New World.
By Mrs. Houstoun."*

SUCH is the title of a work just issued from the press of Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia. The publishers, printers, binders, &c., have done a clever thing in the mechanical getting up of this work : would we could say as much of Mrs. Houstoun. It appears that this authoress is an English woman, who has been drifting about in Texas and Mexico and some of the southern States. Her observations on every thing she writes about appear hasty, ill-judged and prejudiced ; nor is she entitled to the least confidence, either in her general inferences or particular facts. She sees every thing through a glass darkly, with the eyes of a conceited, ignorant woman, pouring out her gentle ill-nature upon whatever is above the contracted sphere of her thought, and criticising with insipid effeminacy the little she can comprehend. For an instance, let us quote a remark of hers on the

religion of the south,—“There is, however, I imagine, a deeper cause for the want of religion observable here. There is no religion having authority, and thus in democratic countries, and particularly among a hard-headed and unimaginative people, like the Americans, devotional feeling becomes weakened and extinguished, when the outward observance of the rites and ceremonies of religion is in no degree a part of the government of the country.” Had this woman been at all acquainted with the history of Christianity she would have known that to make religion a part of government is invariably to kill *devotion* as well as to degrade the state. She might have seen this too, had she contrasted the present cold, formal, cast-iron religion of England, “as by law established,” with the warmer piety and more earnest faith of dissenters there. Or had she looked to the New England states, or in fact to any of the free states, she might have seen religion breathing the warmest, intensest devotion, unpensioned by government or the authority of law. And if we *are* a “hard-headed, unimaginative people,” it will not be unjust for us to say that there are those who write books about us, who will never be accused of having *hard* heads.

Mrs. Houstoun’s comments on the manners of the Americans are of the same piece with the extract already quoted. But there is one consideration which should not be overlooked in making up our opinion of this woman; and that is a fact stated in her first chapter, that she left England *sick*, and her journey was undertaken for the recovery of her health. There can be no doubt of the truth of this statement, for her book bears the clear evidence of having been written by a sick woman. We wonder if her work has not by this time made her American publisher sick too?



THE RAINBOW.—This is a new weekly, devoted to “Odd Fellowship and General Literature,” published by J. Conn, N. O., at \$2.50 per annum. P. G. F. HAYNES, Editor. The numbers before us are filled with good reading, (which is much more than can be said of one-half the publications of the day,) much of which is on the subject of our Order. We wish it success; and from the well known liberality of our southern brethren, we entertain no doubt on that head. Bro. Rainbow, the Gavel has been mailed regularly!



THE ARK AND ODD FELLOWS’ MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This excellent Magazine for January has come to hand. We are sorry that the patronage is not sufficient to warrant the increase in the number of pages, as the editors had proposed doing, but still in its present shape it is one of the best and most useful works published. This number is worth the subscription price, \$1.

ABOLITIONISM AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

We copy the following correspondence from the Democratic Freeman, published at Syracuse by Bros. Tucker and Kinney. It is not the first time we have been called upon to notice the persecution of those brothers in consequence of their connection with the Order, and from present appearances we fear it will not be the last. As the extracts below express our views upon the subject we leave the matter, with the suggestion that the members of the Order in this State forward them two new subscribers for every one they lose on account of their connection with us. It can be done.

A TIMELY LETTER.—The following letter, most unexpected, yet welcome, we insert at the request of the gentlemen whose names are attached to it. They have our heartfelt acknowledgments, for the substantial sympathy expressed for our influence. Such rays of light, in a dark hour, do not fail to inspire us with fresh hope and cheer, amid the trying loss of friends with whom we have been wont to associate—but who, for reasons of opinion, deem it their duty to abandon us. May the rich blessings of freedom never depart from the fireside of our friends in Albany—no, nor our foes in other places. The peculiar characteristic of “speaking and acting honestly,” has in all ages of the world *subjected those who do it, to inconveniences*; and we have not in our humble sphere expected to escape. The motto at the head of our editorial columns, is a talisman whose power is sufficient for the most trying hour. We shall strive to “work our way through the woods” of this dark world—although somewhat “uneven,” in the fond hope of *arriving at last* to the happy place where the great *High Priest* of our profession hath gone before us—endeavoring while we *tarry* to avoid the *ravines* that error may throw us in the way of falling into—so that in the end we may enjoy a humble place in the *celestial lodge above*.

“Albany, Feb. 5, 1845.

“To J. N. T. TUCKER:

“DEAR BROTHER.—We the undersigned, brethren of the I. O. of O. F. of the city of Albany, have been deeply interested in the controversy you have sustained through the columns of the “Democratic Freeman,” with several gentlemen of the “Liberty party,” who are, or were, subscribers to your paper, and who call you in question, as a man, a partisan and a christian in consequence of your connection with the order of which we are members and brethren. We have observed with pleasure, the strong and truly independent course that you have pursued, and admire the manner in which you have treated your unreasonable friends. While you have yielded no points in the controversy, you have sustained yourself as a man, a christian and an “odd-fellow.” That your conduct in these respects should have subjected you to a pecuniary loss, in the matter of withdrawals from your subscription list on account of your connection with our noble Order, is a subject of deep regret to us. Sympathizing with you in these things as *men* and *brethren*, we have determined to subscribe for your paper for the year to come. We do this, not because we are “Liberty party” men, or because we agree with you in the objects and sentiments of your Journal, but because we feel ourselves in duty bound to set our faces against the persecutions of a worthy brother “for opinion’s sake” merely, and to shield him as far as in our power lies against effect.

“We bid you “God speed,” brother, in your independent and upright course of action in this matter. We trust that *Truth* will yet prevail over error, and that you will ere long see the scales fall from the eyes that are now blinded by prejudice, and outlive the unjust opposition which you have been

subjected to, by those who cannot, or will not recognize the moral excellence, christian character, and benevolent motives and objects of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

" We remain, ever yours in the sacred bonds of

" FRIENDSHIP, LOVE & TRUTH."

(Signed) " V. B. Lockrow, A. E. Jenks, Samuel T. Carter, P. M. McCall, David A. Bulson, Matthew Bray, Charles Holt, Jno. F. Shultz, A. J. Church, B. C. True, A. Heyer Brown, Geo. H. Herbert, J. W. Harcourt, David D. Ramsay, J. Gardiner, P. B. Leddy, T. W. I. Groves, Geo. C. Rathburn, J. H. Case, George J. Penchard."

THE CEMETERY GROUNDS.

WHILE the Order in other places has been at *work* in buying and dedicating rural Cemeteries under many disadvantages, we have been entirely idle, although every means is at hand. We would suggest the propriety of each Lodge in the city buying one lot or subscribing the amount required therefor, and then uniting as one body in forming an " Odd Fellows' Cemetery for the city of Albany." The Order in the city is at present in an unusually flourishing condition, each Lodge having on hand a large amount of surplus funds, which in our humble opinion could not be better invested ; besides how pleasant must be the thought as we are about bidding adieu to all earthly objects of affection, that even in death we shall still sleep side by side with our families, friends and BROTHERS ! And while living and enjoying life and all its pleasures, occasionally ramble by the side of our departed Brother, and listen to the chant of the guardian spirit of the dead :

" Soft, softly here ! for on this mound
The badge of Brotherhood is found !
Revere that sign ! for in his breast
Its friendly virtues were confessed ;
And, while on earth, he lived to prove
The worth of Friendship, Truth and Love.
If in thy heart be found that sign,
Which pledges charity divine ;
O give this grave one dutous tear,—
Thy friend and BROTHER slumbers here !"

DIED.

On the 14th ult. MARY, infant daughter of Bro. Thos. D. Knower, of American Lodge, No. 32.

On Tuesday, 18th ult., of consumption, LYDIA WOOD, wife of Bro. Wm. G. Bishop, of Hope Lodge, No. 3.

Married.

In East Troy on Monday evening, 27th ult., by Rev. Bro. C. C. Burr, Bro. PHILLIP H. BABERMANN of Troy, and Miss ROSANA PALMER of West Troy.

(*) Post Masters are authorized to forward all subscriptions for the Gavel, free of postage. Our friends, by bearing this in mind, would save us a great deal of expense in the way of postage.

(*) We can still furnish back numbers of the Gavel to new subscribers.

(*) To insure the speedy delivery of communications intended for the Lodges in the city of Albany, correspondents are requested to direct them to the *D. D. G. M.*, V. B. LOCKROW, box 284, post office, Albany.

RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—John Tanner, CP; V. B. Lockrow, HP; C. Brooks, SW; C. Holt, S; A. Heyer Brown, T; R. H. Pruya, JW.

HOP LODGE, No. 3.—S. P. Carter, NG; LeGraad Smith, VG; E. H. Bender, QS; G. W. Bell, PS; J. W. Harcourt, T.

CITY PHILANTHROPIC Lodge, No. 5.—Wm. Reese, NG; Henry Haimer, VG; William Quested, QS; F. Ingmire, PS; Wm. B. Scott, T.

UNION LODGE No. 8.—Alex. Selkirk, NG; Geo. Wallace, VG; George Merchant, Sec; A. Whitney, PS; J. G. Northrup, Treas.

GERMAN COLONIAL LODGE, No. 16.—J. Levi, NG; Julias Paspkie, VG; Jacob Newburgh, Sec; John Wacher, Treas.

FIREMEN'S LODGE, No. 19.—R. S. Howard, NG; S. S. Barns, VG; S. H. Johnson, QS; Wm. Keane, PS; A. Heyer Brown, T.

AMERICAN LODGE, No. 32.—James Muir, NG; Henry Quackenboss, VG; H. M. Hyde, QS; Thos. D. Knower, PS; Walter S. McCulloch, T.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41—E. J. Moseley, NG; H. C. Haskell, VG; Charles P. Page, QS; Peter B. Leddy, PS; Thomas Johns, T.

SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93.—J. M. Hughes, NG; D. S. Davis, VG; Stephen Van Schaack, QS; C. W. Bentley, T.

AGENTS FOR THE GAVEL.

NEW YORK.—A. Smith, 197 River st., *Troy*—Nathaniel J. Cady, *Hudson*—N. Drullard, *Schenectady*—L. W. Hall & Co. and James Kinney, *Syracuse*—J. Anthony, *Cohoes*—Geo. A. Wilkins, *Ballston Spa*—Geo. Andrews, *Saratoga*—J. H. Pomeroy, *Utica*—H. S. Hover, *Flushing, L. I.*—J. H. Van Benthuysen, 223 State street, *Lansingburgh*—P. T. Heartt 2, *Waterford*—D. C. McCullum, *Rochester*—J. B. Devoe, *New York city*—Benj. H. Ackley, *Canandaigua*.

OHIO.—Robinson & Jones, *Cincinnati*—J. Cranmer, P. M. *Lancaster*—J. V. Campbell, *Eaton*—A. A. Selover, *Cleveland*—Wilson T. Drake, *Middletown*.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Edward R. Rich, *Boston*—Geo. S. Wyllie, *Ware Village*—Geo. Ashworth, *Lowell*—John B. Goodnow, *Charlestown*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Colou & Adriance, *Philadelphia*—Wm. Fox, *Pottsville*—Alfred Craig, *Washington*.

KENTUCKY.—H. J. Brown, *Lancaster*—Wm. R. Walker, *Cairo*.

NEW JERSEY.—J. L. Page, *New Brunswick*.

CANADA.—David Milligan, *Montreal*—J. H. Hardie, 30 John street, *Quebec*.

RHODE ISLAND.—John E. Risley, *Providence*.

CONNECTICUT.—Horatio N. Hawkins, *Derby*.

TENNESSEE.—W. H. Chaplain, *Memphis*.

MISSOURI.—William Childs, *Boonville*,

THE GAVEL.

REV. G. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, APRIL, 1845.

NO. 8.

THE JEW OF HAMAH.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goat's hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goat's hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the Desert; he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation, he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbors, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold, and filled them up again with butter so carefully that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that had been practiced upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering, if possible, his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy.

After long consideration a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighboring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goat's hair to the manufacturers of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gipsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and, conveying it privately to his house at Hamah,

shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazaar, and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him; jumping on his neck, and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room.

About this time, as he was walking along the street one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days' search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of town, and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognized in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter jars. He immediately summoned him before the Cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the Cadi was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive, he exclaimed, "There is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true," continued he, addressing himself to the Cadi, "that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of the holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father."

At this instant a servant, who was waiting on the outside, let loose the ape into the divan, who, seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story: "A mir-

acle, a real miracle!" they cried out; "great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey, and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and, accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk, having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but, in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father with his whole family should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah.—*Covenant.*

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ANTHONY WAYNE.

BY BRO. ROBERT MACFARLANE.

This Essay took the first prize awarded by the Young Men's Association of this city, July 4th, 1844.

INTRODUCTION.

REVOLUTIONS are the *finger-posts* of political association, they point the road to Liberty or Despotism; and to them posterity looks with pride or shame for the past—fear or hope of the future.

With few exceptions, they have all been characterized by scenes of inhuman carnage and bloodthirsty violence, and viewing them as the immediate cause of bloodshed, the stiff monarchist trembles at every political change, and deprecates from his heart's core every reform, partial or radical, of national constitution; talk to him of the necessity of revolutions, he will tell you of the martyrdom of Charles, and overwhelm you with descriptions of the *reign of terror*. A revolution presents to his kingly vision the destruction of all order, a deluge of every demon evil. Yet revolutions are necessary, and he who views every republican change, as the sounding of the tocsin to light up the flames of civil war, and stigmatizes them as the destructive fumes of democracy, has given himself but little self thought on the subject; he forgets the horrible destruction of the Leigeois by the duke of Burgundy, and the massacre of Bartholomew by Charles of France—he thinks not of the weary servitude of the Austrian hind, and the hopeless toil of the Russian serf—he sees not the weary peasant clamber at eve the green hill side, to gaze upon the golden fields of the valley, made rich by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow—he sees not the iron enter his soul, as the bitter reflection comes chill upon his heart, that he sows and reaps for others, the gleanings are but his.

If Revolutions have slain their thousands, despotism has slain its millions, and oh! how cruel the death by the latter in comparison

with the former ; by the former the punishment was speedy, and the victim soon relieved from pain ; but only think of the iron heel of despotism, year after year, day after day, pressing, pressing out, drop by drop the very heart's blood of the industrious, humble poor.

That Revolutions are necessary and can be conducted without the block or guillotine, has been fully proved by our own glorious struggle. That they may be productive of heavenly results, is as truly proved by the beautiful fabric of our *Union*, and our incomparable Constitution ; and though all around on the subject were dreary and desolate as the winter of Greenland, yet here is the star that shines in the sphere of freedom, whose sparkling beams has for more than sixty years lighted up the pathway to "Liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This is the Aurora Borealis whose beautiful colors has been seen from afar ; and the shades thereof falling on the old world, has been the means of producing those mighty changes in the institutions of Europe during the last half century, and which have no parallel in history.

To the men who were chiefly instrumental in achieving our independence all honor is due ; yea, more, the pen is honored that transcribes their deeds—the voice made music that sings their praise.

CHAPTER ONE.

ANTHONY WAYNE was born on the first of January, 1745, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, of respectable parents and English descent. Of the first of his schoolboy years, his uncle, who was his instructor declared, that nothing in his opinion could be made of him except a soldier, as he had set the whole school agog by sham fights and real fights, batteries with snow, and bullets of snow ; and in a letter to his father, his uncle's words were, "that as for learning, I can do nothing with him."

Anthony was summoned home to the presence of his father, severely reprobated for his negligence, and sternly exhorted to discharge promptly his scholastic duties. The good sense of the boy made him resolve to please his beloved father, by studious attention for the future to his uncle and instructor, and at the end of eighteen months, so diligent and attentive had he been, that he drew forth this tribute of praise from his sturdy teacher, "that he had got all the schooling he was able to give him, and that he merited the means of a more extended education."

He was then sent to the Philadelphia academy, where, having acquired a competent knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, he returned at the age of eighteen to his native village, and opened an office of land surveyor.

At the age of twenty-one, Wayne was selected on the recommendation of Franklin to survey a new settlement in the newly acquired territory of Nova Scotia ; to ascertain its commercial facilities, and agricultural qualities ; and it is highly credible to him, that after a full trial of his skill and qualifications, he received the additional trust

of superintending the settlements already made, which was continued in him until his twenty-fifth year, when the angry nature of the controversy with Great Britain and the colonies, put an end to the enterprise.

In 1769, Wayne married a Miss Penrose of Philadelphia, after which he returned again to his native county, resumed the business of surveying, and at intervals, agriculture. But the time was fast approaching, when he who had no sword must sell his coat and buy one; for the mother country had, against all vested charter rights, persisted in taxing the colonies, until stern opposition became the only hope of relief.

Wayne was among the first of his countrymen who saw the small cloud darkening the political horizon, and with that tact which his uncle saw in his schoolboy days, determined to be prepared for the worst. He devoted his time to the formation of military associations and the discipline of a volunteer corps, which, in a few weeks, had, from his diligence, more the appearance of old campaigners than young militia. His character soon attracted the attention of congress, and in 1776, they conferred on him the rank of colonel, with command of one of the Pennsylvania regiments, which was soon equiped and marched into Canada, forming a part of Thompson's brigade, stationed at the mouth of the river Sorel.

Sullivan, who commanded the northern army, having heard of an isolated detachment of British, despatched Thompson to cut it off. The expedition, through incapacity or fortune, completely failed, and the remnant of the brigade was only saved by the ability of the severely wounded Col. Wayne, after his first officer was taken prisoner, and his second, St. Clair, was completely disabled. Sullivan soon saw the error of holding his position on the Sorel, and retreated to Ticonderoga, the next place selected for defence. To Wayne was committed the arduous duty of covering the retreat; being pursued by a superior body of British, the which he performed with much skill, retreating almost within musket shot of the enemy, and saving his men unscathed by a single English bullet.

Gates, who superseded Sullivan in command of the northern army, determined, after the suspension of hostilities in that quarter for the season, to assist the commander-in-chief, who, with a reduced and depressed army, was retreating through the Jerseys before a superior force. For this purpose he detached eight regiments of the line, leaving two thousand troops for the defence of Ticonderoga, the duty of which he assigned to Wayne, an act pleasing to the troops, and entirely approved of by Congress, who also conferred on him the rank of brigadier-general.

From this post, by his earnest solicitation, he was called to the main army the ensuing spring.

Having arrived at head-quarters on the 15th May, Washington immediately placed him at the head of a brigade, using the remarkable words, "that under his direction they could not fail to be soon and greatly distinguished." And never were words more truly spoken,

for on the false retreat of Howe, the British general, to Staten Island, Wayne, in pursuing, elicited the warmest praise of his commander, by his cool and daring valor. And at Brandywine, the division of Knyphausen was unable, though protected by a heavy battery, to force the position of our hero; it was only after hearing of the defeat of the Americans at the forks of the river, that with great steadiness, he withdrew to the main army.

CHAPTER TWO.

In taking up his position on the Schuylkill, Washington despatched Wayne to hover about the enemy, and mark them well.

It was while on this duty, that the British made a night attack on his division and were successful through the negligence of one of his officers; and strange to tell, the very man that defeated the matured plans of Wayne, to save his own self, preferred against his general a charge of gross negligence.

A charge of ill conduct, even without a foundation, is often fatal to the reputation of those against whom it is made, as it raises suspicions, and many are apt to think, that the person is guilty, the charges only being not proven. It was far different, however, in the case here spoken of, and the court martial decided unanimously, that he did all that could be expected from an active, brave and vigilant officer, and they therefore acquitted him with the highest honor.

After the British had taken possession of Philadelphia, and the unsuccessful affair of Germantown, Washington retired to his dreary winter quarters at Valley Forge.

The sufferings of the American army during that severe winter, are well known to every reader of our history. Without sufficient food or clothing, the hardy and spirited American army (reduced in numbers by gaunt famine and piercing cold,) was threatened with entire dissolution. In this situation, Wayne, perhaps, did more for his country than at any other period of his life. He was despatched with part of his division and some of the Jersey militia, to annoy the enemy, and forage on the borders of Pennsylvania and Jersey. This service, so difficult and dangerous, he managed with great adroitness and ability; so much so, that although both friend and foe had to pay *black mail*, yet, by the middle of March, with little loss to himself, our hero brought into the American camp, hundreds of fat cattle as food for the famished soldiers, and great quantity of clothing for the destitute army, beside considerable useful forage of every description. These signal services gained him the esteem of the whole army, and the praise of great Washington.

In the campaign of 1778, and during Clinton's retreat from Philadelphia to New-York, Wayne was ever active and at his post, and signalized himself as was his wont, by his bravery and good conduct. But in the month of July 1779, an event occurred which, for successful daring, perhaps has no equal, and which covered our hero with lasting honors.

CHAPTER THREE.

About the beginning of the month, Washington organized a select corps of light infantry, appointed Wayne their commander, and assigned them a service worthy of the men, worthy of their leader. That service was the re-capture of Stoney-Point, a strong position on the Hudson river, commanding the common communication between the middle and eastern States, and the means of attacking the American posts on the Highlands. The enemy, aware of these advantages, sought by every means to make the place impregnable. Washed on two sides by the river, the third, a marsh covered by the tide, the fourth, on the height they encircled, by strong breastworks and heavy artillery, and the defence was entrusted to six hundred veteran soldiers. Viewing his means of defence, and the formidable ramparts by which he was surrounded, colonel Johnson might well look down from his battlements, and laugh at every attempt of the American to drive the British lion from his lair; but the bayonets were glancing by which his men were to bleed, and the hearts were throbbing beneath the banner of Columbia which were soon, in the very centre of his security, to exult over the prostrate standard of St. George.

Wayne having well reconnoitered the object of his attack, marched on the 15th for the Fort, and at eight in the evening was within two miles of his object: from the nature of the ground, however, it was twenty minutes past twelve before all was ready to commence the assault. Here, viewing the dangers and difficulties before him, and being resolved to do or die, he knew that something was needed to excite his men to the highest point of daring. Two years previous, a circumstance had occurred which filled the whole land with a spirit of hate and revenge against the whole adherents of Britain. A band of Mohawks and Rangers, headed by one who received his education in our own city, burst into the peaceful valley of Wyoming in Pennsylvania, and with one fell swoop, left not a living soul to tell the darksome tale of blood.

Sweet Wyoming, the day that thou wert doomed,
Guiltless to mourn thy loveliest scenes laid low;
When, where of yesterday, a garden bloomed,
Death o'erspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed.

Wayne, with the mind of a great general, caught at the circumstance, as he knew the very words were inspiration. Then on the verge of the swamp now covered with the tide, and before them the frowning battlements which must be stormed, he shouted forth, the soul stirring watchword, "Remember Wyoming!" 'Twas then like greyhounds from the slip his divided columns rushed to the attack, and in the face of an incessant fire of shot and shell: but above hissing shot and bursting shell, arose the fierce revengeful yell, "Remember Wyoming!" And well did they remember Wyoming, for with a speed of execution and concert of action which has never been equalled, the two storming columns met at the same moment in the very centre of the fort.

But the inhumanity of Wyoming was unknown to our conquerors, for not a man was injured after the surrender, and none fell but those who made resistance. The entire loss of the Americans was only one hundred men, and those chiefly of the pioneer parties. Well might general Lee, in writing to Wayne on the subject say, that it was the most brilliant event in history; and his opinion was that of no ordinary man. Our hero was severely wounded in the early part of the action; and his words, on falling, display more the character of that remarkable man than the whole affair. "March on my men," said he, "carry me into the fort; if I die, it shall be at the head of your columns." Surely his heart was strung in steel. Washington, in reporting the affair to Congress, used the forcible expression, "that the event did honor to his judgment and bravery."

Congress presented him a unanimous vote of thank, and directed that a gold medal emblematical of the event should be presented to him.

Ossian, in describing the approaching combat between Fingal and the king of Erin, puts the following language in the mouth of the grey haired warrior: "I love a noble foe, and such a foe is Cathmore;" and truly might the enemy say, that the captors of Stoney Point were noble foes. When the British were quailing before the steel of Columbia, one brave fellow fought like a lion, scorning to yield; the Americans admired his courage, for the brave love the brave, and the word "spare that brave fellow, spare that brave fellow," flew from rank to rank, but the kind and generous feelings of the Americans were doomed to disappointment, by a random shot from his own ranks, which laid the hero low.

This incident was related to the essayist by a sister of the brave fellow. She afterwards came to reside near the place where her hero brother fell; and she always revered the memory of the noble hearted men, who, in the heat of battle and conquest, sought to save the life of one of their most determined opponents.

Thus fell Stoney Point into the hands of the Americans. It was an event of the Revolution, which every American can look back upon with pride, and the traveler, as he journeys on the noble river which washes the ramparts of that once famous fortress, cannot but with a glowing bosom, gaze upon the scene where fought and conquered Anthony Wayne.

In the winter of 1780-1, we find our hero placed in a very peculiar and trying situation, from a revolt of the troops under his command, caused by a deficiency of bad clothing, irregular bad pay, and service prolonged beyond the term of enlistment, five evils of great magnitude, especially in such a climate. The British learning the circumstance, tampered with the insubordinate soldiers, but the men, (for men and true hearted soldiers they were,) proudly, amid their starvation, rejected the tempting offers of the British, and sent Wayne the assurance, that should any hostile movement be made by the enemy, the division would immediately march under their old and beloved commander to meet and repel it. How strong must have been the

tie which bound the soldiers to their general, who availed himself of this national excitement in his troops, and soon brought about an amicable and just arrangement.

Thus terminated a revolt, which threatened at one time more serious injury to the cause of independence than any other event of the Revolution. By it governments should learn the great duty of looking to the condition and welfare of those who are either defending or fighting for their rights.

CHAPTER FOUR.

A new scene of action was now opened to our gallant hero, in which phases of his character hitherto unknown were to be displayed to his country. In 1781, Washington dispatched Lafayette to Virginia with 1200 men, to check the ravages of the traitor Arnold, who, like a hungry wolf, was ravaging the land of his fathers. Thither, too, was sent Wayne with 1100 soldiers, and on the 7th of June joined troops with Lafayette.

The gallant Frenchman, immediately on the increase of his army, and like a noble deer at bay, turned fiercely upon his hunters, and Cornwallis, instead of being the pursuer, was now himself the pursued ; and on the 5th of July, was at the Jamestown ferry making dispositions to transport his baggage and spoils to the other side of the river. Lafayette informed of the circumstance, took up his position near his antagonist, so that he might seize any opportunity of negligence on the part of the enemy and strike them a blow. Hearing on the 6th that the British had already transported the main part of their army across, and that all that was left on the southern bank, was only a rear guard of inferior force, Wayne was then immediately directed with 700 men, the flower of the army, to attack and cut off the rear guard before they could cross the river. Wayne, in executing his orders, after having driven in the British pickets, found himself unexpectedly opposed to the whole British army, instead of only an insignificant rear guard. Now was the time for Cornwallis to strike—now his foe was in his grasp. Flank corps were thrown forward, and the field, from a murderous cross fire, was to be heaped with American slain ; the paw of the British lion was now upon the far famed hero of Stoney Point. Seconds, however, decide the fate of empire and upon the decision of moments hangs the fate of famous battles. With promptness of decision and action so peculiar to his character, Wayne saw his danger and gave orders to charge upon the foe, which were executed with such intrepid gallantry, that the enemy were thrown into consternation by such an unexpected movement, and the flank corps were recalled for the defence of the centre, and upon this new disposition of the enemy our hero with rapidity retraced his steps, and gave his whole movement the appearance of a manœuvre ; and a manœuvre it was like the darting of the young eagle upon some over-powerful prey, then soaring aloft from the combat leaving the deep wounds of his talons in the side of his writhing enemy.

The loss of the Americans in this affair was one hundred and eighty; other generals might have commanded and not a soul would have returned from the conflict. After this affair the British general retreated finally to York, where he ended his military career, so glorious to the genius of Washington, on the 17th of October following.

(Concluded next month.)

ODD FELLOWSHIP—A POEM.

BY BRO. ALFRED B. STREET.

THE world is full of shadows: Care steals on
Like the dark storm-cloud, and o'ershades the sun
With threatening darkness. Sorrow strikes the heart
With poisoned arrow—and gaunt Poverty
Sends its cold howling blasts and blighting frosts,
'Till Life is one stern Winter, offering naught
But gloomy desolation to the eye,
And hopeless, dreary misery to the soul.

Should we not cherish, then, sweet Charity,
Peace and Good Will—the bright humanities,
To shed a cheering radiance o'er the gloom,
To arch the glittering Rainbow on the cloud,
Lift from the o'ertasked heart its crushing grief,
Still the wild blasts and smooth the raging waves,
Bid the eye sparkle joyous through its tears,
Drive from the shattered temple of the soul
The fiend Misanthropy, restore the shrine
Of Faith—and, wreathing it with fresh new flowers,
Let the bright angel Love administer
Again in gifts of goodness to mankind?

“Charity” is our motto. On the folds
Of our white banner shine Good Will and Peace.
For these we knit the bands of Brotherhood—
For these we draw the Magic Circle round,
Ready to stretch the Hand of Fellowship
And aid to those who falter by the way,
Or faint while treading o'er Life's arid sands.
Virtue in suffering never pleads in vain.
Whene'er her tones come sorrowing to the ear,
The hand is ever open for her help.
—Thus with the pole-star of Benevolence
To guide our course, we pass along our way,
The World our theatre, and Man our care.

In Earth's young ages, first our Order rose.
Beneath the Roman Eagle's gorgeous wings,
Whose every wave was Conquest, in those ranks
Whose iron tramp shook every clime with dread,
The Mystic Tie was knit. The seven-billed Queen,
The olive-plains of gorgeous Italy,
The gloomy forests where the Danube roll'd,
Old Egypt's tombs and mighty pyramids
Witnessed the signs, the precepts and the laws

That link'd man's countless numbers into one,
 In Friendship one, and Love and Harmony,—
 War sheathed his sword and grasp'd the hand of Peace,
 Whilst singing by his plough-share, as the blow
 Was falling on the victim it was stayed.
 The peasant, dancing in his vineyard-home,
 Welcomed the rude scarred soldier to the joys
 That shone about his hearth amid the hills—
 The myrtle blended with the laurel wreath,
 And gentle virtues gemm'd man's heaven, like stars.

Time has passed onward with its rapid change.
 The Hunter and the Shepherd have combined
 In Social Compact, raised protecting walls—
 Woven the chains of laws—and Empires thus
 Have risen, and gorgeous Cities have been reared,
 And sculptured Temples. Sciences and Arts
 Link'd hand in hand have raised the Human Soul
 As on pedestal, more near to Heaven,
 Its glorious birth-place. Waves on waves of Life
 Have rose, and roll'd, and foam'd, and pass'd away.
 Conquest hath stream'd across—a meteor glare—
 Shedding a transcendent splendor o'er its path,
 Turning bright clouds to thrones, then sunk in gloom.
 Genius hath swept along its radiant way,
 Scattering its burning glories—and then died.
 Then have the nations vanished! O'er their graves
 Centuries of trees have waved, until their name
 And speech became a legend, and the eye
 Hath sought in vain to trace the site of towers
 And battlements, the foot unknowing press'd.
 Still through all change hath our bright Order flourished,
 'Mid Wreck, and Ruin, and Forgetfulness.
 Its basis is a rock—its life is drawn
 From one immortal glorious principle,
 Charity, heaven-born seraph, Charity;
 A golden thread in being's sombre woof;
 A flashing gem amid the dust of earth;
 A wing that lifts our nature near to God.

Truly the world is our broad theatre.
 Our bond of Fellowship extends throughout
 The utmost earth—unlimited its sway.
 No bounds of country circumscribe its power:
 On the wild waste of ocean, smiling isles
 And frowning mountains—where rich sunshine bathes
 In deeper gold the orange, and the wind
 Is scented with the breath of changeless flowers—
 Where the blast howls amid the splintered peaks,
 And the black Tempest holds its fearful throne!
 Amongst the palms of Asia—on the plains—
 In the gay courts and 'mid the castles grey
 Of scep'tred Europe—and in our bright land,
 This amaranth of human Liberty,
 With all its glorious forms of Nature's work,
 Wild and magnificent and beautiful,—
 Yea, through the globe where human laws extend,
 Our Order spreads its flag, its numbers counts,
 Sows its pure seeds and showers its glorious fruits.

The winter snow is white upon the hill,
 And the blast rushes wildly; on his couch
 The sickness wasted sufferer pants for breath,
 Whilst o'er him bends a broken hearted Wife,
 Poverty throws its shadow o'er the hearth,
 And makes the ghastly brow more ghastly still;
 Our Order sends its messenger. He comes
 To whisper hope and strew the board with plenty;
 The Scythe of Death hung o'er him, is dashed aside,
 And all, once more, is peace and happiness.

Again—the exile treads a foreign shore;
 The billows roll between him and his home:
 No friendly eye returns his sorrowing glance,
 No hand grasps his in welcome! All is strange,
 And cold, and lonely, and his heart beats high
 With painful longings for his native land.
 'Tis then our Order spreads its portals for him;
 His eye then meets a Brother's eye; his hand
 Then grasps a Brother's hand; he feels again
 The joys of friendship and of sympathy,
 And the strange land becomes the exile's home.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND THE CHURCH?

It is deeply to be regretted that any professor of religion should be opposed to an institution so charitable and benevolent in its character as that of Odd Fellowship. Yet, nevertheless, such is the fact. But why is it that those who profess to be Christians, oppose an Institution whose object is to carry out the precepts of Christianity? It certainly must arise from a mistaken notion in regard to the nature and object of this and all similar institutions. Surely no man whose heart is filled with love to God and to his fellow-creatures would oppose any set of men or measures whose object is to promote brotherly love and kindness among men. Yet we are often told that the Church is a charitable institution, and that all others are unnecessary. Says one, "I belong to the Church, and that is benevolent society enough for me." Now we have no disposition to deny but that the Church is a charitable institution and often extends relief to such of its members as are in want. But after all, we do not see why this should preclude the establishment of other societies for charitable purposes. We might as well argue that the Church is designed to promote every thing that is good, and therefore *all* other societies of every description are useless. We might argue, as some *have* done, that "The Church is temperance society enough for me, and therefore I will have nothing to do with signing the pledge, or with any temperance association except the Church." We might argue that human governments are unnecessary and anti-Christian, and that the government of the Church is the only one to which men should sub-

mit ; and in support of this position we might contend that to submit to human governments is virtually to admit that they are preferable to Divine, and to say " I prefer the government of men to the government of God." But it is seldom that we hear professed Christians arguing in this manner concerning temperance societies or human governments. But why not ? Will not the argument apply with as much force to one as to the other ? If the Church is a substitute for all charitable and beneficial associations, why not a substitute for all temperance, political, education and missionary associations ? If the Church renders Odd Fellowship and all similar benevolent institutions unlawful and unnecessary, then why does it not render temperance, political, Bible and tract societies unlawful and unnecessary ? The argument is conclusive, we think, that Odd Fellowship is lawful and right. That it is *necessary* we intend to show at some future time. Odd Fellowship is the offspring and not the enemy of religion. It is but an abstract of Christianity, embracing and enjoining all its moral precepts, and leaving the Church in the full possession of every thing that is of a sectarian, doctrinal or theoretical character. Within the walls of the Lodge room, men of every creed and of every variety of sentiment may meet as friends and brothers, provided they acknowledge that *morality* is essential to the welfare and happiness of mankind. Odd Fellowship is strictly a moral Institution, and no man can be a genuine Odd Fellow who indulges in vice and crime, and neglects to fulfil the command to " do to others as he would wish to be done by."—*Independent Odd Fellow.*

Richmond, September, 1844.



C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

Keeseeville, N. Y., March 17th, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER TANNER :

Odd Fellowship has been quietly but yet rapidly gaining ground in popular favor in the northern sections of Vermont and New York during the last few months, and it is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of the institution of a new Lodge of our beloved Order at this place, under the most favorable auspices.

In the month of January GREEN MOUNTAIN Lodge, No. 1, was organized at Burlington ; and on Tuesday, Feb. 18th, D. D. G. M. William H. Smith, attended by P. G. S. L. N. J. Starks, and John Blanchard of No. 54., N. G. T. D. Chapman, of Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1; Brothers Chapin, Smith, Patton, Boynton and Boroughs, of No. 54, together with several other Brothers from abroad arrived

here for the purpose of instituting a Lodge to be hailed as "ADIRONDACK LODGE, No. 136." The name is peculiarly appropriate to our location, being the ancient Indian cognomen of the chain of mountains which terminates in this vicinity.

After the initiations, the five degrees were conferred upon twelve members, and the following Brothers were duly elected officers for the ensuing term, and were installed into their respective offices by D. D. G. M. Smith, in ample form : J. Nelson Macomber, N. G., Gorton T. Thomas, v. g., Frederick W. Ames, q. s., Jon. F. Morgan, p. s., William W. Kingsland, t.

There are now twenty members, and several propositions await the action of the Lodge at the next regular meeting on Monday night. A convenient room, thirty by fifteen feet, has been procured and appropriately fitted up for the use of the Lodge ; and there is every reason to hope this Lodge will become an active and efficient co-laborer in the great cause of philanthropy and love, which so preëminently distinguishes the Work of the Order.

* * * * *

I am most highly gratified with the design and conduct of the "Gavel," believing it to be calculated to render efficient aid to the cause of Odd Fellowship, and a work which no Brother can fail to peruse with the greatest satisfaction and interest. You will believe me when I assure you I feel a deep solicitude for the success of your enterprise, which is doubtless by this time placed upon a safe and permanent foundation. Enclosed I send you \$3.00 for three new subscribers, and hope I shall be able to send you more soon. You will send the back numbers.

Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,
JON. F. MORGAN, s. d. d. g. m.

CEMETERY GROUNDS.

MR. EDITOR—I read with much gratification the article which appeared in your last number in relation to Cemetery Grounds, and with your permission I beg leave to make a few remarks on the subject.

Judge Story, in his eloquent discourse on the dedication of Mount Auburn Cemetery, says: "If there are any feelings of our nature, not bounded by earth and yet stopping short of the skies, which are more universal than all others, they will be found in our solicitude as to the time, and place, and manner of our death, in the desire to die in the arms of our friends—to have the last sad office to our remains performed by their affection, to repose in the land of our nativity and to be gathered to the sepulchres of their fathers. It is almost impossible for us to feel, nay even to feign indifference on such a subject."

History informs us that the Greeks exhausted the resources of their exquisite art in adorning the habitations of the dead; they discour-

ged interments within the limits of their cities and consigned their relics to shady groves, in the neighborhood of murmuring streams and mossy fountains, and called them with the elegant expressiveness of their own language, ‘Cemeteries,’ or places of repose. The Romans, also, were faithful to the example of Greece, erecting monuments to the dead in the suburbs of the “Eternal City,” on the sides of their spacious roads; in the midst of trees and ornamental walks, and beauteous flowers; and the traveler will find in his rambles, colums, and obelisks, and centographs to the memory of her heroes and sages.

It is to be much regretted that the burial places in our large cities, crowded on all sides by the habitations of the living, are fenced in only to preserve them from violation, and are left in a sad neglected state, exposed to every intrusion, with scarcely a tree to shelter their barrenness, or a shrub to spread a grateful shade over the new-made grave.

It is with much gratification we hear that some of our prominent citizens have procured a situation which is beautifully adapted for the purpose, perhaps a more beautiful spot could not be selected in our neighborhood, with all the variety of scenery; hills, and vales, and towering trees, and gentle streams, with every thing calculated to make it a favorable resort for our citizens and their families.

Perhaps there never was a period when our beloved Order was in a more prosperous condition; that prejudice which has prevailed against us has in a measure been dispelled; the people are becoming convinced that our institution is purely a benevolent one, and that as such it appeals to their feelings and sympathy for support. And, now it has, by its pure principles been established on a sure foundation which is destined to be as durable, as the everlasting hills.

But to return to our subject. Why cannot the members of the order have a portion of the above cemetery, appropriated to their own use? Our Lodges are flourishing, and can, if they think proper, unite together and purchase a suitable location to be used exclusively for the deposit of the remains of deceased brothers; it would be a spot to which all the best feelings of our natures would be concentrated. It would be hallowed, as consecrated to the memory of those who cherished in their hearts, and showed forth in their intercourse with the world, that they loved and appreciated our beloved Order, and the principles of which they endeavored to exemplify.

I will close with an extract from Judge Story. “What spot can be more appropriate than this for such a purpose? Nature seems to point it out with significant energy, as the favorite retirement of the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur. The forest-crowned heights; the abrupt declivity; the sheltered valley; the deep glen; the glassy glade; and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beech, that ‘wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,’ the rustling pine and the drooping willow, the tree that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our

own transitory bloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us that the wintry blast of death, kills not the buds of virtue. Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new made graves; and there is the wild flower creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us then breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of a wilderness, broken only by the breeze, as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler pouring forth its matin or his evening song."

SAMARITAN.

Albany, March 15, 1845.



"WE COMMAND YOU TO BURY THE DEAD."

This constitutes one of the leading objects of our organization. The sick must not only be visited and the distressed relieved, but the dead must be buried. Our duty ends not with the expiring breath, but the lifeless body has claims at our hands. A fit and proper "resting place" must be prepared. Generally such an one is found by kindred or friends, and we merely follow to the "home" prepared by others and yielded as a right. Yet this is not *always* so. There is ever the stranger among us, and death sometimes finds him out in his strange abode. Where is he to be laid? In the common field, where not even his name shall be preserved? or shall we apply to the charity of those who knowing us not, have had no sympathy with the departed or cōoperation in our cause? Your proposition to purchase grounds in the new cemetery meets this case. *There*, in a spot sanctified by the friendship which relieved and soothed the painful journey to its silent borders, might he sleep,—sleep in security, and where, if ever visited by those whom ties of kindred or love shall call to see the place where he lieth, no anguish be experienced over an unhonored and unknown grave. Brothers! think of this thing; and ask yourselves whether, were you a sojourner among men, afar away from the roof of father and home, and there summoned to enter the "narrow house appointed for all the living," your last moments would not be more peaceful if conscious that you were to repose in the peaceful shades of some Greenwood Cemetery, carried thither by the brethren of some Brooklyn Lodge, and your memory and final "dwelling place" preserved in their records, than if to be covered up in some Potter's field or indebted to a solicited and may be unwilling gift for a protected grave?—H.

Albany, March 17, 1845.



OFFICERS OF THE G. ENCAMPMENT OF KY.—T. P. Shaffner, G. P.; G. Blanchard, G. H. P.; Jno. Magness, G. S. W.; William White, G. S.; J. Thomas, G. J. W.; James S. Lithgow, G. T.; J. Fonda, G. S.; A. Wagner, D. G. S.—*Communicated.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

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"WHAT A LITTLE THING A BIGOT IS!"

FOUR years ago the Grand Lodge of the state of New York celebrated its anniversary in Albany. The exercises were all duly announced in the public prints and handbills, and were of the most respectable character. Yet the prejudice of those controlling the churches in this city prevented the committee of arrangements from procuring any of the larger ones for holding the exercises in, and it was only when they had been refused on all hands that the trustees of the Universalist Church, in Green street, tendered to the committee the use of their edifice. Such liberality contrasted beautifully with the refusal of those to whom the committee had applied and been refused, and their proffer was gladly accepted, although the building was not large enough to accommodate one-half of those that desired to attend on the occasion.

Again the committee felt the operation of the same prejudice, to thwart their arrangements in other particulars. Persons that had come forward to form a choir for the performance of some pieces of music composed for that celebration were induced to withdraw, after some rehearsals, because some of their friends did not consider it respectable to appear in an "Odd Fellow's show," as it was contemptuously called. Nor was that the extent of the *small* opposition on that occasion. The Methodist Conference, then sitting in Albany, passed such a resolution as prevented any of their own clergymen from attending to offer a prayer for the blessing and salvation of the members of our fraternity, and another *distinguished divine* refused his services to the same end, because the exercises were to be held in the Universalist Church, knowing at the same time that his own church had been first applied for and refused.

These reminiscences would never have been disturbed from their silent burial in the recollections of the few Odd Fellows who were cognizant of the facts at that time, had not recent events shown that the same *old leaven* is still active among us. There are those at this time still so blinded by prejudice that they cannot even reason upon the subject, and profess to believe that those who have examined it (and that too, after all the lights that a prayerful association with these same zealots for years has thrown upon their understanding of a Christian's duty), are but blind wanderers among bad men, and therefore not fit to worship at the same altars with themselves, or to

partake of the holy symbols at the same table ! To such Christian charity may we not say, *we rejoice that we are not so holy as thou!*

We rejoice, however, in the knowledge that such feelings and such bigotry are fast giving way before the lights of reason, and the practical demonstrations that are growing too prominent for even fanatical blindness to wander by unheeded. Our progress is onward, and what is a strange fact it grows fastest and best where it has the most determined opposition, and never was its onward progress so great either here or elsewhere as at this present time.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND THE LAWS.

DURING the late trial at Baltimore of McCurry for the murder of Paul Roux, an attempt was made to exclude from the jury an Odd Fellow, on the assumption that he was, by his connection with the Order, disqualified from serving thereon—the murdered man having been also a member, while the prisoner had no connection with it. The charge was based, by the counsel for the defence, upon the fact that the Grand Lodge of Maryland had offered a reward of \$200 for the apprehension of the murderer. Triers were accordingly appointed, and several witnesses cited to appear for examination,—among them P. G. Sire Wildey. The result was, of course, the establishment of the competency of the challenged juror to a seat in the jury box, and he was therefore admitted without hesitation or opposition.

This is the first instance, we believe, where the competency of an Odd Fellow to sit as a juror has been called in question, under any circumstance; but we are not at all surprised that it has been done. There was something in the case which now induced it, that seemed if not to call for, at least to justify it. No Odd Fellow need be told how utterly unfounded was the objection, but there are others who may be pardoned for entertaining different views. Here was a murdered man—a stranger, far away from his home, “alike unknowing and unknown,” with no ties of kindred to claim more than a common sympathy ; and naught save his tragic end to make even the fact of his death known beyond the inmates of the house where he lay. A paper of a certain character (termed a “visiting card,”) is found among his effects, and forthwith a secret and powerful society is seen hastening to pay the last sad offices to his remains, and depositing with ceremonials and honor the slain body in the last resting place of the worthy and the good. Not, however, content with this exhibition of friendly feeling, this same society, through one of its highest organized bodies, steps forth, and with offers of pecuniary reward stimulates the officers of justice to greater exertions for the discovery of him whose hands had been thus raised against one of its members. The public prints spread these things over the whole length and breadth of the land. Is there not something in all this to

strike the attention of the observing and perplex the uninitiated ? and when at length the murderer, or supposed murderer, is arrested and placed on his trial, it is very strange that the man who is entrusted with his defence, should, when an individual belonging to the society which had so strongly manifested its interest, appears to pass upon the fate of the accused, seek to know what is the cause of the deep interest in the welfare of its members ?

To us such a question, under such circumstances, seems natural, and we are pleased that it has been made. The opportunity has been afforded us to judicially and publicly establish the truth that there is nothing in Odd Fellowship to incapacitate us from a just decision of any matter between an Odd Fellow and one not of our communion, as it is known to many thousands there is nothing in it "inconsistent with the duty we owe to our God, our country or ourselves." Men seem loth to believe that our printed Constitution and By-Laws promulgate a full exposition of *all* for which we associate, and many have been too willing to condemn us as a body convened by unworthy means if not for illegal purposes. "If they will not now believe," their good will is worth less than the trouble to obtain it.

And from this occurrence too, we deduce one of the strongest arguments in favor of our institution. Go where we will, a strong arm is about us—a hidden chain of love, of sympathy, and if need be of help encircles us. Strong when living, it is not broken at the tomb; and if, afar off from those whom we fondly hope may, with kind words and kinder deeds, "smooth our pathway to the tomb," we fall a prey to violence or disease, we find its mystic links gathering those about us who, if they cannot arrest our fate, respect our names and aid to avenge our wrongs. This alone is Odd Fellowship: "*We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.*" Any thing else is not of us and should have no part or lot with us.

ELECTIONS, RETURNS, &c.

We should feel much obliged to our friends if they would forward the result of the present elections, together with such other information as would be interesting to the general reader; such as the date of institution, night of meeting, &c., of the various Lodges in this and other states.

As the *Gavel* has a circulation in *every state* in the Union, and in almost every subordinate, we can, if our friends will take a little trouble in our behalf, furnish much valuable matter, and keep a correct record of the "Progress of the Order."

P. G. BRITTON'S ADDRESS.

THE members of the Order in this city were favored with a most excellent address on the 21st ult., in the Universalist Church, by the Rev. Mr. BRITTON of Bridgeport, Ct., delivered at the invitation of Samaritan Lodge, No. 93, of which Mr. B. was one of the founders and is still a member. The object of the address was to consider the question—"What is the ministry Odd Fellowship has to perform?" In the purposes of a beneficent Providence, it was assumed, *first*, Odd Fellowship is destined to exert a great *moral* influence upon society; *second*, It is to perform an important ministry in inducing men to discharge the practical duties of Christianity; and, *third*, It is a ministry of peace and good will. These points were severally illustrated at some length, and with much clearness, force and eloquence. Our limits restrict us to a bare mention of them, even if we could, by anything less than the address itself, do the speaker or his subject justice; which, however, we could scarcely hope to do. Several pieces of music were well executed by the choir attached to the church, and the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff offered in the course of the exercises an exceedingly appropriate and feeling prayer. We have seldom known a public occasion of this "character" to give so general satisfaction, and its influence cannot be otherwise than promotive of our welfare and advancement.

LODGE REGALIA.

READER did you ever cast off an old hat, *a shocking bad hat*, and put on a new, tasty "beaver," such an one as Bro's SMITH of the Exchange or FROTHINGHAM of the Atheneum can fit you with? Of course you have or ought to,—well how much better you *felt*. Indeed you did; you *brushed* up all over, *felt* more respectful to your friends,—was more glad to see them,—was more inclined to be polite, touched your *castor* more gracefully when you met a lady, in fact you felt fully confident it had mended your manners and probably your morals, for there can be no doubt of the happy influence of good clothes upon the morality of any people.

Just such is the effect of a good, handsome, clean suit of Regalia in a Lodge. Only let each member feel that he has nice Regalia, a clean pleasant room, and he is happier at once. And as it pervades all in a well clad Lodge, more benevolent and charitable become their dispositions. They feel more respectful both to self and brother, of course are more *truthful* and *friendly*,—*faith* is strengthened and *hopes* are elevated. It also emulates to rank in the Order as does the epaulette in the military, and therefore induces to progress to the higher degrees,—does it not?

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THE rapid increase of the circulation of the "Gavel," and the assurance which the experience of almost every day presents that it is now permanently fixed in public favor, has induced us to take measures to increase the number of pages, and introduce such other improvements as will place it second to no magazine devoted to the Order or the literature of the day.

It is our intention in a few weeks to issue the prospectus for publishing the SECOND VOLUME of the GAVEL, which will be printed on the best of paper, and on new type (which is now being manufactured for the purpose). Every exertion will be made and no expense spared to render it worthy the position it has already attained.

We shall also publish a LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS, among whom will be found some of the most distinguished Odd Fellows in the United States, well known to the literary world.

We also propose to offer two PRIZES; one for the best ORIGINAL TALE, and the other for the best POEM.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE *Independent Odd Fellow*, the *Symbol* and the *Ark* for March are before us, and contain much interesting matter relative to the brotherhood; they all sustain so high a character and are so well known among the Fraternity, that further notice from us would be deemed unnecessary. The *Covenant* for March has—not—arrived! how is it that we can only occasionally lay our eyes upon this magazine? The Nos. of the *Golden Rule* for March are well worth preservation.

ODD FELLOW'S OFFERING, FOR 1846.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this annual, on our third page of cover. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. McGowan & Treadwell, will do all they promise.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

SOME Brothers at Rouse's Point are now moving to establish a Lodge at that place. Several members of Prince Albert Lodge at St. Johns, Canada, finding it difficult to attend their Lodge, and also finding a sufficient number of good and worthy men to build a Fraternity at "the Point," both pleasant and useful, have determined to continue the links from "Rouse to Montauk." It takes them "northmen."

"PROGRESS OF THE ORDER."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK.—The R. W. G. Lodge of the state of New York held an adjourned session on Wednesday evening, 5th March, at the room, National Hall, Canal street. Considerable business was transacted, of which the following is a brief synopsis: Charters for four subordinate Lodges were granted, viz: Madison Lodge, No. 142, to be located at Oneida Depot, county of Madison; Seneca Lodge, No. 143, to be located at Geneva, county of Ontario; Protection Lodge, No. 144, to be located at Roslyn, county of Queens; Tonawanda Lodge, No. 145; to be located at Alexander, county of Genesee. *Tuesday Evening, March 11*—the R. W. Grand Lodge held a special session and granted a charter for Brutus Lodge, No. 146, to be located at Weedsport, county of Cayuga. At these two sessions permission was given to several Lodges to celebrate by procession, oration and otherwise, one or two of which we shall probably attend. We have been promised an account of the opening of Amsterdam Lodge, No. 134.

SENECA LODGE, No. 35.—This Lodge was instituted at Tiffin, Seneca county, Ohio, on the 20th of Feb. last, by P. G. Joel Searles, assisted by S. H. Bradley, P. G. The following brothers were elected and installed into the several offices: T. H. Sheldon, N. G.; D. B. Chapman, V. G.; H. G. W. Cronise, Sec.; James Sivels, Treas. This Lodge bids fair to be another bright link in the chain of our Order in Ohio, and will doubtless prosper, as she already numbers 22 members. Monday is the night of meeting.—*Ark.*

Mr. MANGUM, President of the U. S. Senate, has been recently initiated into the mysteries of the Order of Odd Fellows at Washington.—*Dem. Freeman.*

KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.—It is gratifying, as an evidence of the prosperity of our Order, to see the spirit and liberality which our brethren manifest in various quarters in the erection of buildings for their own accommodation. Bro. Tisdale, in his letter communicating the names of the officers of King Philip Lodge at Taunton, under date of Jan. 7, says:—"We have a new and spacious Hall now occupied by our Lodge. It was dedicated on Monday evening last with the customary exercises, and a lecture from Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells."—*Symbol.*

ORDER IN VIRGINIA.—There has been no time in our history when the great duties of Odd Fellowship have been more promptly attended to in our state. With many of the Lodges, it has been a time of trial during the past year. The sickness of the fall season almost drained their funds, and their almost constant vigils at the bedside of the suffering wore down their strength, yet they shrunk not from duty—always at their post, and ever ready to discharge their duty. Returning health has brought corresponding prosperity, and we doubt not, the next annual returns, while they exhibit death's doings

in many places, severing the mystic chain of earthly fellowship, will also present their places supplied by new votaries at the altars of Friendship, Love and Truth. No land can boast a band of nobler, higher souled sons than Odd Fellowship in Virginia.—*Independent Odd Fellow.*

GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.—The Grand Lodge of Ohio held its annual meeting on the 18th ultimo. There was a larger number of members present than at any previous meeting; and we are much gratified to say that as usual, the session was a very harmonious one.

The following officers were elected and installed for the current year: David T. Snelbaker, M. W. G. M.; Albert G. Day, R. W. D. G. M.; Joseph Phares, R. W. G. W.; Isaac Hefley, R. W. G. R. S.; Thomas Spooner, R. W. G. C. S.; James Cooper, R. W. G. T.; George D. Allen, R. W. G. C.; Timothy Kibby, R. W. G. G.; Jacob Ernst, R. R. G. C.—*Ark.*

VAN SCHAACK'S MAMMOTH VARIETY STORE.

We are aware that to notice and recommend to the attention and patronage of the public, establishments of this or any other kind, is not the legitimate business of a magazine like ours; yet we conceive it our duty, and a pleasure, also, at this time to waive such consideration, for the public benefit.

There are a variety of Variety Stores, which by those who fancy such amusement may be variously divided into a variety of classes. There are small ones and large ones; Liliputian and Mammoth ones; and it is the latter we propose to consider.

In external as well as internal appearance, none can compare with Brother "E. VAN SCHAACK's MAMMOTH VARIETY STORE," No. 44 Market street. Long established, and well patronized alike by strangers and citizens, it has acquired a name and a fame that rival institutions may well envy, if they cannot gain. The success of its founder, as all certainly know, sprung from his great abilities in the prosecution of that particular branch of trade, his strict attention to business and staunch integrity in all his dealings; and having placed it upon a firm foundation from which nothing can shake it, it has passed into the hands of a son worthy of so valuable a sire.

Under his judicious management, and by the exercise of a taste for the beautiful that few tradesmen possess, this store has been transformed from primeval simplicity in appearance, to a state more in consonance with the improved views of the age. There the eye may look without wearying at the endless variety of wonders congregated from the "ends of the earth," which fill his three vast rooms to overflowing. His immense stock of goods do not consist merely of articles to please the whims of infancy and childhood, but also of the most valuable ever found in such stores. Household utensils in great variety may be had at almost any price, and of a quality, too, unsurpassed in the market in style or finish.

We would earnestly recommend the readers of the Gavel to call on Bro. VAN SCHAACK, even if they should not wish to purchase, for we feel assured that a quarter of an hour could not be spent more pleasantly.

RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—John Tanner, CP; V. B. Lockrow, HP; C. Brooks, SW; C. Holt, S; A. Heyer Brown, T; R. H. Pruyn, JW.

(☞) Post Masters are authorized to forward all subscriptions for the Gavel, free of postage. Our friends, by bearing this in mind, would save us a great deal of expense in the way of postage.

(☞) We can still furnish back numbers of the Gavel to new subscribers.

(☞) To insure the speedy delivery of communications intended for the Lodges in the city of Albany, correspondents are requested to direct them to the *D. D. G. M.*, V. B. LOCKROW, box 264, post office, Albany.

DIED.

In Utica, on the 6th March, Bro. Wm. RICHARDS, of Skenandoah Lodge, No. 95, aged 46 years.

Bro. R. had been a resident of that city for many years, and for the last twelve had been connected with the post office, in which situation he became extensively known, and was by all highly esteemed as a man of strict integrity and obliging disposition. He was a man of a remarkably sound understanding and great goodness of heart; and his death will not only be mourned by his large family, but it will be extensively felt as a public loss, for in his situation in life, few men have made themselves more useful and respected. His funeral was attended on Friday by a very large concourse of people, and all seemed to feel that a worthy man had been cut down in the maturity of his manhood.—*M.* [Will G. Rule copy?]

In this city, on the 7th February, of consumption, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of P. G. John B. Pewtress, of City Philanthropic Lodge No. 5, aged 28 years.

The deceased possessed in an eminent degree the esteem and confidence of all who knew her; mild and amiable in her disposition, she has passed through her journey of life leaving a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. In all the relations of life,—as a wife, mother, daughter, sister, and christian,—she adorned her situation with purity and truth. During her protracted and painful illness she exhibited the greatest patience; and a cheerful resignation to the will of God marked her last hours. She has passed from the troublous scenes of this transitory life, to a bright and blissful immortality. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—[Communicated.]

AGENTS FOR THE GAVEL.

NEW YORK.—A. Smith, 197 River st., *Troy*—Nathaniel J. Cady, *Hudson*—N. Drullard, *Schenectady*—L. W. Hall & Co. and James Kinny, *Syracuse*—J. Anthony, *Cohoes*—Geo. A. Wilkins, *Ballston Spa*—Geo. Andrews, *Saratoga*—J. H. Pomeroy, *Utica*—H. S. Hover, *Flushing*, *L. I.*—J. H. Van Benthuyzen, 223 State street, *Lansingburgh*—P. T. Heartt 2, *Waterford*—D. C. McCullum, *Rochester*—J. B. Devoe, *New York city*—Benj. H. Ackley, *Canandaigua*—Jon. F. Morgan, *Keeseville*.

OHIO.—Robinson & Jones, *Cincinnati*—J. Cranmer, *P. M. Lancaster*—J. V. Campbell, *Eaton*—A. A. Selover, *Cleveland*—Wilson T. Drake, *Middletown*.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Edward R. Rich, *Boston*—Geo. S. Wyllie, *Ware Village*—Geo. Ashworth, *Lowell*—John B. Goodnow, *Charlestown*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Colou & Adriance, *Philadelphia*—Wm. Fox, *Pottsville*—Alfred Craig, *Washington*.

KENTUCKY.—H. J. Brown, *Lancaster*—Wm. R. Walker, *Cairo*.

NEW JERSEY.—J. L. Page, *New Brunswick*.

CANADA.—David Milligan, *Montreal*—J. H. Hardie, 30 John street, *Quebec*.

RHODE ISLAND.—John E. Risley, *Providence*.

CONNECTICUT.—Horatio N. Hawkins, *Derby*.

TENNESSEE.—W. H. Chaplain, *Memphis*.

MISSOURI.—William Childs, *Boonville*,

THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, MAY, 1845.

NO. 9.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ANTHONY WAYNE.

BY BRO. ROBERT MACFARLANE.

*This Essay took the first prize awarded by the Young Men's Association
of this city, July 4th, 1844.*

CHAPTER FIVE.

ON the first January, 1792, Wayne was despatched by General Green to reinstate the authority of Congress within the limits of Georgia, with only one hundred dragoons, regular, and six hundred horse and foot, Georgia militia. With this small force to accomplish such a purpose, many a man would have turned away in disgust or trembled with fear, but no such man was Anthony Wayne. He accepted the command with soldier-like submission, and hastened to enforce his orders and execute his commission. In the words ascribed to Romulus, "If the strength of cities depended on the height and breadth of their walls then was Rome weak indeed." So Wayne might have said of his army, if its strength lay in its numbers, then it was weak indeed; but the boldness, skill and energy of its leader overcame every difficulty and surmounted every obstacle. In six weeks he drove the enemy from every post in the interior, and confined their operations to the town and neighborhood of Savannah; here, indeed, was rapidity of conquest without a superior; and during all this time his men slept with their arms in their hands and the blue heavens for their canopy, and although the enemy nearly tripled them in number, yet by the manouevring of Wayne the foe were cooped up almost in close confinement. On the fourth April he received an addition to his army of three hundred men, which, together with two companies of converted tories, enabled him to keep the British in continual alarm. I myself have heard stories related by British soldiers, who were on that service, and they always spoke with horror of the continual night alarms they were subject to; sometimes the whole of their sentries would be swept off, and no trace of them left for conjecture.

This stealthy and silent manner of thinning the ranks of the British had a terrible effect upon the courage of their soldiers. Like

some appalling pestilence which makes the stoutest hearts tremble, where no courage can avail nor skill ward off the blow that is levelled in certainty and dealt in silence. Wayne was a close observer of human nature.

To keep down a spirit of discontent, Gen. Clark, commander of the British, invoked the aid of his Indian allies; but the Choctaws, on their march to his assistance, were nearly all made prisoners, and to prevent a like fate to the Creeks, a strong force of horse and foot was despatched under Col. Brown to meet them at Ogeechee and convey them to Savannah. Wayne learning their movements, determined to steal a march upon them, and knowing that on their return they must pass through a narrow defile, he resolved to seize the post, and if possible cut them to pieces. Having reached his destination at midnight, he was surprised to find the enemy advancing upon him; but with that bold promptness peculiarly his own, for he had only a moment to decide, and as a British soldier was saying to his comrade, "what if Wayne should catch us in such a place," then, like the Black Douglas of old, the hand of Wayne was upon them, and was heard his stern command to charge, an order which was almost as quickly executed as the command given, and which as speedily defeated and dispersed the foe, killing their colonel and forty men. The Indian allies, however, were not among the number of the defeated, some circumstance having prevented their union with the detachment of Brown, and thus they escaped all share in the defeat.

The chief of the Creeks was a man of great courage and cunning, and although informed of Brown's defeat, it, instead of stopping his progress to head-quarters, only incited him to persevere and retaliate upon his enemy. For this purpose he confined his march to the woods and swamps, and the 24th May, four days after the defeat of the detachment, the Creeks reached a spot within distance of striking a blow at night, against the redoubted foe of their friends. Creeping like tigers to devour their prey, the Indians stole through the underbrush and fell upon a party stationed to protect the artillery with such force that the party fell back in confusion upon the rest of the camp, which now being fully alarmed, Wayne ordered a general charge with the naked steel, which completely routed the swarthy foe, who fled, leaving their dying chief and twenty of his braves dying and dead around him. Thus in a night attack our hero defeated a foe celebrated for success in such encounters, and from the difficulties of guarding against such an adventure, it added fresh lustre to his already high military reputation.

The British government having now abandoned operations offensively in America, evacuated Savannah. Wayne then, with the sagacity of a sage, used his influence in allaying the feelings of party animosity, and also moulded into form the civil and mercantile structure of society in Georgia. In this he was as successful as in his military operations, and General Green did him full justice in his report to Washington and Congress, and the termination of all hostilities with the British brought the war-worn general once more to his peaceful fireside.

CHAPTER SIX.

But such a man could not long be spared from public life; he was soon called to a seat in the convention to revise the constitution of his native state, in which service he was diligent and careful, but he soon declined all civil service whatever, and retired to manage his paternal estate, which, from the disorder into which it had fallen, embarrassed him greatly. But his sword was not allowed to hang long upon the wall and rust in the scabbard; events had transpired which made his presence in the field once more imperative. Although all hostilities had terminated with the British, yet there was another enemy to be vanquished—an enemy far more wolfish for blood, far more dark and savage in their operations. On our western frontier, in the course of nine years, fifteen hundred men, women and children had fallen by the tomahawk or scalping knife of the Indian; two formidable expeditions that were sent against them had been cruelly defeated, and these disasters produced a deep sensation through the whole country. Washington was then in the chair, and his well known indomitable perseverance arose with the circumstances of situation. A new and more powerful army was raised, with better organization and more competent officers. But who was to command. Harmer had already been defeated; the cool and sagacious St. Clair had met the same fate. A chief of great prudence, decision, boldness and cunning, was wanted to fill the critical post of commander of the army of the west. Wayne was yet alive—the hero of Stony Point—the conqueror of the Creeks, still lived; strong in intellect and undiminished in energy, and fortunately for his country, Washington appointed him commander.

In 1794 he united his troops in a camp near where Cincinnati now stands, and began to erect forts of communication, for he was as cautious as bold, and it was not until the month of August that he reached the Indian settlement; here he was reinforced by eleven hundred mounted men from Kentucky, and erected a fort to which he gave the name of Fort Defiance. As much as to say, that although the Indians defeated all that went before him he defied them to do so to him. Having disengaged himself of all his stores, on the nineteenth he marched on the position taken by the enemy. This was a strong natural situation, covered with thickets, and protected on the left by the river Miami, the whole front sheltered by a breast-work of massy timber, the work of a whirlwind. Behind these barriers lay the enemy, two thousand strong, with extended flanks and in triple lines. Wayne despatched the mounted men under Colonel Scott, who by a circuit was to turn their rear; the infantry was ordered forward to charge the savages at the point of the bayonet, and when they were roused to deliver a close and well directed fire. These orders were so quickly executed that before the mounted men could engage, the field was strewed with the dying and the dead; their position was stormed and their whole force completely routed. The enemy left on the field their gory dead, which from their speedy defeat, the custom of carrying them off could not be complied with.

The blow thus struck inspired the once formidable Indians with terror at the name of Wayne, for, according to orders he laid their whole country waste with fire and sword, and so completely prostrated their power, that, in the month of January following, they were glad to make peace on the terms laid down by the Americans.

In the battle of Miami the Americans charged to within pistol shot of the British fort, behind which the Indians had retreated, and it may be supposed that the garrison was not at their ease, when the terrible Wayne was in their vicinity, and threatened them with his vengeance if they interfered in the least with his operations.

As the eyes and hearts of all his countrymen were upon him, the news of his victory flew through the land on the wings of the wind, and what joy and rejoicing, more especially on the western borders. On the infant settlements the Indian had glutted his thirst for blood, and the hardy pioneer lived in continual fear of the midnight bullet or tomahawk; the scene to them was now indeed changed, their assassin foes were smitten with a defeat, a peace was concluded by which the rich country of the west was opened to the agriculturalist, and the plough could now tear up the rugged soil, without, as formerly, the rifle to guard it. A change certainly of great good to his country, and appreciated by his countrymen for the rich blessings which were shed upon the land.

Again our hero received the joyful thanks of the high government of his country, and congratulations before unequalled showered in upon him from every quarter. On his journey homeward, every place through which he passed vied with each other in paying him honor. His entrance into Philadelphia was a complete ovation, all business was stopped, the church bells were rung, and the rejoicings on that occasion were never before, nor have they since been surpassed, for the old general had returned from the last of his fields a conqueror, the wreath of untarnished laurel was around his brow,—he was a man whom the people delighted to honor.

Wayne was continued as commander-in-chief of the army, and with characteristic zeal, he performed the then arduous duties of his office. In 1796, while visiting some of the north west military posts, he was attacked with sickness, which soon terminated his useful and eventful life. They buried him beside the blue bounding wave of Erie; but reintered him in 1809, when a splendid monument was erected to his memory in St. David's Church, Chester County, Pennsylvania, by his companions in arms, having the following expressive words as part of the inscription, "His military achievements are inscribed in the history of his country and hearts of his countrymen."

CONCLUSION.

In looking over the history of our country for the past sixty years, one cannot but be struck with surprise at the mighty strides we have made in the scale of nations. At the Declaration of Independence, we were but a handful, now millions crowd our shores; and as a nation, mighty in enterprise and natural resources, we are

second to none. The dark days of the Revolution are past, the Indian war whoop is unheard in the land. The once interminable wilderness of woods is now smiling gardens, the desert blossoms like the rose. On the scene of our hero's last battle thrifty towns and stirring villages now stand. The wand of the magician has been laid across our country, and scenes rivalling the tales of the east, are the true life representations of the United States of America. Could he who sixty years since went down to his grave, arise from his slumbers and gaze upon the scenes of his childhood, with what astonishment would the awakened sleeper behold the mighty changes spread before his vision. The forest through which he could thread his way blindfold, would now wander him in its labyrinth of palaces, and the river over which now and again was only seen the darting of the shallop, would now amaze him by the fleets of nations and the merchandize of continents. All this has been effected by the Revolution. If America had been vanquished in the strife—if our Revolution had only been an unsuccessful rebellion, would such mighty changes for the better have been made in our country? A negative to this question would now be given by the very nation who in that struggle were our foes. Our fathers fought not only for themselves but for posterity, and it becomes their children to deliver their dear bought liberties pure and unspotted to other generations. On their actions we look back with pride and gratitude, for had success not crowned their efforts, where would have been the temple of freedom, the home for the oppressed of all nations? And the beautiful cities of the *Western Republic* which strike the traveler with wonder and surprise, what would they have been had God and our fathers not fought valiantly for us? We doubt not but they would have been as yet, the haunt of the wild deer and buffalo. But, God be praised, our fathers were successful, and the down-trodden peasant can now look to the land where the labors of his hands and the feelings of his heart can be peacefully enjoyed, none daring to make him afraid.

Of the men who were chiefly instrumental in winning for us those blessings, what shall we say; memory loves to linger around every event of their lives, and the subject of this essay, the hero of our tale, has peculiar claims upon our gratitude, affection and admiration. As a successful leader of daring enterprise, he was second only to the immortal Washington. The capture of Stony Point is wrote in letters of gold; by military judges of that day, it was considered superior to the storming of the famous fortress of Swednitz by the Austrian, Marshal Laudon; his attack on the British at Jamestown ferry, was worthy of the genius of the great captain who has since that period filled the earth with his fame; and the battle of Miami, by the terrible defeat of a blood-thirsty and cunning foe, placed Wayne as an Indian fighter without a superior. In the language inscribed on his monumental stone, truly, indeed, in the hearts of his countrymen, is inscribed the military achievements of **ANTHONY WAYNE**.

The following anecdote, kept apart from the preceding narrative, because its authenticity has been questioned, yet from the reflections to which it gave rise, we trust will not be out of place to repeat here.

Benjamin West, very different from the tenets of Quakerism, once shouldered his musket and became a soldier. He volunteered to go along with a party of General Forbes' troops and some friendly Indians, together with some of the officers of the 42nd Highland regiment, commanded by Sir Peter Halket, for the purpose of gathering for burial the relics of that gallant army which fell in the desert, when commanded by General Braddock. Major Halket lost his father and brother in that unfortunate expedition, and although some months had passed since the event, yet he was not without hopes of finding their remains, as an Indian had assured him that he saw an elderly officer fall dead beneath a singular tree, and a young subaltern who went to his assistance, also fall mortally wounded across his body. As the party drew near the scene of that never to be forgotten conflict, they were shocked to see here and there the bones of their countrymen, oftentimes among the blackened ashes where the red man had made his midnight watch-fire, and when they came to the principle scene of that terrible strife, it was indeed "a valley of dry bones." The Indian conducted the party to a remarkable tree, and pointed to the ground said, here is where they fell, yet no trace was seen to tell that here the white man had fallen, far, far from the blue hills of his native land. The leaves of the forest now covered thick the ground ; these when removed discovered, true enough, two skeletons, the one laid across the other.

The whole party gathered round in a circle, and Halket advanced and lifted one of the skulls, said faintly, it is my father and fell senseless. When he recovered, he said I know him by that artificial tooth. They gathered bone to bone, wrapped them in a Highland plaid, and interred them reverently. Like Saul and Jonathan, they were lovely in their lives, and at their death they were not divided. The scene never left the memory of West, and after he had painted the "Death of Wolf," he proposed to Lord Grovesnor as a subject, "The finding of the skulls of the Halkets." Lord Grovesnor thought different on the subject from the venerable president, and we regret to say, the painting never was executed, for had West given immortality to that scene, although not intended as a memorial to Wayne, yet it would have been a noble monument to his patriotism and generosity, for honest Allan Cunningham says, that he was inspired with the enthusiasm of West, and became one of the party.

What a subject it would have been for the pencil of the great painter. There would have been the Indian—the stoic of the woods—a man without a tear—and as he gazed upon Major Halket, with the skull of his father in his hand, whose bosom was heaving with far deeper reflections than that of Hamlet o'er the skull of poor Yorick, and in the mouth of the red man we might not inappropriately put the beautiful language of Campbell. "But as for thee, whose breath was given by milder genii o'er the deep, the spirits of the white man's

heaven forbids not thee to weep." And there would have been the Highlander with his dark plume waving on his red cheek, and the tear drop in his blue eye, bespeaking a heart as purely generous as the crystal streamlet that leaps from the lofty Benlomond, and there would have been West himself, with his calm intellectual and kindly beaming features, the painter in embryo, who was afterwards to astonish the world by the terrible painting of "Death on the Pale Horse. And where would Wayne have been? Methinks, I see how West would have struck him off, with his fierce glancing eye and distended nostrils, clutching firmly his rifle, as if he was saying, "why was I not here too, to fight or fall, but if I live I will repay this debt with my country's vengeance."

Had such a painting been executed and hung in some conspicuous place, as a memento of our country's history, how would the heart of every lover of his country throb as they beheld the scene where Washington first greatly distinguished himself, and the likenesses of those men who are now famous in story. As it is, let a recollection of the past inspire us all with devoted generosity and lofty patriotism, that when the evil day comes we may follow in the footsteps of the illustrious man whose character as a soldier has been briefly read to you this night. Great things are yet expected of the Trans-Atlantic Republic.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND THE CHURCH?

In our last we endeavored to show that Odd Fellowship no more conflicts with the Church than it does with any association got up for temperance, political or charitable purposes; and that if it be proper for Church members to connect themselves with temperance societies or political clubs, it is equally proper for them to be associated with institutions for the purpose of relieving the sufferings and the distresses of their fellow creatures.

I will now undertake to prove that the Church *is not*, and *cannot* be *made* a substitute for charitable and beneficial societies, established upon the same principles, and with the same regulations as that of Odd Fellowship.

That it *is not* a substitute for Odd Fellowship, and that it *does not* answer the purposes of that Institution at *present*, we all very well know. It is true there are isolated instances in which the Church has contributed for the relief of some of its members when in distress; but that it has not adopted any general system of benevolence by which to enable all of its members to obtain relief when sick, is equally true. We do not *hear* of the Church paying four dollars per week to each member when sick, nor have we any reason to believe that it is done in secret. The Church does not provide for visiting the sick day by day, nor for watching them by night, nor does it make any appropriations for burying them when dead. It is true,

that its members often perform those charities in an individual capacity, or when required by the Lodge, but it is seldom, if ever, the case that they do them in the capacity of a Church. The Church, then, *does* not answer the purposes of Odd Fellowship; therefore, one of two measures must be resorted to; either to *make* it answer those purposes, or else to suffer Odd Fellowship and all similar institutions to exist. Unless this is done, the important and charitable purposes for which they were established can hardly be accomplished.

But can the Church be *made* to answer the purposes of Odd Fellowship? I answer, *No*; and for a multitude of reasons. And, first, where Odd Fellowship is exclusive, the Church is not, and where the Church is exclusive, Odd Fellowship is not. No man can become an Odd Fellow who has not arrived at a particular age, or who has exceeded a certain age, and who does not enjoy good general health. Females, also, are excluded from membership in the Order. On the other hand, the Church is open to all, of every age, and of every state of health, and of both sexes. Now, this exclusiveness is essential and indispensable on the part of Odd Fellowship, but conflicts at once with the very principles upon which the Church is founded. Were Odd Fellows to admit persons of all ages and of every degree of health into their ranks, indiscriminately, the effects would be the most disastrous to the Institution. It would at once become the resort of the aged and infirm, the sick and diseased, until its expenses would far exceed its income, and its usefulness be destroyed, and the Institution prostrated. While Odd Fellowship enjoins upon its members to be charitable and benevolent to the sick and afflicted out of the Order, and often contributes for their relief out of its own treasury when it has the ability, yet to open its doors indiscriminately to all who might choose to enter, and allow them to become regular claimants upon the funds, would render the Institution a perfect hospital, and drain the treasury of the funds faster than they could possibly be paid in, and thus frustrate the very purpose for which the Institution was designed. Odd Fellowship is not designed expressly for the purpose of aiding those who are already sick and infirm, but for the relief of those who may become so after they have connected themselves with the Order. Hence those who had the precaution to join while in health and strength, will enjoy its benefits in the day of sickness and adversity. But those who treat the Institution with contempt, or neglect to avail themselves of its privileges until sickness or old age comes on, cannot expect to participate in its blessings. Now, it will be seen at once that the Church can never give benefits to its sick members as is done in Odd Fellowship; because, its funds would be exhausted faster than they could be collected, unless it were to reject all the sick, the aged and infirm, who might apply for admission. But to reject an individual from the Church simply because he is old or sickly, would certainly be in violation of its very principles; yet there would be no other alternative. One of the two must be done; either to give up the benefit system, or to reject all who

are not within a limited age, and who do not enjoy good health. But this species of exclusiveness would not answer in the Church.

Again: on the other hand the Church requires a species of exclusiveness which cannot be admitted in Odd Fellowship. No man can be admitted into the Church unless he makes a public profession of religion, and avows his faith in the creed and doctrines of the particular Church to which he may attach himself. Hence many influential and worthy men with their families would be debarred from the benefits of Odd Fellowship, were that Institution destroyed, and its distinguishing features engrafted into the Church. Indeed, a large majority of those who now constitute the Order, would under such circumstances, be cut off from its privileges; because many do not feel themselves worthy to become connected with the Church, and others do not reside near one of the particular faith to which they are attached. To deny to an individual the privileges of Odd Fellowship, or to say to him that he shall not connect himself with a society for the purpose of benevolence and charity unless he avows his faith in a particular creed, or consents to join a Church, when he does not feel himself worthy, would certainly be unjust and tyrannical. Hence it is evident that the Church does not, and cannot be made to answer the purposes of Odd Fellowship. More upon this point in our next.—*Independent Odd Fellow.*

Richmond, October, 1844.

[Original.]
THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY WILLIAM WRIGHTSON.

WHEN o'er the sixth day's work, the ev'ning shades,
With dusky hand, their sombre mantle drew,
Creation's work was done. And from the hand
Of God, omnipotent, Earth had receiv'd
Her form and comeliness; and new-born man,
In buoyant youth, enjoy'd without alloy,
The happiness of Paradise; oft then
Jehovah left his throne, and, while beneath
Less dreadful form omnipotence he veiled,
Descended to the shady bow'rs of Eden,
And talk'd with Adam, then compass'd round
With nature's richest, most delicious scenes.
Thus sweetly pass'd in innocence the hours,
And in his heart reign'd happiness supreme.
But ah! How soon was this glad picture chang'd!
Anon the heav'nly music, sweeter far
Than Orphean strains, no longer met the ear,
Beneath the vaulted verdure of her groves.
For man, amazing to be heard, not now
Content to be the image and the friend

Of his Creator, wished to be a God,
 And thus aspiring fell ; and at his fall,
 Pale death straight seiz'd him as his lawful prey.
 Amazement reach'd the pearly gates of Heav'n,
 And ent'ring, brooded on th' angelic choir.
 The heav'nly minstrelsy then mutely stood,
 And gaz'd upon each other, wonder-struck.
 Meanwhile before the chancery of God,
 For such flagitious crime, justice demands
 Atonement due. And now, had faithless man
 Been hurl'd in deep oblivion, had not
 The Son of God, true grace personified,
 Prepar'd, in his benevolent designs,
 That he, quintessence, aye, and Deity
 Himself, should suffer all the penalty.
 Oh ! Goodness, infinite, adorable,
 And not to be conceived ! He comes, but not
 To princes on their thrones of state, for they
 Are all, alike unworthy of his love.
 Angels admire the mercy of their God !
 While Satan and his fiends stalk forth, and rack
 Their thoughts, their wildest, deepest thoughts, to find
 Fresh modes of insult ; now, with brief success
 Elated ; now astounded at the fall
 Of schemes, deep laid in all the depths of guile.
 Then rave, ye vengeful ministers of night,
 Rejoice once more ; in hell-born mirth exult.
 And you, ye ministers of light, of Heav'n
 Bright habitants, once more with snowy wing
 Your faces hide, your mourning soon shall cease.

'Twas twilight at Jerusalem, the Sun
 Had ceas'd to gild, with his last, ling'ring rays,
 The Olive hills. And fairly shone the Moon,
 In silv'ry beams, on Kedron's gentle stream.
 The balmy zephyrs fann'd Messiah's brow,
 As on its banks he sought his Father's face
 In pray'r, and stain'd, with bloody drops of sweat,
 The verdant carpet at Gethsemane.
 When suddenly approach, with murd'rous sword
 And staff, a fierce, tumultuous multitude.
 With eager haste they seize their willing prey ;
 At once their fiery look and rude assault
 Their base designs betray ; their insolence,
 Which had before his patience prov'd, breaks out
 With double fury now, while mockery,
 Before conceal'd, and hate, with bitter taunt,
 Assail him as he pass'd ; the cruel scourge
 Devours his flesh ; the tongues, which erst did cry
 Hosanna's loud to David's glorious Son,
 Now utter curses on his head, and shout,
 With impious voice, " Let him be crucified ;

On us, and on our children, be his blood!"
 Anon, of thorns the exulting soldiers wove
 A crown and plac'd it on his august brow.
 And then with warning drear the pond'rous blows,
 Full well the eager populace assure
 That his "last hour is come." Thy Maker now,
 O ! mortal see ! Behold his hands and feet,
 With rugged nails pierced through. The thorny crown
 Has, from his throbbing temples, fall'n ; but yet,
 Has left a still more horrid diadem,
 A circling wreath of blood, trac'd on his brow.
 While gazing on this mournful sight, the Sun
 Grows pale ; and darkness hides the sullied scene.
 Deep anguish rends his soul. Distress'd, he cries,
 " My God ! My God ! Why hast thou me forsak'n !"
 His work is done, " 'tis finished " then exclaims,
 And bows his head, and, willing, yields the ghost.
 'Tis finished ! now, atonement's gracious work ;
 'Tis finished ! types and bloody sacrifice ;
 Fulfill'd are all the prophecies of God !
 'Tis finished ! now, the Sibyl's voice is dumb ;
 And now, the oracle of Delphi fails !
 'Tis finished ! Satan's kingdom over Earth ;
 'Tis finished ! now Immanuel's reign begins ;
 'Tis finished ! hear the cry, Oh Heav'n ! and Earth !
 Repeat the awful, yet triumphant sound !
 In twain the temple's veil is rent ; the Earth
 Her deep foundation shakes ; the rocks are cleft !
 And from their op'ning graves the saints arise,
 To grace the triumph, now obtain'd o'er death
 And hell, and own him as their king.
 Let then the song of adoration rend
 The heav'ns with glad acclaim, and swelling, rise
 As incense from the altar of the world !
 Praise him, ye ministers of his, and let
 His mercy be your never ceasing theme.
 Praise him, Oh Earth ! Ye hosts angelic praise !
 Let the full chorus break upon the shades
 Of ev'ning ; and when morn his course begins,
 Let it not cease ; but as one long and loud,
 Transporting anthem rise to Him who died,
 And rose, and lives, to reign forever king.

Albany Academy, 1844.

INTEGRITY.—Integrity is a great and commendable virtue. A man of integrity is a true man, a bold man, and a steady man ; he is trusted and relied upon. No bribe can corrupt him, no fear daunt him ; his word is slow in coming, but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friends know what he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporising in others. He runs with truth and not with the times—with right and not with might.

PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE, or a disposition to judge of any matter or subject without trial or investigation, and consequently a judgment favorable or unfavorable, as the case may be, is a feeling which every one possesses in a more or less degree. We are very apt to settle any matter in our minds and to be fully assured of its truth or incorrectness, according to our previous predisposition. Nothing is more common than to hear individuals speak of any matter in the strongest terms of disapprobation, and yet, on close inquiry and scrutiny, you will find they have based their opinion on some unreliable source, without personal investigation. An individual may have a prejudice against another, and any thing that he may hear against his reputation he will most generally cherish as the truth, and yet, perhaps, he may be entirely innocent. The same feeling of prejudice is also manifested in other matters—the different sciences for instance, while one person is satisfied by study and inquiry, another has no faith nor any belief,—the reason, that he is prejudiced against it. Odd Fellowship comes in for a full share of this subject. Nothing is more common than to hear persons express their disbelief of any of the benefits and advantages arising from this society, and that it is unworthy of the consideration of high minded men, and express much surprise that so many of their friends have united with them. Others again, will stand up and denounce the institution as immoral, having a tendency to unite all the worst classes of the community together, and that it is detrimental to all religious feeling; then there are others again, who say that all secret societies are injurious and unsafe, and that if the institution is a good one why not promulgate it, and why the necessity of having closed doors to the public? All these questions can be answered in a satisfactory manner to an intelligent inquirer, but time will not permit at present to go into a full exposition. Any thing not perfectly understood is generally most unwisely censured, and this will apply to Odd Fellowship; founded on principles the most liberal and beneficial, it still finds opponents. There never was any subject which had for its object the welfare of mankind, but what in its day had the most bitter enemies, and called forth the loudest denunciations. Fulton was jeered and taunted by the populace, and laughed at in derision, when his capacious mind drew forth the idea of steam being applied to the purpose of navigation, and so will Odd Fellowship, until people will be satisfied that it has for its object the benefit of mankind. We recognize in our institution all the best feelings of our natures applied for our fellow beings; our motto, Friendship, Love and Charity; and it is this which binds us in the ties of fraternal affection. We are commanded to visit the sick in their affliction, to relieve the distressed of our fellow beings, to pay the last tribute to deceased friends, and by these principles and by constant practice, we wish to be distinctly recognized, not that we profess to be better calculated to do this than many others, but that

we make it our duty, and this duty a privilege that all are willing to regard. That this institution would be cherished by every person, is not to be expected ; and it is not every individual that is qualified to be an Odd Fellow. It can find no sympathy in the heart of a selfish man, because its principles are not congenial to his mind. It will neither answer for the proud and haughty, because such feelings are not compatible with genuine benevolence ; but to those only who recognize the scriptural injunction, "to do unto others as we wish they should, under like circumstances, do unto us,"—to look upon mankind as brothers, and act upon that golden maxim.

Again it is said that it unites men of the most discordant opinions, and is immoral in its tendency, destroying religious feelings. We cannot claim our institution to be more perfect than any other charitable society : that some persons should become members who are unworthy is not to be wondered at, and there never was a society but had some members whom they would wish were out of it. Because there should be one backslider in any christian denomination, is that any reason why the whole society should be condemned ? I say that we are all liable to be deceived, and I am not aware that our society is any worse than other kindred associations. The order never stood in a more commanding position ; it numbers some of the best men in the community; it not only spreads among the lower and middle classes of society, but pervades our higher circles. The Hon. Willie P. Mangum, although occupying the seat of President of the Senate of the United States, thought it not derogatory to his dignity to be considered an Odd Fellow, and no person ever felt himself lowered in dignity by being a member of our society.

In the lodge, nothing is permitted that is calculated to give offence to any member ; religious debates are not tolerated, and we number members of *all* the different religious denominations of christians ; and we are not aware of any member having seen any thing done calculated to affect their religious views and opinions. There is also another objection to the order, which is often made,—and that is, it is a secret society. Our principles we publish to the world, and the world knoweth them. The idea that any society of persons should recognize their own members by certain signs is allowed by every community. It exists in the camp and in all society, and therein consists the great mystery. We know our own members, although we may never have been personally acquainted with them. We are perfectly willing that we should be known, and that all our actions, as regards the objects of the institution, should be universally disseminated. We have our peculiar forms of doing business,—and these, as they concern no other persons, we keep to ourselves. There is nothing in them calculated to offend the most fastidious, and our object is to impress on the minds of our members, deep respect for the institution ; and there is nothing, as far as I am able to judge, in Odd Fellowship, detrimental to law, religion, and sound morality.

In conclusion, we wish every one who has prejudice against us to give us a fair and faithful investigation. Do not hastily condemn us,

but by our fruits ye shall judge us. And to those that love peace, and wish us well in our laudable undertaking, we say unite with us, and we are willing to say, without prejudice, you will love and appreciate our beloved order.

SAMARITAN.

Albany, April 12, 1845.

[Original.]
THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY FLORA D.—

“Despotic winter now his sway resigns,
And in his cloud-formed chariot quits our zone:
Each gloomy prospect with its lord retires,
And bright-robed spring ascends her flowing throne.”

THE return of spring is to every person a season of pleasure. The untaught child of nature, as well as him that is endowed with her richest ornaments and genius, looks forward with joyful anticipations to the time when nature appears robed in all her loveliness. It is now that the earth, which once appeared melancholy, is lovely, presenting a thousand objects to him that loves to admire the works of God. The fields are covered with green, and the trees that were once leafless are now clothed in nature's own garb. The air resounds with the sweet-toned notes of the merry songsters of the grove. Every tiny leaf, even a blade of grass, appears more beautiful to a person in Spring, than the choicest flowers at any other time of the year. While in the fields, contemplating the goodness of God, we mark the “superiority of the works of nature to those of art.” The sun setting in its peerless majesty, the countless orbs that surround the blue vault of heaven, arranged in infinite order;—could the Deist, while gazing on these, with thrilling delight and admiration, doubt the existence of a God? Could he believe that these came by mere chance? No! Unless he possesses a heart harder than adamant, he could not avoid being “led from nature up to nature's God.” There are many useful lessons to be learned from Spring. It teaches us the perishable nature of all things earthly. How calm and beautiful are most of our mornings in spring. The modest violet rears its lovely head, comes forth to charm us for a while, when, perhaps, some thoughtless child plucks it for its own amusement, and it droops and dies. Thus it is with us in the gay morning of life. We set forward, full of hopes and anticipations; but often before we pass over half of that period, we meet with trials, and shed the tear of sorrow, or perchance some unforeseen accident may launch us into an untimely grave.

Know, then, ye gay votaries of the world, that “your days are numbered,” even as the grass, which to day is, and to-morrow is “cast into the oven.” Then be prepared, and learn to bear the chastening rod with christian fortitude, and seek a happier home, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Spring is a striking emblem of the resurrection of the body. The flowers on which we now love to gaze, were once coarse and shapeless roots, without beauty, but now, in bloom, they have traced themselves in indelible characters on our hearts. So it is with man; while in the grave, the body is an object of horror,—but how different at the resurrection! Then he will be clothed in garments of celestial splendor. In the Spring, all that has been buried in the earth comes forth, and its inhabitants, the feathered tribes, and man, the noblest work of God, joins in praising their Creator. So at the resurrection, the new-born infant, and the aged fathers and mothers of Israel, will tune anew their golden harps in one triumphant song to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne. If then we hail the earthly spring as the blest harbinger of peace and happiness, who will not join in endeavoring to be one among that happy number that will greet in the beauties and treasures of the spring in the blissful seats of Paradise.

Albany, March 24, 1845.

MY RIVULET.

Translated from the French of M. Paufin, for the Gavel.

Little streamlet, sweetly flow
On thy rills with silvery sound;
Little streamlet, oft thy waters,
Pure, transparent, here abound.

Winding and prolonged thy course,
'Mid these ruins, through these bowers;
Little streamlet, on thou movest,
Watering thorn and bathing flowers.

Rivulet, the day thou'l see
When a mightier stream will flow
Through these fields, o'erwhelming thee:
Thus my songs and life will go!

TRANSLATIONS FROM GEORGE SANDS.

THE FUTURE.

THE future is enveloped in clouds; sometimes rosy and brilliant as those which ascend the horizon at the rising of the sun: sometimes red and sombre, like those which precede the storm and hide the thunderbolt.

THE GAMBLER.

“ Every day the gambler sacrifices his honor to support his life. The gambler is morose, he is a stoic, he triumphs coldly, he yields coldly: he passes in a few hours from the lowest ranks of society to

the highest,—in a few hours he re-descends to the point from which he set out, and this without a change of attitude or countenance. In a few hours, without quitting the place where his demon enchains him, he passes through all the vicissitudes of life, and by all the chances of fortune which represented the different social conditions. Turn by turn, king and beggar, he climbs at a single bound the immense ladder, always calm, always master of himself, always sustained by his strong ambition, always excited by the corrosive thirst that devours him. What will he be in an hour? Prince or slave? How will he come out of that den? Naked, or bent under the weight of gold? He will return there to-morrow to rebuild his fortune; to lose or to triple it. That which is impossible for him, is repose; he is as the bird of the tempest, who cannot live without agitated waves and furious winds. He is accused of loving gold! He loves it so little that he throws it away by handfuls. These gifts of hell can neither profit nor satiate him. Hardly rich, he awaits being ruined, that he may again taste that strong and terrible emotion, without which life is to him insipid. What then is gold in *his* eyes? Less, in his own estimation, than are the sands of the sea in yours. But gold is to him an emblem of felicities and evils which he seeks and braves. Gold is his plaything, his enemy, his God, his dream, his demon, his mistress, his poetry. It is the shadow which pursues, attacks, and holds him, but which permits him to escape that he may have the pleasure of recommencing the struggle, and running once more side by side with his destiny. This is beautiful? It is absurd; it is necessary to condemn him, because his energy, thus employed, is without profit to society; because the man who directs his abilities towards a similar end, steals from his fellow men all the good that he might be able to do them with less of egotism."

THE MASQUERADE.

"I had a very different idea all this time," said she. "I have taken you all for the dead, and I, living, passed you before me in review; I said to myself, there is something strangely mournful in the invention of these masquerades. Is it not sad, indeed, thus to resuscitate the ages which are no more, and force them to divert the present? These costumes of times past, which represent to us extinct generations, are they not, in the midst of the intoxication of a *fête*, a frightful warning for us to recall the brevity of the days of man? From whence are the high thoughts which burn under these bonnets and turbans? From whence the young and vivacious hearts which palpitate under these doublets of silk; these bodies beautified with gold and with pearls? From whence these fond women and belles, who clothe themselves in heavy stuffs, and who cover their rich headdresses with gothic jewels? Alas, from whence are these kings of a day, who have shone like us? They have passed without dreaming of the generations which have preceded them; without dreaming of those which must follow them; without dreaming of themselves,—they who cover their persons with gold and perfumery, who surround themselves with pomp and melodies, awaiting the coldness of the grave and the forgetfulness of the tomb!" * * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Albany, April 11, 1845.

To THE EDITOR OF THE GAVEL—SIR:

It has been a matter of surprise to many of the members of Excelsior Degree Lodge to have the name of the said Lodge omitted from the record of the order for this district since last December. In compliance with the request in your last number, of transmitting information in relation to subordinate Lodges, I would inform you that Excelsior Degree Lodge meets every Tuesday evening at Commercial Buildings, corner of South Market and Hudson streets; that it numbers over ninety members, and is in a very prosperous condition. There seems to have been a new spirit infused into the members for the last three months. The present officers are punctual in attendance, and that "lukewarmness," and "unwillingness to serve in office" represented by the late D. D. G. M., in his report to the Grand Lodge, has entirely disappeared, and a disposition to sustain the Degree Lodge seems now to actuate all the working members.

The following is a list of the officers elected and installed for the present term:—Andrew Halnon, N. G.; Wm. Rennie, A. N. G.; Cornelius Glen, D. A. N. G.; Thomas W. I. Groves, P. G.; Eugene Kissam, V. G.; Matthew Bray, Secretary; S. S. Barnes, Treasurer.

EXCELSIOR.

¶ Glad are we that the "*EXCELSIOR*" is so prosperous, and that the officers attend to their duty. We trust there will be no more cause for so just a complaint as has been made against it heretofore. As to the list of officers being omitted, we can assure the Brother the fault was not ours, but rests entirely with the officers of Excelsior Degree Lodge, as we never received it for publication. Had "*Excelsior*" attended to his duty, as he should have done, he would have had no reason to complain at this late day. One word, in connection with this subject, as to *anonymous* correspondents. Hereafter, we shall exclude every thing of the above character, unless accompanied by a *responsible name*—the name to be used or not, as the author may deem proper.—PUBLISHER OF GAVEL.

Quebec, April 8, 1845.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

The officers elected and installed in Albion Lodge, No. 4, are—Joseph Trampleasure, N. G.; John Wilson, V. G.; E. L. Montizambert, Secretary; George Hall, Treasurer.

**Yours, in bonds of F. L. and T.,
J. H. HARDIE.**

Syracuse, April 8th, 1845.

BROTHER TANNER—DEAR SIR :

At the suggestion contained in the last Gavel, I improve the opportunity of sending by Brother N. Randall, a statement of the present condition of our Lodge, i. e. Syracuse Lodge No. 109, I. O. of O. F. This Lodge was instituted about one year since. This is the first quarter of the second year. The following are the officers of this quarter : Morris Kain, acting P. G.; Isaac R. Quereau, N. G.; Oliver T. Couth, V. G.; William H. Kelsey, Q. Sec'y; Edward O. Gould, Treas.; William B. Ayres, P. S. We now number 65 members, and have about \$200 in the general fund, besides the widow and orphan fund. The condition of our lodge is every way prosperous. Brother W. W. Stanley is now fitting one of the best rooms, in style and convenience, in the centre or western New York. It is large, and will conveniently accommodate from three to four hundred persons. It will be dedicated about the first of May next.

Yours, in F. L. and T.,
W. H. KELSEY.

“PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.”

I. O. of O. F. Dist. of Albany Co.,
April, 1845.

BR. JOHN TANNER :

It is my pleasure and inestimable privilege to give you the result of our last quarter's doings. Odd Fellowship, in this district, still continues prosperous and flourishing, exerting her happy influence in enlisting under her banner men who have heretofore watched with jealousy the workings of an institution of doubtful utility. They have seen the maturity of the germ planted under the fostering care of those inestimable principles, “Friendship, Love and Truth,” and it has blossomed in all its comeliness and luxuriance, giving promise of a rich and glorious ripening. They, too, have become co-workers in the great cause in which we are engaged, and by their acts have demonstrated the beauty and utility of the institution of I. O. of O. F., in their labors of love. Convincing the world that they are not governed by sinister motives, nor their usefulness confined to the narrow limits of their own organization ; but, that *all* objects of charity participate in their bounty.

The number of contributing members in District,	931
Initiations during the last quarter,	120
Amount of cash receipts,	\$1988 90
Paid for sickness and death,	400 20

En-hakkore Encampment, No. 5, is also in an uncommonly flourishing condition—its increase the past year being unparalleled in the history of the Patriarchal branch of the Order in this district.

All of which is respectfully submitted in F. L. and T.,
V. B. LOCKROW, D. D. G. M.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

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VISIT THE SICK.

"WE COMMAND YOU TO VISIT THE SICK," is the first injunction of Odd Fellowship. It is impressed upon the seal that gives binding force to every mandate from the supreme head of the order. It is drawn from the fountains of inspiration, and enforced by the illustration of the great exemplar, in his summing of the virtues that commended the faithful—"I was sick and ye visited me."

Other cares are enjoined; other duties demanded; but *first*, the care of the sick. When health has departed, and pain racks the body, the mind excited, and fears, doubts, misgivings, and perplexities crossing it at every turn; when the comforts that wealth and power otherwise bestow are shorn of their potency, and the proud figure of erect and selfish man is prostrated in anguish, his luxuries turned to nauseating drugs, his refinements but greater susceptibility of misery, his wealth inadequate to purchase an hour's relief, and his power and pride of place but so many mockeries of his helplessness; then the only source of comfort is in the sympathy of friends, the only soother of the maddening pang is the balm which love tenders in the fervency of hope, and the watchful care of *then* dear friends. The wiping away of the perspiration from one's fevered brow, or the tender of a cooling draught to the burning lips by a sister's or brother's attentive hand, will carry a pleasurable sensation to even that sick heart which quickens its pulsations, and arms it with courage and hope anew to overthrow the malady.

'Tis there too we can measure the regard of our friends. Cold formality will not intrude itself into the sick room, nor will mere worldly interest be very zealous in its attention; but the pure impulses of friendship and love will bespeak their emotions in unmistakeable assurances, and nothing so relieves the tedious hours, or intervenes the restless days with a pleasurable moment, as a call from an anxious friend.

Visiting the sick room has less of selfishness in the act than is found in most others of a kindly nature. There is no charm in a sick room to lure the visitor; sentiment and wit are not expected from fevered bodies or distracted brains,—nor is there enticing elegance in easy chairs and bolstered couches to make a lounge agreeable, not even with the perfume of *bolus* and *loision* superadded. Who visits the sick, therefore, does it from a purer, a holier impulse than that of pleasure. It is the prompting of a humanizing love; an acknowledgment of the obligations of fraternal kindness; a tribute to that principle which teaches to regard our neighbor, and sympathize with the distressed; an emanation of the soul, pointing its paternity to the source of love.
VISIT THE SICK.

COMMITTEES OF INVESTIGATION.

THERE is no duty more important in its character, and which is so often wholly neglected, or so frequently but half performed, as that devolving upon committees on applications for admission within our lodges. That provision of our economy, requiring all applicants for our fellowship to be subjected to the scrutiny of an investigation, means what it enjoins; and no committee should ever suffer a report to pass from its hands, without having *faithfully* discharged the duty with which it is entrusted. The mere fact that an individual has been *proposed*, by even a truly worthy and tried brother, is not of itself a sufficient reason why he should be *accepted*. Some trait of character may exist, or habit indulged, unknown or excused by the brother who makes the proposition, which render the candidate unfit or unworthy of admission, and which a proper inquiry would disclose to those who, less partial as a friend, would be more discriminating in judgment. Many a lodge would be saved from internal trouble, or open mortification, were the *first* duty well performed, and due precaution taken on the initiatory ballot. "Prevention is easier than cure," is a maxim, the truth of which much sad experience in our order has fully established, and which, in the present high tide of prosperity and numerical acquisitions, is likely to be still more frequently exemplified.

While a wholesome caution should never be neglected towards the propositions of the old and approved members, it ought particularly to be exercised in those of the younger and less experienced class. These latter, pleased with their new associates, and gratified at their connection with an Order so beneficial and respected, are naturally desirous to bring within it those with whom they associate without. A laudable ambition, too, to be known as working and useful members, may lead to efforts to introduce to the same fellowship which they themselves enjoy, those whom a longer experience in the business of a lodge, and a better estimate of the necessary qualifications for good membership, would induce less anxiety to obtain. An unwillingness to wound the feelings of a young and respected member, by the rejection of his proposition, has frequently permitted the reception of those who would have been refused admittance if proposed by others, whose age or honor in the Order would have removed all considerations other than the merit of the candidate himself. This ought not to be, but is nevertheless so; and improper men are perhaps as frequently admitted from this cause, as from a too great confidence in the simple recommendation of those who have acquired a good name and standing in the order by faithful and active service. The place of a committee man is by no means intended as a mere compliment, to be acknowledged by signing a name to a report, without *knowing* from personal or other reliable knowledge, the truth of the fact it states; but is always a responsible, and frequently a delicate and difficult trust, to be discharged conscientiously and fearlessly. When this is invariably done, we shall hear less complaints of bad members, and have less occasion to regret a misplaced confidence.

GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

We are indebted to some unknown friend, for a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of this State, from February, 1844, to February, 1845, from which we glean some intelligence that may be interesting to our readers, on the subject of a law by which the N. G. and V. G. of new lodges, are entitled to side degrees. The grievance committee reported as follows:

"Your committee are of opinion that those degrees are intended to be a reward for labor, and that, by actual services alone should they be obtained. The Grand Lodge of the United States has, by a special act, left it discretionary with State Grand Lodges, to regulate this as they might deem proper, but your committee can see no good reason why the settled policy of your body on this point, should now be changed.

"They offer and recommend the passage of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge, recognizing the principle '*That labor in the Order is the legitimate mode in which honors should be gained,*' declines passing a law by which those who have not filled the offices shall be entitled to the degree appertaining to them,"

G. Rep. CLARK, in his report to the Grand Lodge, holds the following language on the subject of revision:

"It is not deemed necessary to make a lengthy argument to prove the necessity for such revision, as every one at all familiar with the language will readily admit that it much needed correction. And the present being thought a more favorable opportunity than would be likely soon to occur again, owing to the fact that the present edition is entirely exhausted, and a new one imperiously called for, it was deemed advisable, before publishing, to render the language as correct as possible.

MARSH'S MASONIC REGISTER.

OUR acknowledgements are due to Bro. P. G. THOS. W. I. GROVES, for a copy of "Marsh's Masonic Register" for the year 5845, (1845,) containing a correct list of the officers of the grand and subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampment, and Councils of the State of New York, and the grand and subordinate Lodges of New Jersey, Grand Lodge of Maryland, the general Grand Encampment, the general Grand Chapter, and Grand Lodges of the U. S. The representatives of, and to the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and a Chronology of Masonry for 919 years, with other matter of interest to the Craft.

It is a very neat, and undoubtedly useful book, and should be in the possession of every Mason. Bro. Groves is the agent for this city. Price one shilling.

DIPLOMAS.

Bros. STEELE & DURRIE have received some beautiful specimens of diplomas or certificates of membership. They are got up in the most chaste and elegant style at the low price of 25 cents each. We hope every brother will avail himself of the present opportunity of supplying himself with so appropriate an evidence of his connection with the Brotherhood.

THE SUFFERERS AT PITTSBURGH.

THE members of the order will be called upon to contribute their mite in aid of the sufferers by this distressing fire. We hope they will do their duty with *promptness*, which is one of the peculiar characteristics of every good Odd Fellow.

THE *Illinois State Gazette*, in a complimentary notice of the "Gavel," thus discourses of Odd Fellowship: "Wherever this institution is established and progresses, its influences upon the moral tone of society is deeply felt. There is no tie of *self-interest* to hold its members together, but they are bound to each other by the christian virtues of Truth, Love and Charity. Benevolence in its most extended sense is their characteristic, and the golden rule of 'do unto others as you would be done by,' is a leading of their conduct. We would recommend the work above mentioned to those who are interested in advancing the cause."

EXTRACTS FROM THE GOLDEN RULE.

ODD FELLOWSHIP vs. DUELING.—Touching the practice of duelling, we find the following resolution quoted from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, and which cannot be too highly commended:

Resolved, That any member of a subordinate Lodge in this State, who shall in any wise participate in duelling, shall be expelled from the Lodge of which he is a member; and if such offence be committed by an Odd Fellow who is not a member of any Lodge, he is *ipso facto* expelled, which expulsion shall be announced by the Grand Master of the State, immediaitely after the facts shall have been known to him.

COMMITTEE OF REVISION OF THE WORK OF THE ORDER.—This Committee assembled, to complete their labors, in this city, on Tuesday morning, the 22d inst, pursuant to adjournment. Present—P. G. Sire John A. Kennedy, of New York, Rev. E. H. Chapin, P. G. M., of Massachusetts, James M. Ridgely, P. G. M., of Maryland, and Wm. W. Moore, P. G. M., of District of Columbia. Rev. Jas. D. McCabe, P. G., a member of the committee, is detained in consequence of indisposition in his family.

CHESTER LODGE, No. 138.—This Lodge was instituted at the village of Chester, Orange county, on the 31st of March, 1845, by D. D. G. M. John R. Wiltsie, of the district of Orange.

The following officers were elected and installed to serve the present quarter, viz: Samuel M. Smith, N. G.; Samuel M. Kniffen, V. G.; Benjamin Y. Dorlon, Secretary; and Anthony Ketchem, Treas.

Four candidates were initiated, and a number of propositions presented. The Deputy says, "I think from the zeal they manifest, that their progress will be onward, and I trust upward, in the great cause of Odd Fellowship."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE.—The R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held a special session on Tuesday evening, the 22d ult., at the rooms in National Hall, Canal street, and granted three charters for subordinate Lodges, viz:

Neptune Lodge, No. 152, to be located at Tompkinsville, (Quarantine,) Richmond county, S. I.

Montague Lodge, No. 153, to be located at Brooklyn, Kings county.

Camden Lodge, No. 154, to be located at Camden, Oneida county.

Died,

In this city, on the 16th April, Mrs. E. J. CLEMISHIRE, aged 22 years and 7 months, wife of Brother John Clemshire, of Phoenix Lodge, No. 41.

Married,

On the 13th of March, by the Rev. D. H. Hamilton, of Trumansburg, Brother ERASTUS T. KING, of City Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5, and En-bakkore Encampment, No. 5, Albany, and Miss ELIZABETH J., youngest daughter of Burnet Cook, Esq., of Cover, Seneca county.

All thanks to our Brother and his bride for the symbol of the sweets of married life with which they have so liberally supplied us; and while we are laying it away as near our heart as physiological and anatomical construction will permit, we assure them our wishes for their happiness, present and future, are more than proportionate to the gigantic slice received.

In Utica, on the 21st April, by the Rev. Mr. Leeds, Brother Wm. J. BLACKALL, of this city, and Miss HANNAH ANN THORN, of the former place.

It was an adage of the ancients that *misfortunes* never came singly; the same will, we believe, apply equally well to *blessings*. We have been compelled to illustrate the science of *geology* in the disposition of the numerous mountains of the good things incidental to matrimonial arrangements, that have fallen to our share; that is to say the various *strata* have been piled away, *layer upon layer*, in the most approved *geological* style. We heartily thank Bro. Blackall for the substantial *tokens* he has sent us of his interest in the "progress of the order."

On the 23th April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, Bro. DENMAN CLARK, M. D., of Union Lodge, No. 8, and Miss ANN JENNETTE HERMANS, all of this city.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 29, in Trinity Church, by the Rev. Mr. Selkirk, Bro. EUGENE KISSAM, P. G. of Samaritan Lodge, No. 93, and Miss LOUISA M. PHELPS, daughter of H. R. Phelps, Esq., all of this city.

"The cry is still they come," or rather go. Another bountiful slice of *manna* accompanied the above, together with a long, round, dark-looking "*something*," which we should judge from "*outward appearance*," contained something rather *suspicious*. If our prayers avail aught, Bro. Kissam and Lady will experience a long life of the most uninterrupted bliss.

TERMS OF THE GAVEL.—Single copies per annum \$1. Any person forwarding us the names of five subscribers, (enclosing \$5) will be entitled to the sixth copy gratis. All payments must be made invariably in advance.

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RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

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THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, JULY, 1845.

NO. 11.

[Original.]

SPANISH LITERATURE.

BY C. C. BURR.

THE literature and national character of Spain is but indifferently understood by us. Spain was, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, the most splendid monarchy in Europe; and its national spirit was, to the last, developed in the literature and romances of its authors. Whether we examine its prose writers, or its poets, we find every where, the same spirit of private honor, principle, and national faith, breathing through the whole. In the noble beauty, and proud simplicity of the Cid, the sublime morality of Calderon, Gongora, and even that erratic wanderer, and criminally careless Lope de Vega, there are to be found some of the loftiest lessons of public trust and domestic honor that the literature of the world can afford. In this characteristic, the Spanish poets stand out in honorable exemption from the utter national faithlessness and private incontinency of all the Italian poets. All the poets of Spain are true hearted Spaniards—the plot and the execution, the fancy and the reality, the idea and the illustration—all are Spanish. There is a bewitching beauty, a sweet, never ending beauty in the Spanish poets. A clear, bright flame was in the souls of those old Spaniards, flashing out strange fire upon the earth—gleaming forever like the lightning of passion that plays around the hearts of men. Their poetry has not the pomp and pageantry, the deep, solemn funeral state of the Germans, it is most true; nor has it the wild, wrapt sublimity of the great English poets; but it has an excellence all its own—a Spanish excellence—soft, soft as the light of a star that beams there, in the Spanish sky. There is an enchantment in that Spanish poetry—something that sets the heart to beating. It has been called weak; but it is a sweet weakness—like the weakness of a woman, lovelier far for being so. But after all, the Spaniard is no weak soul. It is true that he never soars among the clouds, nor will he play with the thunder; but you will find him on the earth, among its best flowers—deaf to the storm, and reckless of vicissitudes there—a soul not to be dismayed. What

he writes, and what he says is ever full of pervading sensibility, of noble natural feeling, and deeply religious, often when the subject is connected neither with religion nor morality. Our means of reference are at this time most provokingly small. But we will have one example :

“ The good old Count in sadness strayed
Backwards—fowards pensively ;
He bent his head, he said his prayers,
Upon his beads of ebony ;
And sad and gloomy were is thoughts,
And all his words of misery :
O ! daughter fair—to woman grown,
Say, who shall come to marry thee !
For I am poor, though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be.

Be silent, father mine ! I pray,
For what avails a dower to me ?
A virtuous child is more than wealth,
O ! fear not, fear not poverty ;
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free ;
And such defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me :
For if no husband shall be mine,
I'll seek a convent's purity.”

The charm of Spanish poetry is in this, it is always the portraiture of genuine feeling, unencumbered by the decorations and formalities of artificial life—without the mysticism of refinement, or the adornings of deceit. Let a passage from Silvestro be an illustration :

Ines sent a kiss to me,
While we danced upon the green ;
Let that kiss a blessing be,
And conceal no woes between.
How I dared I know not how,
While we danced I gently said,
Smiling, ‘ give me lovely maid,
Give me one sweet kiss,’—when lo !
Gathering blushes robed her brow,
And, with love and fear afraid,
Thus she spoke—‘ I'll send the kiss,
In a calmer day of bliss.’

I dare not vouch but that some who read this garbled extract may imagine that *procrastination* is a provoking trait in Spanish literature, but however this may be, I fancy the poetry is quite as good as my recommendation. We may have another example from the adored Gongora, whom the Spaniards used to count the prince of their nation. He has been accused by the rigid laws of criticism, of bombast, and

exaggerations ; but for all that, there was in the heart of that Gongora a great, deep fount of feeling—a soul was in him full of new fire, of mild, soft beauty, and light. There is a harmony in his verses indeed, like the sweet chiming of according bells ; and a grace and facility of expression, forever rare and delightful. We have room but for one imperfect extract :

“ They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with song the flowery vales,
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,
Magic harps of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love :
Think not the voices in the air
Are from some winged syrens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries ;
O ! if you listen delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the vales,
They are not all sweet nightingales.”

And even so the staid and sober brow of religion is adorned with garlands of flowers, as sweet and beautiful as its own pure spirit. If ever she was permitted to court the smiles of poetry and natural life, it was in Spain. It is true that she sometimes held in her hand a terrible scourge for those she hated, and entwined her brow with scorpions and night-shade, but peace, and beauty, and blessedness were in her hand for those she loved. In Spanish devotion we find none of the remote abstractions of philosophy ; nor shall we find there philosophers' doubts and fears. Simple, open, free, and submissive, is the believing Spanish heart. Her *romanceros* planted myrtle and jasmine in the believer's path, and threw the lustre of poetic fancy over the grim realities that were there—leaving to every-day life the sweetness of devotion, clear soft and brilliant. There is a generous flow of lively faith and patient submission in Manrique's *Glossa* on his departed friend. Let an extract from the closing stanzas be an example :

“ Let 's waste no words, for calm and still
I wait—obey ; no idle speech
Submission needs ;
For that which is my Maker's will,
Shall be my will,—whate'er it teach,
Where'er it leads.
I'm ready now to die,—I give
My soul to heaven resignedly—
To death's great change :
For to desire and long to live,
When God decrees that we shall die,
Were folly strange.

Thou, who did'st bend thee from above,
And take a mean and worthless name,
 O sovereign grace !
Thou who did'st clothe thee in thy love,
With the low weeds of human shame,
 To save our race :
Thou who did'st bear the stripes abhor'd,
And give thy sacred name to bear
 All mortal pain !
Not for my merit heavenly Lord !
But for thy mercies—hear me—hear !
 And pardon then."

I confess that I admire the literature, what there is of it, as I do also the national character of Spain. It is warm and heroic—something hospitable, generous, valorous in Spanish character. And it is forever the land of pleasant song. Song is the universal element of Spain. Like a bright, ethereal flame, it is mingled with every look and every thought of the Spaniard. There is not a hill, or a valley, nor a streamlet there which song has failed to consecrate. The very beggar decorates his petition with poetic imagery ; he asks, "*a blessed alms from tenderness, for one, the flower of whose life has been blasted;*" or "*from whom the light of heaven has been shut out by a celestial visitation.*" Poetry and beauty are deeply interwoven with the very texture and frame-work of a Spaniard's heart—the chambers of that Spanish soul glowing forever with a lustre beautifully bright, passionate, spontaneous—shining even beyond its own portals. From the beggar's petition up to the sweet *Adios tu hermoso*, softly breathing on a Spanish lip, all is poetry. But adieu to Spain.

Selected from the Flower Vase.

TO A. J. H.

Oh, blame me not that unto thee I pour
The lavish treasures of unfathomed love;
'Tis, dear one, but to plead with thee, no more
 To bid me crush what has its root above.
I shall die gentle 'neath its shadowy spell,
And thou shalt know that *one* hath loved thee well.

Mistake me not; nor let one shadow fall
Upon thy heart, already worn with pain;
Let me but love thee, serve thee; this is all;
 Grant me but this, and I am strong again;
Strong—for to love thee, though thou art not mine,
Is to my homeless heart an altar and a shrine.

*

Reported for the Gavel.

CELEBRATION OF THE I. O. O. F. IN BOSTON.

Boston, June 20, 1845.

Brother P. G., JOHN TANNER—Sir:

YESTERDAY was a proud day for the Odd Fellows of New England, and the 19th of June will be long remembered with the most pleasurable emotions by the whole Fraternity. The number present was truly astonishing, and of which I am totally unable to give you any adequate idea, for it surprised not only the uninitiated but the brethren themselves. The day previous the city was *full*, and on the morning of the celebration the countless thousands began to throng the streets at an early hour, and the railroad cars from every direction were continually discharging immense numbers of gentlemen and ladies, until some of the streets became almost entirely blocked up. The weather in the morning was quite unpropitious, dark, clouds hung over us, and there was every prospect of a continuous rain, but about 9 o'clock the dense clouds passed away, and the sun shone out in all its splendor upon that mighty band of Brothers! And they were men well worthy that endearing epithet. The Boston Sun says : " and there was a trait in the character of this Order of men, which must have been apparent to every beholder, that their ranks, though taken from all classes of men, were composed of such as were intelligent, orderly and respectable."

At about 9 o'clock the "Old Cradle of Liberty," was opened for the morning exercise, and was soon filled to excess.

The Hall was tastefully decorated and ornamented. The pillars and galleries were wreathed with evergreens, the chandelier with the American Stripes. On the front of the eastern gallery, under the American Eagle, was placed the magic watch-word of the Order:

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

Col. Newell A. Thompson, R. W. D. Grand Master of Massachusetts, presided.

The services commenced with an appropriate Anthem by a select choir.

The Throne of Grace was then addressed in a fervent and impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Norris, G. Master of this state.

The following beautiful hymn was then sung by the choir :

Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the suplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Decays on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of Love.

Bro. Thompson, then introduced P. G. M., JAMES L. RIDGELEY, of Baltimore, G. R. and C. Secretary of the G. L. of U. S., who delivered the following talented and eloquent oration, which I take from the *Boston Sun*:

ORATION.

My BRETHREN :—In the spirit which I am sure prompted the invitation, I am here to-day, to unite with you in the interesting ceremonies, appropriate to the revival of Odd Fellowship within the borders of this Commonwealth. I cannot be mistaken in the fact, that the distinguished position, which by your kindness I occupy, has been assigned, the rather from a too liberal estimate of zeal well meant in the cause to which we are all devoted, than from any expectation that I could be able to present the claims of our Beloved Order in new lights, or with the aid of eloquence to add new virtue to the ties which binds to one another, and to the whole human race true Odd Fellows throughout the globe. Without therefore pausing to indulge in any vain regrets of my utter inability to rise to the level of this great occasion, which however unexpectedly entertained, few would be disposed to regard as sincere, I may be permitted to ask such of my brethren, whose anticipations may not be realised, to credit their disappointment to that spirit, which in the distinction I now occupy alike prompted the selection and influenced the acceptance. I am here to speak to you my brethren, and the remarks which I have to offer shall be addressed to the Order. I am here to give you some accounts of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows: to indicate to you the true source of its principles, and to recount to you, without speculation or coloring, the time and circumstances of the application of those principles, or in other words, the real origin of our Order.

First then of the source of the principles of Odd Fellowship. There are means within our grasp, which elevate us, at a too lofty eminence, from which mind may command a view of the past, at first dimly shadowed in mere glimmerings, but gradually as enlightenment progresses, carrying our vision to the earliest periods of time, to creation itself. Through that immense past, covering an area of nearly six thousand years according to sacred authority, since God formed man, and breathed into him life and immortality, by the aid of the truthful light of history, we are enabled to trace the creature in his progress from the state of bliss in which he was created to sin, his fall and punishment and to follow his fortunes from age to age, witnessing the defilement of his nature, in the mastery which fierce passions obtained over the hallowed attributes of character, with which in profusion a beneficent Creator had endowed him.

The first relation in which man was placed was that of companionship in the helpmate which God provided for him. In the infliction of the penalty, which he had incurred by his first great act of disobedience, the stern justice of the Eternal was so tempered with mercy, that of the very punishment pronounced against the woman, that she should "bring forth children in sorrow," has moulded the second relation of life, that of parent, and in the fruit of this penalty, the birth of Cain and Abel, we witness the study and peculiar relation of life, that of Brotherhood—all of which were gifts of divinity, bestowed by the Creator, as rays of his innate love, reflected into the heart and impressed upon the character of the first of our race. This is the source of the principle of Companionship—here the source of human Brotherhood—here also the period in which strife, murder, and all the evil passions entered upon the world, corrupting and blurring all over

that original purity of heart, which as a scintillation from the Deity so beautifully marked the similitude between God and man.

The reign of corrupted nature triumphed; vice and crime held undisputed sway upon the earth, until man and all animated creation were swept from being, except that favored remnant, spared alone as worthy of existence. In this awfully sublime desolation, which was visited upon the wickedness of man in his perversion from the fraternal spirit, the enduring mercy of the Creator is again predominant, staying the force of that vengeance which the degradation of human nature had so justly provoked. While the Father of the race in the language of history, is represented as "repenting that he had made man," the kindlier attributes of the Deity are eminently displayed in the restoration of the fallen creature under circumstances and accompanied with symbols and tokens, which evinced his design to re-establish the primitive relation. The principle of companionship was still maintained in the preservation of two of each species of animated nature, and as a token of love, the message of Peace was personified in the artlessness and gentleness of the Dove.

In these beautiful symbols are indicated the regeneration of the great principles of creation, and the purity of heart inseparable from those first relations. Once more man, re-created, peopled the earth, and in the dignity of his nature walked after the councils of that Brotherhood in which he was first formed. This was the patriarchal state—man in this age reflected eminently the fraternal relations of life, in the pure unadorned simplicity of his character—he was affectionate, truthful, obedient, and acted from a consciousness of his Divine origin, illustrating in the integrity of his life, the bright and exalted virtues of Brotherhood, especially in the supremacy which his reason and kindlier feelings achieved and maintained over human passions.

As time progressed, the creature degenerated, and in rapidly tracing his history, we are called to mourn ever his departure from those high examples of humanity in the patriarchal state, which perpetuate as monuments upon the face of time the pure and fraternal spirit of the age. There is no more remarkable instance, at least for the moral which it affords, than that serving of the innate principle of Brotherhood, which ultimated in the elevation of Joseph, the son of Jacob, in a strange land—he was the victim of his degenerate Brethren, and the very wrong of which he was the passive subject, was made in the return which he rendered, for the injury inflicted, a most touching, beautiful and sublime illustration of that sentiment of Brotherhood which it was from the beginning, ever the controlling design of Deity to cherish and uphold. The character of the Ruler of Israel, and that of his brother, the High Priest, are peculiarly cherished by Odd Fellowship, as presenting in after time, another remarkable instance of the prominence, which has ever distinguished the exhibition of the natural principle of human Brotherhood in the fellowship and affectionate sentiment, which prevailed between them, in uninterrupted purity, notwithstanding the elevation of the younger, in all respects over the senior brother. The circumstances of the birth of the deliverer of his brethren from the captivity of him

His escape from the vengeance of a wicked King, the tenderness and compassion of the Royal Virgin, which preserved the offspring of the Hebrew mother, all mingled in one group, present in remarkable contrast the predominance of the gentler and kindlier qualities of the human heart, over the evil passions, which had almost universally estranged the creature from all similitude with the image in which he was formed. It would be a profitless consumption of your time to follow the progress of the race of man further, than the period we have reached, when the Egyptians had abused their learning and the Jews had polluted the institutions of God, and fallen into debasement from that high knowledge and reverence of the Deity, which distinguished their fathers. We have ran over nearly half the period of time from the creation, and have discovered man to be designed by his great Creator to reflect attributes of character, which are antagonist to his predominant passions. We have seen that his primitive and natural relation is that of Brotherhood, and that the Diety has afforded the strongest indications in the early ages of the world of the inseparable association of this leading feature in the character of man with true happiness.

Here we find the source of the principles of Odd Fellowship. We are banded as a Fraternity, concentrating our energies in one united effort throughout the world, to bring man back to those close relations of life, which from the beginning he was designed to occupy, and from the culture of which he is estranged by the mastery which passion has obtained over his better nature.

In tracing the source of the principles of Odd Fellowship to the first and only one of the human species, and in attempting to derive the principles of fraternity from the creation, I must not be suspected of falling into the absurdity sometimes taught that Adam was the first Odd Fellow—all that I mean to say is, that in creation is to be found the first source of Brotherhood, the departure and estrangement from this principle superinduces the triumph of passions and vice, has in all times and ages so done; among the efforts of men to arrest the rule and power of the antagonist principle, Odd Fellowship intervenes with her system, moulded from the Divine authority, and earnestly and incessantly, actively and eloquently teaches and practices the truth of universal Brotherhood. Thus you have in the rapid review of sacred history presented to you the real source of the principles of Odd Fellowship. I know that it has been not unusual on occasions like the present to claim for Odd Fellowship affinity with secret institutions, which had their origin in periods of time, when the passions of men were fiercest and the midnight of idolatry overshadowed and blighted the gentler promptings of the human heart. I am here to repudiate the association. Pagan history has been invoked as affording among the votaries of science, the teachings of philosophy and the priests of her worship, the germs from which emanated the principles of our Order. Among the groves of the Druids, where man substituting the type for the great Original, as the object of his worship, bowed in adoration to the oak and the mistletoe, to the sun, the moon and the glittering firmament, it has been gravely spoken that Odd Fellowship dwelt in early times.

Such disquisitions may serve to gratify the fancy which weaves

them, but do not advance the cause of our Order, because they do not reflect truth. The errors of the past are no longer hallowed; the enlightenment of public opinion probes to their profoundest depths, systems and doctrines, and, neither the record of centuries, nor the dogmas of their philosophy can evade its scrutiny. Antiquity may lend a just influence to principles, which are in themselves right, proper, elevated, but may neither consecrate vice, nor cover up the degradation of man. We may linger in admiration among the desolated monuments of once great nations, whose attainments in the arts and sciences have perhaps not been equalled. We may revel in the beauty and sublimity of their learning and literature, yet it were a work of profitless toil in such scenes, to hope to discern evidences of the moral excellences of man which led him to association in the cause of humanity. It is true that the priests and teachers of Egypt practised and taught what is called the secret principle. They had also certain rites, formals and ceremonies; they initiated candidates after certain preparatory training; they also conferred degrés from the lesser to the greater. It is not less true that the philosophy of Greece had attained to the knowledge of the Divinity, and the great mystery of Pythagoras as derived from the secret institutions of the Egyptians, of which he was doubtless an initiate, may have been the unity, as opposed to the Polytheism of the age. It is certain that the subject of religion formed a part of the object of their secret institutions, but it was not by any means their single purpose. Egypt we are informed was the first among the nations of the earth to cherish learning. Geometry, astronomy, and astrology had originated with this people. Architecture was here first reduced to a science, and the high degree of perfection to which it attained is evinced in that admirable order of structure which has stood unrivalled for ages, still stands inimitable, and so long as time shall last is destined to endure. They excelled also in agriculture in so far that we are informed in scripture that many nations were tributary to them for grain. It is not then improbable that the secret institutions of Egypt had their origin in the infancy of science and the arts, whose gradual developement was made known only to the initiate.

There can be no doubt that the priests taught in the body of their seclusion, the arcanae of their religion, from which the masses were wholly excluded; and notwithstanding the gross darkness in which Egypt as a nation was involved in relation to the Deity, the philosophy of the unity it is believed was derived by Pythagoras from Egypt, which he could alone have received from the learned of that nation in the recesses of their secret institutions. The general learning which the Magi of Egypt had compassed, including their proficiency in the arts and sciences, as well as their theory of moral philosophy, was in all human probability cherished in these secret bodies, which were instituted doubtless to exclude from the vulgar gaze a knowledge which it is certain but few of that people ever possessed. Whatever may have been the object of the Egyptian secret institutions, whether employed as nurseries of science, or asylums for the free exercise of the true light of Deity, which had advanced upon the elevated genius of their priest, or whether a mere device to secure the fastness of the idolatry of the age, is wholly unimportant in this inquiry—although

we may discover a similitude in the fact of initiation, in rites, ceremonies and in gradation of degrees, between those institutions and Odd Fellowship, we will find no trace of the principles of Fraternity, which distinguish eminently our affiliation; on the contrary it is scarcely to be doubted that the religion and philosophy of the age, formed the leading object of their formation and existence—nor from the secret principle which was cherished in Greece can any other object be deduced, unless it may be found in the enlargement of that Philosophy which rent in twain the veil which had long secluded truth and openly proclaimed the unity of God. Nor again is there less of fable in the ingenuity, which would discover the origin of Odd Fellowship in the Roman camp, distinguished as it was for subservience to the basest passions, where strife and discord held supreme sway, and the uplifted arm of man, was ever ready to strike down his brother man—where the high culture of minds in science and literature, which prevailed, so far from affording those salutary checks and restraints upon human passions, which is its peculiar office, was whelmed amid the din of war, in fierce struggles for power and dominion, in the violence of might over right, in the triumph of the strong over the weak.

We must turn my brethren from the contemplation of ages and nations, whose education and history indicate nothing of the gentleness of man's original nature, nor of those devoted qualities of mind and heart, which are inseparable from that Fraternity which Odd Fellowship seeks to re-establish as the true relation of men. We must leave behind the enemies of *eternal truth*, the ministers and priests of idolatry. We must turn from the martial sentiment, to which all else became obedient in the councils of the Roman people.

Our principles could have no resting place among a people, where the returning brother, bearing thick upon him the trophies of his triple murder, struck in death the sister whose loud wailings at the fate of her betrothed intervened to check the exultations of his bloody triumph—nor in the amphitheatre where deafening shouts were wont to rend the air in revelry amid the moans of the dying gladiator—nor in the heart tearing scenes and cruelties which distinguished the dawn of that glorious era, which bursting upon the world in the ripeness of time, proclaimed once more the vivid truths of man, creation taught the binding of nations in the bonds of peace, and “sit serenely the blessed halcyons upon the troubled waters of life.” No my Brethren, we do not invoke such sources from which to derive the origin of our Fellowship, or with which to indicate similitude of character. The Spirit of Love and Truth, nor the genius of Benevolence may be found among the Pagan race—however refined in science and literature, they lacked elevated culture, which prompts to Fraternity that culture of the human heart. Strong and ardent as was their love for learning, they were not the less devoted to sin and crime—sympathy for distress, relief to suffering humanity, care for the dead, formed no part of the objects of their mystic rites—to augment the sources of human happiness, or lessen the weight of human sorrow failed to enlist their energies, and turning from the cultivation of Benevolence, for the more congenial promptings of ambition, their history indicates the continuous triumph of passion over reason, and the very monu-

ments which immortalize their skill, evidence often their love of violence and insatiate thirst for power.

Odd Fellowship invokes not the aid or sanction of such ages to consecrate its principles, and if in truth these could be summoned to attest its antiquity, they woulk rather awaken just indignation against its character, than serve to commend its merits to an enlightened public opinion.

Dismissing, therefore, and I hope forever, the oracles of Egyptian or Grecian Philosophy, and the still more absurd pretences which would discover the source of Odd Fellowship in the Roman Camps; and assuming that its benign principles have been drawn from this image reflected upon man in his creation, let us turn to a truthful narative of the origin of Odd Fellowship, and its capacity to compass the Brotherhood of man.

Benevolence was from the beginning, and was most purely illustrated among the nations, who recognized and worshipped in sincerity the true God. The history of Fraternity is not the history of such people from the earliest ages of the world, of which the Old Testament affords an authentic record. It, therefore, is the fountain from which flows the great moral lessons, which Odd Fellowship aims to inculcate. Here may we look alone for the source of the principles of our Order, indicating as they do the social ties in the greatest vigor among men by whom the distinctions of life were only regarded as incidents to human happiness, and among whom elevation of character, was successfully attained in the rivalry of generous and kindly offices; and from this authority my brethren, we learn that man was constituted one vast brotherhood, with principles of love deeply planted in his bosom and co-extensive with life itself. So great has been the publicity given to the real history of Odd Fellowship, that I presume there is no brother here, who is not fully informed on the subject; all that we know of it has over and over again in a variety of forms been imparted to the brotherhood, and I shall not, therefore, weary you with a recapitulation of details, with which the official documents of the Order have made you perfectly familiar. However humble the origin of Odd Fellowship, and I may add, however ill-adapted in its inception to the great end for which it now so successfully exerts its unremitting efforts, we take no reproaches in openly proclaiming its truth. We do not claim that its capability for good, its value to man, and its usefulness to society at large, are commensurate with its origin in England or America. You are not ignorant, nor is the world ignorant of the fact that Odd Fellows were originally convivial men, and as such, were the subject of reproach in both hemispheres, for many years. Nor is it to be wondered, that public opinion, firmly and scrupulously opposed the progress of the Order in its early day. It must in candor be admitted, that much of the prejudice to which it was then subjected, was not wholly unmerited. It could not be expected, that an enlightened community would regard favorably the professions of our Order of men, which, while it claimed by its influence and principles the office of elevating the standard of human character, afforded but little evidence of the truthfulness of such profession, in the practice, which was known to constitute its leading element. However beautiful its theory, men were indisposed to con-

fide in its fitness as an agent of good, when they regarded its example as wanting in a proper deference to a healthy public mind. Honor, enduring honor, is due to the spirit which in appreciation of the adverse tone of public sentiment and its just condemnation, imparted that regenerating influence, which acting like the vivifying dews of Heaven upon the drooping plant, first gave health and vigor to its principles. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which we are a scion, it is known to you had its origin in Manchester, Great Britain, in the year 1809. Odd Fellowship, as a Janus, is of much earlier date, and may be traced to the middle of the 18th century. James Montgomery, the celebrated poet, composed in 1788, an Ode as we are informed in his biography, for a society in London, whose motto was "Friendship, Love and Truth," which, beyond all doubt, was a society of Odd Fellows.*

It is no difficult thing to determine from the sentiment conveyed in the lines of the poet, that this was the early Odd Fellowship from which we derive the name. We have but little concern with the origin of Odd Fellowship, and it would, therefore, be a profitless research to carry our inquiries into its history, since there is nothing but the name, by which any similitude between original Odd Fellowship and that of the Independent Order may be discovered. It is, perhaps, appropriate, however, to inform you, that there are many ramifications of Odd Fellowship from the parent stock in England, all of which form distinct communities, holding no intercourse with each other, and each claiming to war in the cause of human benefaction, under the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth. Among the most important are the following. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, from which we derive our being, numbering about 400,000; the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, Sheffield Unity; Antwerp Order of Odd Fellows, Bolton Unity; Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, Nottingham Unity; United Order of Odd Fellows, Leeds Unity; Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, Paddick Unity; Independent Reformed Order of Odd Fellows. The last, it is to be hoped, may prove what its name indicates, a Reformed Order of Odd Fellows in England.

The Grand Lodge of the United States has recognized the year 1819, as the period in which the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was first introduced into this country, in the formation of Washington Lodge, No. 1, at Baltimore, under the lead, and by the efforts of P.G. Sire Thomas Wildey. Of the several scattered Lodges which are authenticated as in existence before that period, it is wholly unimportant for our history to claim any relation with them, since as a body, official sanction has fixed and limited the existence of an Order to the year 1819. I have already said that the value of our Order, as a pure unmixed scheme of Philanthropy, was by no means commensurate with its first institution. This is a truth which belongs to a faithful review of its history. That elementary reform, to which all that is great in the present vast affiliation of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in this country owes its being, took place about the year 1824 by the concurrent vote of Washington and Franklin Lodges in the city of Baltimore.

* When Friendship, Love and Truth abound,
Among a band of Brothers,
The cup of Joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.

From this period Odd Fellowship which had hitherto languished under the influence of public disfavor advanced—its step for a few years was feeble, not unlike the slow and gradual struggle to convalescence. The year 1828 was the true period of its healthy motion—here commenced a new era in its history. Fourteen Lodges, four Grand Lodges and a constituency of some five hundred in number formed its entire force in September, 1828. In the succeeding year its strength was increased two fold, and borne forward from thence in one uninterrupted flood tide it has extended itself to every part of North America. With its increase in extent and numbers, also commenced a corresponding improvement in the details of its works and discipline, which gradually maturing from year to year has given to it a system of government conforming in all respects to the political institutions of the country.

Odd Fellowship now "awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth to newness of life," attracting to its Temples, crowds of the virtuous and the wise, and the Institution which but a few years before was but little known to be respected, now took rank among the benevolent efforts of men to promote the happiness of the race. The germ which had laid dormant, vivified by the impulse it had received from the brethren of 1824, rapidly overcoming every obstacle which hitherto had successfully impeded its growth. Every year of its succeeding course "teems with fresh proofs of its utility and blessings." The first cause which gave being to the Order, was thus made the real offering which advanced it to honor and value. In 1823 it was under the control of the Grand Lodge of the United States, introduced within the borders of this Commonwealth. Massachusetts Lodge and the Grand Lodge of the State was first formed, to which succeeded six other Lodges. The Order progressed for a few years with limited success, until 1829, '30, '31, when the five first numbers gave way; to these, No. 6 and the Grand Lodge were added in the succeeding year, and finally No. 7, which had struggled on until 1836, completed the common fall of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts. The last hope for the Order in your State, it was then believed, was extinguished. But, my brethren, the spectacle which we are permitted this day to witness in your metropolis, this multitude which has come up from the North and the South, the East and the West, to share in the rejoicings of this day, the same now before us, about us, and upon every side, indicates in a language which cannot be mistaken how illusory were our fears. The fire of '23, kindled by my veteran friend, who now sits by my side upon the consecrated soil, although cheerless and languishing, was unextinguished. After a lapse of years under kindlier culture and better auspices, the long lingering sparks again revived—a few of its early friends returned to their first love, breathed life once more into the neglected embers, and on the memorable 22d of June, 1841, Massachusetts Lodge was re-established—to commemorate which we are assembled this day. We are here from every quarter of the Republic your plighted brethren, to share with you in the festivity which the occasion so appropriately invites, to partake with you in the gratifying review of your trust, to unite with your thanksgiving our offering to the Common Father, who has vouchsafed to your labor such abundant fruits.

You have rebuilt a fallen Institution, of which not the least vestige remained—you have given to it character, strength and permanence—you have placed it along side the Empire and the Key Stone States in Odd Fellowship in advance of your elder sisters in the confederacy, and this you have accomplished within the brief period of four years. You have, therefore, the most abundant cause of self gratulation in the retrospect, while the scene which your Brethren from abroad this day witness, cannot fail to inspire in them a spirit of generous emulation. The history of your success in this distinguished State is a correlative of the unparalleled triumph of Odd Fellowship in every part of civilized North America. The great confederate army now enrolled under the Banner of Friendship, Love and Truth, on this Continent falls but little short of 100,000 Souls, constituting over 600 Lodges, scattered from the Saint Lawrence to the Brasos. In our own Republic, there is no considerable town or village without its Lodge of Odd Fellows, all acting with one common heart in the cause of humanity, pledged as citizens also to the integrity of our Union, adding the tie of Brotherly Love to the firm bond of Patriotism.

The authors of Odd Fellowship in this country, have labored vigorously, nobly—during a period of seven and twenty years, have they toiled in moulding and giving proper efficacy to the system which they founded. It is true that Brother Wildey, its acknowledged and undisputed founder, brought with him the name from England, but the moral structure which he and his associates have erected out of this material, has derived neither stateliness nor character from the Parent Land. The daughter has in filial respect, time and again, offered to impart her own comeliness to the mother, by infusing into her councils the true elements of moral power, but like one of old, she is wedded to her Idol. The Institution is ours, “ours to preserve, ours to transmit;” it has been framed by our own Fathers—they are still among us, standing as it were amid their posterity, and whatever is valuable, whatever is excellent in it, I repeat it, derives its being from them. Let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to preserve and perpetuate it, as we have received it.

Brethren of Massachusetts—The institution of Odd Fellowship came not among you dignified with the splendor of illustrious origin. It could not boast the sanction of distinguished public men, nor claim a long line of titled ancestry—no gorgeous wreath of fame encircled its brow. It came in all humility, as a simple, unostentatious, yet efficient scheme for the enlargement of man's capacity for good. How then has it taken such firm root in your soil? What has been the magic influence, which it has exerted upon your affections, that in four short years, six thousand citizens of a community distinguished for every quality of mind and heart, which adorn and dignify human heart, should have enrolled themselves under its banner? What is this Fellowship among men, which, unwilling to bear up within your own State Lines, you have scattered broadcast throughout all New England? What host is here this day, to swell the note of joy, and cheer you on to still greater efforts in this good cause? It is neither magic nor mystery, by which your Love for Odd Fellowship has been secured. The time has been, when the achievement of such a moral triumph as our Order exhibits in your State, could alone have

been the rewards, with which the influence of power and high place might invest the effort, but the thousands now banded in Massachusetts, for deeds of good, claims no such aids. Their lever has been the simple promptings of pure hearts, the unaided force of moral precepts and elevated examples, acting upon enlightened man. Within your State has Odd Fellowship found a genial home—upon this soil, hallowed by so many sacred and patriotic reminiscence: consecrated by the sufferings and resolution, by the undying integrity and devotion to civil Liberty, which animated your Fathers in their exile for conscience sake—here were their descendants, sharing in the paternal spirit, cherished with pious love, the innate sentiment of human freedom imbibed with their mother's milk. Here where was first rocked the infant Hercules, destined to burst asunder the chains that were forged to bind captive human rights and human happiness—here where was first conceived the Embryo of that system of government, which is the chart of all the blessings which as a people we enjoy—Massachusetts! whose name is associated with all that is glorious and pure, and hallowed in the struggles of our Fathers, “where Liberty raised its first voice”—this, this is congenial soil for the growth of Odd Fellowship. When the memorial of your gratitude, which has perpetuated the rock upon which your Pilgrim Fathers first landed—when the sacred inspirations of this hallowed spot shall fail to preserve the institutions which they warmed into life, in the vigor and freshness of youth—when that noble shaft, which lifts it proud peak amid the skies, the emblem of affections cherished for the memory of the gallant dead, whose bones lie mingled with the soil they so nobly defended—when these shall have mouldered away and shall be no more, will Boston, and Concord, and Lexington and Bunker Hill still dwell in the innermost shrine of the American heart—there—there shall be the monuments of your glory, to endure while Freedom survives.

After the oration an ode was sung, and a benediction closed the exercises, which occupied about an hour and a quarter—the members of the Order were active in assembling at their appointed places of meeting, preparatory to proceeding to the Common to join in the grand Procession.

PROCESSION.

Such was the admirable arrangements of the Chief Marshal, that the mighty Procession was formed and put in motion without the slightest confusion or delay. The various State, County and City Delegations took their stations at the appointed time, and wheeled into their respective places with the precision of a military corps. The Procession consisted of twelve divisions. The Massachusetts Lodges formed four divisions, six abreast. After these came the Grand Lodges and Encampments, four abreast, followed by carriages with G. M.; P. G. M.; Orator, Chaplain, invited guests, &c. The following was the order in which the Lodges and Encampments formed:

Subordinate Lodges.

MARSHALL, with Baton.

MUSIC.

O. G., with drawn sword,

Aid.

BANNER.

Aid.

Initiatory Members.

Members ranked according to the Degrees attained.

S. S. } TREASURER, { S. S.

with white wand. } Cross Keys. { with white wand.

Warden } SECRETARY, { Conductor

with black spear } Cross Pens. { with black spear.

Supporter, CHAPLAIN.

Supporter, PHYSICIAN.

His S's with blue rod. V. G., Gavel. His S's with blue rod.

His S's with scarlet rod. N. G., Gavel. His S's with scarlet rod.

I. G., with drawn sword.

Subordinate Encampments.

MARSHALL, with Baton.

MUSIC.

I. G. with sword.

Aid. BANNER. Aid.

2nd S. of N. with } J. W., { 1st S. of N. with
Badge of Office. } Crook. { Badge of Office.

PATRIARCHS, four abreast:

Supporter. TREASURER. Supporter.

Supported by Past Gu. SCRIBE, Cross Pens. Supported by Gu.

4th W. { S. W., { 3rd W.

with Hook. } Crook. { with Hook.

2nd G. of T. } H. P., Mitre. { 1st G. of T.
Badge of office. } C. P. { Badge of office.2nd W. } C. P., { 1st W.,
with Hook. } Crook. { with Hook.

At every window and balcony were seen the female beauty and fashion of Boston; and the advance of the mighty column was greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs and by showers of wreaths and garlands. The number of banners borne in the procession was 77, and not less than 28 full and effective bands of music. The procession itself numbered about 12,000! The spectacle was splendid and imposing beyond description. Such banners, such music, such beauty and variety of regalia and insignia, and such a body of men, were never before gathered in this city.

On the return of the procession a Dinner was provided in the mammoth pavilion on the Common. Seats were made for 7000, and were all taken up. Addresses were made by distinguished members of the Order from all parts of the country—regular and volunteer toasts given—good music by the bands, and odes and songs by the Brethren. No liquors of any kind were used at the banquet. The Grand Levee in the evening at Faneuil Hall, was attended by both sexes in large numbers, and was a most brilliant affair.

Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,

CITY PHILANTHROPIC.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN KENTUCKY.

WE are indebted to some unknown friend for a copy of the *Louisville Journal*, from which we gather the particulars of laying the Corner Stone of the splendid Hall which the Odd Fellows of Louisville purpose building this summer. The Grand Lodge and Encampment of Kentucky had been in session several days, and the representatives from the various Lodges in the state joined in the procession, together with a large number of their brethren from Indiana and Ohio. There were, we learn, about four hundred out in beautiful regalia, with splendid banners, and a variety of emblems belonging to the Order. At 9, A. M., the procession moved from the hall, on the corner of Third and Jefferson streets, and marched up the latter to the place where they purpose erecting their new Hall, and then laid the corner stone according to the ceremonies of the institution, by John B. Hinckle, Grand Master, and Dr. A. K. Marshall, D. G. Master of Kentucky. After depositing the coffer in the stone, laying it, &c., the Grand Master took a cup of water and pouring some upon the s'one said :

"I do, in the name of FRIENDSHIP, pure as this water, solemnly declare this corner stone duly laid, upon which is to be erected a Temple, wherein is to be practiced those ennobling virtues, which unite men as brothers, and teach them to sustain that relation at all times, each to the other.

"In the name of LOVE, that delights in listening to a tale of sorrow, that it may relieve it, that exults in every opportunity to wipe the tear from the weeping eye, and is ever found armed in the defence and protection of the widow and orphan, this stone solemnly laid.

"In the name of TRUTH, devoid of all guile and hypocrisy, which inculcates sincere and plain dealing, that commemorable attribute of the Deity, which most exalts the character of man on earth, this stone solemnly laid.
My Brethren, So Be It."

The scene was one of much novelty and interest, and a large concourse of people were in attendance. The procession then moved through the various streets designated for the purpose, and proceeded to the Fourth Street Church, where an able and eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. C. B. Parsons, of the Kentucky Conference, upon the principles and claims of the Order. We have been informed that it was one of the orator's best efforts. The assembly was very large, including most of the delegates to the Methodist Convention, and many had to go away for want of room. The choir of the Sacred Music Society, under Mr. Candy, was in attendance, and added much to the interest of the occasion. The Rev. T. H. Capers, of the Alabama Conference, and the Rev. J. H. Linn, of the Missouri Conference, assisted as Chaplains. Bro. T. P. Shaffner acted as Master of Ceremonies on the occasion.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Quaker City, or the Monks of Monk Hall, a Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery, and Crime.—No work in romance has appeared in America since the melancholy days of Charles Brockden Brown, and the earlier days of John Neal, which has produced any thing like the sensation that the “Quaker City,” has made. For good or bad it will come near to making an era in our literature. The author who fashions his style upon no other man’s style, who feels, thinks, plans, and works out his own task in his own way—that man will surely have his school of followers, in his time. Thousands of lesser minds will imitate him ever after. He will be sufficiently praised and censured too, to give a generous variety to what of life there is for him. Ignorance will grin and bigotry make faces, as puppy dogs in the streets bark at the man who walks faster than the rest. But never mind, if so that he keep faithfully on, he will make the ears of bigotry, and what else opposes him, tingle again and cry out for quarters under the smart of his terrible lash. Genius will not be silenced by the clamor of the graceless bigot, who would put it in a strait jacket, make it say mass, subscribe to thirty-nine articles, read the discipline, study the confession, and work all day in the dull tread-mill of free-and-easy minds; never. It is somewhat wild,—quite untamable it may be; but it says great things, and true things—paints man so very like that he trembles but to recognise himself.

The “Quaker City” is full of these palpable evidences of genius. We cannot read a single page without feeling that a mind of dark, terrible strength, has just gone that way before us—a man in whose deep soul is a power, and spell, an imagination, fancy and an utterance full of wild awful beauty, fire and love. He seems to have clothed himself with every passion, and every emotion, which ever a heart can feel in any shift of life, from first to last. And there is a strange sweet beauty mingling in even his darkest delineations. There is an almost dangerous fascination in this author’s pen, which even unconsciously to himself, strips the blackest crimes that earth or hell can pander, of half their grossness. We shall see how he makes the husband of Dora Livingston look full upon his wife’s disgrace and his own dishonor. “And over that full bosom, which rose and fell with the gentle impulse of slumber, over that womanly bosom, which should have been the home of pure thoughts and wifely affections, was laid a small swarthy hand, whose fingers, heavy with rings, pressed against the ivory skin, all streaked with veins of delicate azure, and clung twiningly among the dark tresses, that hung drooping over the breast as its globes rose heaving unto view, like worlds of purity and womanhood. It was a strange sight for a man to see, whose only joy in earth or heaven, was locked within that snowy bosom.”

This book will, without doubt, be censured by men of cold and chastised fancy, who dwell only on the little harmless abstractions of artificial life. They will blame the character of “Devil Bug,” and so

do we : but the real question with the just and wise reviewer is, whether society has " Devil Bugs" in it, and has our author drawn such a character to the life ? He is a pitiable fool indeed who expects a " Devil Bug," in a place like Monk's Hall, to talk like the amiable St. John on the Isle of Patmos. Nor has society and religion any thing to fear from the faithful portraiture of a bad character in a romance. No preacher in Philadelphia, can, by the anathemas of his pulpit, or his dull reasoning, make " Devil Bugs" appear half so odious, as they already appear in the pages of the " Quaker City." That was no unwise saying of the poet—

" Vice is a monster of such frightful mein
That to be *hated*, needs but to be *seen*."

The author of the Quaker City is understood to be GEO. LIPPARD, Esq., of Philadelphia. He is already known, especially among the literary men of our country, as the author of " Ladye Annabel," " Herbert Tracey," " The Battleday of German Town," and several smaller romances, all of which are full of the same clear evidences of the very highest order of genius. His imagination, fancy and truthfulness in the delineation of character remind us continually of the genius of Shakespeare, with this difference, Shakespeare's characters all speak for themselves—talking out incessantly the things that are in them—are their own revealers of their own characters. With that same truthfulness Lippard's characters are described only as they appear to the eye of the spectator. What *they* say, or what *they* do, is of but little consequence in making up an estimate of what they really are. You are to look to what the author says of them for this. However, as a writer of tragedy, it is certain that Lippard cannot be compared with Shakespeare. And it is probable that as a writer of popular romance, Lippard would far excel Shakespeare. At any rate we are persuaded that no just and discerning critic can read the works of this greatly gifted author, without being continually reminded of the genius of the great master of tragic literature.



The Modern Eleusinia: or, the Odd Fellow's Monitor. By Rev. Bro. A. C. L. ARNOLD. Boston : printed for the Author.—This is the title of a neat little volume, filled with the choicest of gems for the Brotherhood, which has politely been laid on our table. The author has given us thirteen short chapters, or essays, on various subjects connected with our Order, such as its utility, its signs, its moral bearing on society, symbols, regalia, &c. It is one of the most beautifully written and fascinating little works it has ever been our good fortune to peruse. Bro. Bender, 75 State street, has it for sale.



No Apology.—We do not offer any *apology* for the lack of our usual variety in this number. The address of Bro. RIDGELEY, we think, will interest our readers more than any thing from our pen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

.....

[*Extract from a Letter dated New-York, June 7, 1845.*]

Brother TANNER,

As I have promised you something for the columns of the *Gavel*, I shall take the liberty of sketching off some of the Lodges in this city. I shall commence with HINMAN Lodge, No. 107, because I understand that a number of its P. Gs. are Proxy Representative of Albany Lodges, and that their present N. G. is an Albanian. Their present officers are,

JOHN R. TAYLOR, *N. G.*,
HARVEY HUBBELL, *V. G.*,
W. J. TATTERSALL, Secretary,
JOSEPH BRITTON, Treasurer, and
JOHN D. COCKS, Junior *P. G.*.

This Lodge was instituted on the 12th day of August, 1844, on the application of 47 members, and it now numbers near 170. Its initiation fee at first was ten dollars, but they raised it in six months time to twenty dollars its present rate. It ranks among its members some of the influential citizens of New York City, such as James Harper, late mayor, Wm. Jones, sheriff, and many of his Deputies, besides many others well known to fame.

Two of its P. Gs. are officers of the Grand Lodge, viz :

P. G. W. H. DIKEMAN, Grand Chaplain,
P. G. CYRUS LAWTON, Grand Warden.

Three of its P. Gs. are proxy representatives of Albany Lodges :

P. G. B. LEWIS, Jr., represents Hope Lodge, No. 3,
P. G. A. A. PHILLIPS, " Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5,
P. G. T. A. WARD, " Union Lodge, No. 8.

So you will perceive that Hinman Lodge is somewhat distinguished for the short time it has been in existence. Its N. G. was born and brought up in Albany, and is much liked for his sauity of manners and gentlemanly behaviour, and has presided over the Lodge with much credit to himself. He is young, and like most persons of his age, he was somewhat quick while acting as V. G., but has behaved with more prudence since he has been N. G. The V. G. is an estimable brother and one who will well succeed the present N. G.; the other officers do credit to the Lodge and the Order.

This Lodge has always been one of the foremost in every good and charitable object and no deserving brother is ever sent away, and I hope she will continue to prosper and increase but the members must be careful not to let the seeds of discord be sown among them or else all will go wrong, the Lodge will sink, and we shall lose one of the Jewels of the Order.

But before I close I must give you the statement of the Institution of a new Encampment, styled Lebanon Encampment, No. 19.

This Encampment was instituted at National Hall, on the second Friday of May, on the application of thirty-nine R. P. D. members. Its Charter was granted without a dissenting voice; it is, I believe, the largest application ever made for an Encampment Charter.

The ceremony of institution was performed by the Grand Patriarch Moses Anderson, assisted by the Grand Officers of the Grand Encampment, among whom was our worthy Grand Secretary, John G. Treadwell. After the Encampment had been duly opened and instituted, the Encampment proceeded to the choice of its officers, when the following were unanimously elected:

Wm. K. TATTERSALL, *C. P.*,
 JOHN R. TAYLOR, *H. P.*,
 EDWIN A. RALPHS, *S. W.*,
 THEODORE A. WARD, Scribe,
 A. FULLER, Treasurer,
 EDWARD Y. PRIME, *J. W.*,

and they were accordingly installed to serve till the second Friday in January.

This Encampment is constituted of the right sort of young men, anxious for the interest and welfare of the Order; and if such members cannot succeed in building one of the finest Encampments in the Order, I am much mistaken.

They had twelve propositions for membership on the first night, and twelve more at the next session. I am told they expect to propose twenty more at the next session this month. Wishing them all success in their laudable undertaking, I subscribe myself,

Your Brother,

MANA-HATTA.

[Extract from a letter dated Penn Yan, June 11, 1845.]

JOHN TANNER—Sir and Brother—

Keuka Lodge, No. 149, was instituted and its officers installed the 2d of May last, by D. D. G. M. Dwinell of Monroe district, assisted by P. Gs. Hamilton, Allen, Babitt, and Amsdem from Genesee and Teoronto Lodges of Rochester. The officers elected and installed on that occasion were A. Oliver, N. G., G. R. Youngs, V. G., P. S. Oliver, Secretary, S. H. Wells, Treasurer. Since our institution we have been working, and we have strong confidence in believing that it is now placed upon a sound and substantial footing. Our weekly meetings are on Tuesday evening.

Yours in F. L. T.,
 P. S. OLIVER.

We call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus for the next volume of the GAVEL, on the fourth page of cover. It is published thus early, to give agents and others who have interested themselves in our behalf, an opportunity to make out their lists in time for the first number. We shall forward our circulars as soon as the new post office law goes into operation. Will our brethren come up to the help of the Gavel?

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

CHOSEN FRIENDS LODGE, No. 29.—A new Lodge with the forgoing title was recently instituted at Camden, N. J. We wish the brethren success, and from what we know of Odd Fellowship in that State, we do not doubt they will "equal our most sanguine expectations."

The lot on which the Odd Fellows of Louisville, Ky., are erecting their new Hall was purchased at the moderate price of *one hundred dollars per foot!*

The amount subscribed by the Odd Fellows for the relief of the Pittsburgh sufferers amounts to upward of 15,000 dollars.

The corner stone of a new Odd Fellow's Hall was laid with appropriate ceremonies at St. Louis, Missouri, a short time since. The ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed by the Grand Master, Bro. Allen, the Oration, by Rev. Bro. Chamberlain.

A general convention of delegates from the various lodges of Odd Fellows was recently held at Wakefield, where it was announced that the increase for the year in the number of members had been more than 9,000; that dispensations had been issued for opening 109 new lodges.

The new Odd Fellows' Hall in Great St. James, Montreal is progressing rapidly, and bids fair to be an ornament to the city; the hall of meeting for the brethren of the order will be a magnificent assembly room.

The M. W. Grand Sire has issued his proclamation directing a special session of the G. L. of the U. S., on the 9th. day of September, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Report of the Committee appointed to revise all the Lectures and charges of the Order.

At an adjourned session of the Grand Lodge, of N. Y. on Wednesday evening, June 4th, charters for two new Lodges, were granted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Home," by No. 93, will appear in our next. "The Atheist," we have concluded not to publish as *original*, as we have several works in our possession from which we could copy it ourselves did we wish to publish it; besides printers always prefer printed copy when it can be so easily procured. The "Echo," in our next, also the communication from City Philanthropic Lodge which came too late for this number.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41.—A. B. Brower, NG; Matthew Bray, VG; George Quackenbush, QS; J. D. W. Wemple, Treasurer; P. G. P. B. Leddy, PS.

EXCELSIOR DEGREE, No. 15.—T. W. I. Groves, N. G.; R. S. Howard, A. N. G.; S. S. Barnes, D. A. N. G.; C. Glen, P. G.; H. C. Haskell, V. G.; H. R. Walker, Sec.; W. P. Horner, Treas.

UNION VILLAGE, No. 122.—Chas. R. Ingalls, N. G.; S. E. Burnum, V. G.; J. B. Crosby, Sec.; Wm. M. Morgan, Treas.

Married,

At Quebec, May 9th, at the Rectory Chapel, by the Rev. Bro. G. Mackie, Bro. W. G. Pentland, and Margrele Levallee, all of that city.

At Quebec, June 2d, by the Rev. W. Squires, Bro. Samuel Corneil, and Eliza Anne, daughter of Mr. G. Cochrane.

In St. Peter's church, in this city, on Sunday the 15th June, by the Rev. J. S. Van Rensselaer, Bro. Charles Howard, of American Lodge, No. 32, and Miss Rosina Shaw.

Died,

On the 7th June, Bro. JOHN BRINCKERHOOF, of Samaritan Lodge, No. 93, in the 32d year of his age.

At an extra meeting of SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93, I. O. of O. F., held pursuant to the order of the N. G., at the their Lodge Room, Athenaeum Buildings, on Saturday the 8th of June, at 3 P. M., the following preamble and resolutions were introduced by Bro. P. G. ELIJAH COBB, and was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, By the interposition of His providence, it has pleased the Almighty Ruler and Righteous Governor of the Universe, to sever by death from our society and friendship, our well beloved and respected Bro. JOHN BRINCKERHOOF. Therefore,

Resolved, That as members of Samaritan Lodge, No. 93, of which the deceased was a worthy and honorable member, we deeply and sincerely sympathize with the family and relatives of the deceased, in this their day of sorrow, affliction and bereavement, and that in testimony of our respect to the virtues and memory of the deceased, we will, in a body, attend his funeral from his late residence, this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Resolved, That the Charter and other emblems of the work of the Order, be clothed in the accustomed insignia of mourning for the remainder of the present term.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in the daily papers of this city, and that a copy thereof under seal of this lodge, and attested by its respective officers, be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

C. McLOUGHLIN, *Secretary.*

OBITUARY.—It becomes our painful duty to record the death of Brother HENRY C. SNYDER, of this city, a member of Allen Lodge, No. 92, I. O. of O. F., who made his peaceful exit from this world, on Friday, the 2dth inst., in the 30th year of his age.

Brother Snyder was initiated into the Rites and Sublime Mysteries of our beloved Order about eighteen months since; and he is the second member of this Lodge that has been called to the Celestial Lodge above, since its institution, being about two years. He was elected twice to the honorable and important station of Treasurer of his Lodge, which he filled with integrity.

Our worthy brother, who was bound to us by the indissoluble bonds of Union, Sympathy and Friendship, has been taken away from our midst, and his place in the Lodge Room is silent and vacant! we shall meet him no more here below, nor receive from him again the friendly gair, until we are ushered into the Great Grand Lodge above, where we hope the sign of recognition will be given and received in the warm gushing emotions of Friendship, Love and Truth, which springs forth free and spontaneously in the pure and healthy atmosphere of sweet heaven.

To his highly esteemed widow, and interesting family his loss is severe indeed. He was a kind and indulgent husband; an affectionate and loving father. By his early death the social fire-side has, comparatively speaking, been made bleak and desolate, and the friendly circle of his little neighborhood has been broken up. Ah! most deeply and sincerely do we from the bottom of our hearts, sympathize with the bereaved family, for by his death, we, as well they, have lost a friend and brother.

J. BATCHELLOR, of 92.

Hudson, June 25, 1845.

TERMS OF THE GAVEL.—Single copies per annum \$1. Any person forwarding us the names of five subscribers, (enclosing \$5) will be entitled to the sixth copy gratis. All payments must be made invariably in advance.

Address,
JOHN TANNER, Publisher of the Gavel,

58 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

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We can still furnish back numbers of the Gavel to subscribers.



RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

VAN BUREN LOCKROW, DDGM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—John Tanner, CP; V. B. Lockrow, HP; C. Brooks, SW; C. Holt, S; A. Heyer Brown, T; R. H. Pruyn, JW.

ALBANY CITY DEGREE LODGE, No. 11.—H. Goodno, NG; Wm. D. Russell, VG; Jetur Gardner, PG; Lansing Van Wie, Sec; Stephen Van Schaack, Treas.

EXCELSIOR DEGREE LODGE, No. 15.—Andrew Halton, NG; Wm. Rennie, ANG; Cornelius Glen, DANG; Eugene Kissam, VG; Thos W. I. Groves, PG; Matthew Bray, Sec; S. S. Barnes, Treasurer.

CITY PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, No. 5.—Henry Hainer, NG; Wm. Quested, VG; Geo. N. Goodno, QS; F. Ingmire, PS; Wm. B. Scott, Treasurer.

UNION LODGE, No. 8.—Moses Wallace, N. G.; Jos. B. Taylor, V. G.; V. Veder, Q. S.; P. G., A. Whitney, V. S.; P. G., J. G. Northrop, Tres.

GERMAN COLONIAL LODGE, No. 16.—Julius W. Paepke, NG; Jacob Newborg, VG; Veist Traub, Secretary; Charles Wollensack, Treasurer.

FIREMENS LODGE, No. 19.—Samuel S. Barnes, NG; Samuel H. Johnson, VG; John Cooper, QS; Wm. Rennie, PS; pg C. Glen, Treasurer.

AMERICAN LODGE, No. 32.—Henry Quackenboss, NG; H. M. Hyde, VG; W. S. McCulloch, QS; Thos. D. Knower, PS; T. H. Knower, Treasurer.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 41.—Henry C. Haskell, NG; A. B. Brower, VG; Edw'd A. Jordao, QS; Peter B. Leddy, PS; William Blackall, Treasurer.

HOP LODGE, No. 3.—Le Grand Smith, NG; E. H. Bender, VG.; J. S. Bell QS.; G. W. Bell, PS.; J. W. Harcourt, Treasurer.

SAMARITAN LODGE, No. 93.—D. S. Davis, NG; J. W. Brooks, VG; C. McLoughlin, Secretary; J. A. Tremere, Treasurer; G. W. Hobbs, PS.



AGENTS FOR THE GAVEL.

NEW YORK.—A. Smith, 197 River st., *Troy*—Nathaniel J. Cady, *Hudson*—N. Drullard, *Schenectady*—L. W. Hall & Co. and James Kinny, *Syracuse*—J. Anthony, *Cohoes*—Geo. A. Wilkins, *Ballston Spa*—Geo. Andrews, *Saratoga*—J. H. Pomeroy, *Utica*—H. S. Hover, *Flushing*, L. I.—J. H. Van Benthuysen, 262 State street, *Lansingburgh*—P. T. Heartt 2, *Waterford*—D. C. McCullum, *Rochester*—J. B. Devoe, *New York city*—Benj. H. Ackley, *Canandaigua*—Jon. F. Morgan, *Keesville*.

OHIO.—Robinson & Jones, *Cincinnati*—J. Craamer, *P. M. Lancaster*—J. V. Campbell, *Eaton*—A. A. Selover, *Cleveland*—Wilson T. Drake, *Middletown*.

MASSACHUSETTS—Edward R. Rich, *Boston*—Geo. S. Wyllie, *Ware Village*—Geo. Ashworth, *Lowell*—John B. Goodnow, *Charlestown*.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Colou & Adriance, *Philadelphia*—Wm. Fox, *Pottsville*—Alfred Craig, *Washington*.

KENTUCKY.—H. J. Brown, *Lancaster*—Wm. R. Walker, *Cairo*.

NEW JERSEY.—J. L. Page, *New Brunswick*.

CANADA.—David Milligan, *Montreal*—J. H. Hardie, 20 John street, *Quebec*.

RHODE ISLAND.—John E. Risley, *Providence*.

CONNECTICUT.—Horatio N. Hawkins, *Derby*.

TENNESSEE.—W. H. Chaplain, *Memphis*.

MISSOURI.—William Childs, *Boonville*,

THE GAVEL.

REV. C. C. BURR, EDITOR.

JOHN TANNER, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, AUGUST, 1845.

NO. 12.

[Original.]

THE ECHO.

BY C. CHAUNCY BURR.

Sweet echo that liv'st unseen,
Within thy fairy shell,
That lingers o'er th' margin green,
Or in the vi'lent dell—
Where the lovelorn nightingale,
Mourneth her silver song,
Nightly ringing in the vale,
Until the blush of morn;
Canst tell me little minion,
While on thy viewless pinion—

Where are spirits of the dead ?
Dwell they in flowery dales ?
Or sleep in a downy bed,
High wasted on the gales ?
Hark ! sweet echo merry twirls
Along the ether there !
Oh, it is the voice of girls,
Playing mischief in the air ;
Like sweet spirits light and gay,
In a fairy roundelay.

Again, I hear the echo's note,
Soft swelling on the breeze !
'Tis the song of birds afloat,
Among the dewy trees :
'Tis a whisper of sweet peace,
From nature's happy soul,
That echos along the beach,
Like a still quiet toll
Of the little fairy bells
That are ringing in the dells.

Tell me, sweet echo, of th' dead !
 O ! I have listened long,
 Since that angel-form has fled,
 To hear the spirit's song ;
 I have gazed away my hopes,
 On space and silence there,
 But no spirit-whisper floats
 Along the viewless air—
 Come, oh come, sweet echo come !
 Breathe that dearest angel's song.

Ah, there ! there ! far in the sky,
 I see my angel now ;
 Love still beaming in her eye—
 She smiles her faithful vow :—
 Yes, yes Mary, I will come !
 Yes, I will come to-night—
 Come to your heavenly home
 In a bold spirit-flight,
 And sit with you in the skies,
 'Mid the heavenly harmonies.

Troy, June 10, 1845.

Written for the Gavel.

HOME.

With this word *Home* we associate all that is dear upon the earth—when a wanderer in distant lands, how sweet the recollections that accompany that word *home* ! how pleasing to reflect upon the scenes we have passed in that loved spot ! how the heart will *leap* for joy as the prospect brightens and the time draws near for our return ! Dear indeed is it to the worn traveler that he is soon again to meet all those familiar objects connected with his *home*—that there in that peaceful abode he may rest from all his toil, and enjoy the society of friends, and how agreeable when all his anticipations are realized and he is at *home*. As the poet has it,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Albany, June 2, 1845.

No. 93.

Our institution is regarded with jealousy by some good men. Many who are laboring most devotedly for the attainment of the same benevolent ends which we would attain, view our Order with distrust. If such there be within the sound of my voice, I would say to them in all sincerity, that a knowledge of those things which they blame us for concealing, would conciliate their approbation, and dispel every vestige of suspicion from their minds.—*G. W. Clinton.*

SYMBOLISM, SIGNS, REGALIA, &c.

BY REV. BRO. A. C. L. ARNOLD.

"I OBSERVE,"—says an earnest and eloquent writer,—that in modern times, men are swayed chiefly by force and interest, whereas, the ancients acted, and were moved, more by persuasion, and by the affections of the soul; because they did not neglect the language of signs."—"Before force was established, the gods were the magistrates of the human race,"—as indeed they ought to be now,—"before them, all men made their covenants, and pronounced their promises: and the face of the earth was the Book, where their records were preserved. Rocks, trees, piles of stones, consecrated by their acts, and rendered respectable to those rude men, were the leaves of that Book, open, for ever to the inspection of all. The faith of men was more certainly secured, by these dumb witnesses,—these gross, yet august monuments of the sanctity of contracts, than it is, to-day, by all the vain rigour of the Laws."

It seems to us, that the thought of J. J. Rousseau, is founded in a true Philosophy, and is the result of a wide and profound study of the nature of man. It cannot be doubted that the chief reason why the Church of Rome has continued to maintain so powerful an empire over the consciences of men, is that she has been true to the wants of human nature, in preserving a worship, sublime, symbolical, and poetical, which always must and will command the reverence of sensible and imaginative beings. There never was a government more efficient, more wisely and justly administered, than was that of Rome, in the happier days of the Republic. With the Romans, all was ceremony, representation, and show. Garments were varied according to age or condition; heroes were crowned with diadems of gold, or wreaths of flowers or of leaves! and all this made a deep impression on the heart of every citizen. On the other hand, a government must be weak, which lays aside all official decorations, and public ceremonies; because, in doing thus, it refuses to address all the faculties of the human soul, and does not respond to all the desires of the heart.

Neither could any religious sect extend itself very widely, unless in some way or other, it provided for this want. Nor could the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, grand and beautiful as is its central Idea, and excellent as are, confessedly, its objects, make any considerable progress, or maintain its influence and efficiency, divested of its rites, symbols, and mysteries.

The truest and most expressive and useful of teaching, has far less of words, than of *action*. Moral ideas, expressed by signs, have infinitely more power, than when uttered by words. When Alexander the Great, applied his seal to the lips of his favorite minister, he enjoined on him secrecy and silence far more effectually, than he could have done in a long discourse. The Priest of Rome, making the sign

of the cross, on the brow of the new-born child, says infinitely more, than does the Protestant clergyman, in his dedicatory formulary, let it consist of ever so many words ! Signs, being the indices of absolute Truth, often have an influence, which, if we consider it well, will be found to be quite magical. We walk, for example, at midnight, along the streets of one of our large country towns. Before us stands a store-house, filled with valuable merchandize. Its windows are unguarded, and a light tap, with the end of a staff, will be sufficient to break a pane of the glass, making an entrance, through which, a man may pass with ease. The doors, it is true, are closed and locked. Now, why is it, that the thief, in his predatory excursions, does not enter there, and despoil the slumbering merchant of his money and goods ? There is no *physical force* sufficient to prevent it. A blow of the fist will open a passage through the window, and a few well directed strokes of the arm, with the proper instrument, would shiver the bolt into fragments. Yet year in, and year out, it all stands there safe ! Why is this ? It is because there is, upon that door, a sign,—a sign of Power ! Yet that lock, as so much steel or iron, as a mere physical force, can give no real security ; for, as we have said, a few blows of the arm would destroy it. It is the moral Idea there enshrined, and which, day and night, stands sentinel in its iron watch-tower, and says to each passer by,—“Thou shalt not steal.”

From these facts, and what we observe of Life, we infer that all the arrangements of our Order,—our symbols, signs, mysteries,—are in harmony with nature, and have a relation with what is divinest and best in the human soul. Life, we have remarked before, is, at the present time, too prosaic; we are too material, too sceptical ! We foolishly think, that what does not add to the store of our material wealth, what does not literally clothe us, feed us, or warm us, has no useful end. We have too little faith in spiritual influences; whereas, nothing can be more certain, than that this prodigality of decoration, we discover in the universe, is most intimately associated with the very highest interests of the Soul. It is through the symbolic language of the Universe, that the Grand Master of all, speaks to his children, and whence come those spiritual influences, which disengage the soul, from the trammels of matter, and exalt it to a oneness with God. Were the Beauty, which shines in the universe,—Beauty which has no perceivable connection with our physical utility, or temporal interest,—extinguished, the medium of communication, between God and the Soul, would be closed up, the Soul would perish, and man would fall to the level of the brutes. But, thanks to the wise Creator, He has not only made the World, and richly replenished it, with what is necessary for our temporal convenience, He has also created it *beautiful*, and thus provided for the Soul’s wants.

Probably all of one-half of our moral growth,—one-half, certainly, of whatever perfection we possess, may be attributed to that wonderful influence,—scarcely recognized, because so uniform, and quiet,—which Nature, through her Beauty, exercises upon all men. No man

can give himself up to a communion with the Beautiful, without feeling himself wonderfully moved, by a mysterious attraction, and hurried away, as it were, from the visible and material Universe, towards some invisible centre, some diviner sphere. His heart beats in sympathy with the Soul of Nature ; all that is particular, individual, selfish, vanishes, and the current, of Universal Being, sweeps through his Soul ; he is conscious of the presence of a Purity, a Beauty, superior to his. The most fortunate of the English Poets expresses the same sentiment, in the following beautiful lines :—

How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal Throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers, to our intelligence.
Live not the stars, and mountains ?—Are the waves
Without a Spirit ? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling, in their silent tears ?
No, no, they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clod and clog of clay before
Its hour, and merge the Soul in the great Shore !
Strip off this fond and false identity,—
Who thinks of Self, when gazing on the sky ?

So long, therefore, as the Creator, is so prodigal of decoration, let not the Partizans of utility accuse us of folly, for employing regalia, and other decorations, as instrumentalities of good ! The world itself goes in regalia, and does not disdain a collar and apron ;—a collar of silver clouds, gemmed with stars, and embroidered with rainbows ; an apron curiously wrought with symbolic devices, in flowers and foliage ! and thus sets us an example worthy of imitation.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY WILLIAM WRIGHTSON.

The noon-day darkness now is past ; again
O'er earth celestial light is spread ; and still
Within Jerusalem the tumult reigns.
While, on the Mount of Calvary yet hangs
Upon the cross, Jehovah's mighty Son ;
And wonder stricken angels sadly weep,
And frantic devils rave such sight to see,
For lo ! His throne Messiah's left, to die,
And chang'd, for thorny wreaths, his glorious crown.
Celestial radiance, to his look, imparts
The purple gore. And now, for others' sins,
The royal sufferer, self sacrificis'd,
In anguish deep and bitterness, cries out
“ My God, My God, why hast thou me forsak'n ? ”

Then flies his willing soul to Paradise.
 And now, behold, the saints his coming greet,
 Loud hallelujahs shouting to their King.
 Resounded then the cry ; once more earth shook,
 And nature seem'd as if her laws were lost,
 When first depriv'd of her almighty Lord.
 At last, the highest heav'n, the echo caught,
 Back then, redoubled, flung " To God on high
 " All glory be, on earth good-will to men,
 " And peace." While yet 'twas night on earth, the strain,
 Cherubic bands kept up ; such goodness vast
 Admiring, yet amaz'd. The Sabbath morn
 Their voices usher'd in, which men beheld,
 Scarce yet arous'd from yester's wondrous deeds.
 On Calv'ry stands as yet the cross ; and still
 Rests Jesus, chained by death within the tomb.
 With mingled fear and joy, there haste the Jews,
 While sad disciples stand afar to weep,
 And jeering taunt and bitter hate avoid.
 Soon then above Moriah's glitt'ring spire,
 Ascends the smoke from morning sacrifice,
 And their symbolic worship Zion sends
 Her children to attend. Once more her mask
 Hypocrisy assumes, and yet again,
 Their dark tradition Pharisees repeat.
 Bursts forth, at length, the long hard struggling hate,
 His neighbor each assures himself in doubt ;
 Till weary of its never ceasing task,
 The striving conscience grows, and each believes
 His own device. At length the day is gone,
 And still again within the temple, haste
 Israel's sons, the chosen once of God ;
 And bloody sacrifice the Pontiff slays,
 Vain, empty pageant, since Messiah's death,
 Great antitype of all the law ; for past
 Are types ; and shadows, for the substance chang'd.
 The Sabbath o'er, again steals out the moon,
 His grave to view, whose sorrow it had seen,
 And bloody sweat on Kedron's bank. And now
 On Zion's hill was heard the hateful scoff,
 And bitter mock of Christ and his disciples.
 While round the tomb was ranged the Roman guard ;
 Proud, impious man ! To think with sword and spear
 Jehovah's glorious Son to stay ; or hold
 Within the grave, Him, who the earth has made,
 And all the Universe ! And yet, secure
 By bristling spear and sword of foreign guards,
 His pow'r, in vain derision, held the Jews,
 And impious scorn, and seal'd the sepulchre,
 More sure to make its hold ; as if those seals
 He could not break, who bursts the gates of death,
 And everlasting hills uproots ; or e'en

Opposing steel withstand, who stingless makes
Death's never erring dart, and from the grave,
His vict'ry tears. Alas! Forgetting soon,
That, at his death, all earth had shook, his light
The sun had veil'd, and rocks asunder rent.
Night came again, and still in fearful jest,
Though fearless they would seem, watched yet the guards.
Meanwhile, in heav'n, their harps the angels tuned,
And sang seraphic hymns to Christ the Lord.
And then, as ere the world began, he was,
So now, in immortality array'd,
A radiant God, cloth'd with almighty pow'r.
Around his brow a dazzling halo shone,
And 'neath his feet, to strike, his thunders held,
Wait but the word, or lightnings flash amain;
Shrank Satan now, and Death himself did quake.
Thus onward sped Messiah's glorious car,
Earth's deep foundations shaking, as he came,
And saints arising from their long closed tombs,
His glorious resurrection to attend.
Meanwhile, deep rumbling earthquakes, rocking hills,
And rising saints unto the wakeful guards,
His coming tell. And louder rang heav'n's host,
Their long hosannas forth, as from the tomb,
In earthly shape, he rose, by seraphim
Announc'd, and hail'd by earth's departed saints,
The death of death, the conqu'ror of the grave.

Albany Academy, 1845.

Written for the Gavel.

EVILS OF ARISTOCRACY.

BY GLEN RUTHER.

FAR and near is heard the noise of the shallow streamlet, as it rushes, foams, and roars o'er its rocky bed; but the deep river moves on steadily and in silence, to be buried in the bosom of unfathomable ocean. As it is in objects of nature, so it is with nations and men. We hear of the woes of Ireland, the sufferings of the Poles, the afflictions of Spain, and the sanguinary struggles of the hardy Swiss. But there is a people, the deep stream of whose sufferings flows on, apparently unheeded and unheard to the sea of human forgetfulness. No sound of their miseries vibrates on the ear of the world, and the deep worn rills that have long gushed from broken hearts and wounded spirits, have flowed on in silence and sorrow, unobserved but not un-felt.

Travellers who have visited the highlands of Scotland, have bore uniform testimony to the hardy, brave, honest, and industrious character of the mountaineer. The fisherman's wherry,* bounding o'er the Atlantic, like some daring rider on his coal black steed; indicates a life of danger and daring, on that terrible, wild and stormy coast. The young Celt, climbing the steeps of Braemar, in pursuit of the dun brown roe; indicates a life of toil and trouble. Their general and personal histories, are full of heroic achievements, and feats of desperate courage. High waves their laurel in the niche of Britain's military fame. For seventy years, their broadswords have flashed in the front of every British battlefield, the Tartan has waved on the heights of Abraham, "and wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose," above the cannon's thunder, and the din of battle at the storming of Seringapatam. In Egypt, by the everlasting Pyramids, in Portugal, Spain, France and Belgium, their blood was *shed freely and in loyal devotion to the crown of England*.

A people possessing such virtues, and having done so much for the honor and glory of England, might well be expected to claim the fostering care and tender regard of the British Government; but such, alas, is not the case.

The bitter recollection of 1745, when a few thousand Highlanders defeated the disciplined veterans of Britain, in two pitched battles, and came near placing Charles Stewart on the throne of his ancestors, has never been effaced from the cold blooded memory of the House of Hanover, by all the subsequent exploits and devoted loyalty of the brave Gael. The Queen of the "Wee German Laird," (George the Second) threatened to make Scotland her hunting ground, but her threat fell powerless before the genius and might of great Argyll, who also threatened to raise the hounds (the Clans) for the hunt. But if the fire and sword failed to root out the Highlander from his rocky steep, in the last century, the insidious policy of tory and tyrant will certainly accomplish it in this.

In 1745, after the battle of Culloden, you might travel twenty miles in the Highlands, and not see the smoke of a chimney; thirty years after that period, cottage and clachan again thickly studded the hills and dales of "Bonny Scotland," and the glens resounded to the "light lilting jorum of pibroch and chanter;" but in 1845, you may again wander through Sutherland and Ross, and not meet a Highlander in a day's journey, the dreariness of the desert is only relieved by seeing the sheep grazing on the mountains, or the shepherd's lonely biel in some distant heathery knowe, and this after thirty years of profound peace. A knowledge of these things, and the cause of them, will, no doubt, be interesting to the charitable and philanthropic.

History does not conceal the fact, that after the "Rebellion of the Clans," the British Government took every possible means to sever the tie which bound every chief as a father to his clan, and every clansman to his chief, as a relation by blood and name. The national

* The sails of the fishermen's schooners are often dyed a deep black.

dress was ordered to be laid aside, and the national language discouraged. The love of money, that passion, as Napier says, so natural to the mountaineer, was fostered and fanned into a flame, by an incitement to rival the grandeur of the English Barons. Avarice took the place of ambition in the bosom of every chief. The system of tenantry instead of feudal adherence, was adopted and made legal, and then the darling object of the Guelphs, a gradual and steady system of tenant ejection, to make way for rich Lowland or English lessees, became the "watchword and reply" of every chief from one end of Scotland's wilds to the other. The abolition of the distinction, Highlander and Lowlander, gael an sassenach, by the perfidious policy of government and noble, will soon be accomplished. In no part of the Highlands have the peasantry suffered so much in this respect, and so little deserved such a fate, as the Highlanders of Sutherland and Ross. To that country numbers of the Covenanting ministers were banished during the persecution, and the effects of their labours are still seen in the general piety and unfeigned faith of the people at the present day. The discharge of their duties as soldiers, during the Irish Rebellion, was so mixed with mercy and kindness, that the Irish peasant still remembers, with grateful affection, the conduct of the "Sutherland Highlanders," now the eighty-third. But those noble peasants, by those from whom they had a right to receive protection, at least sympathy, have been steadily driven from the homes of their fathers, and forced, sometimes at the point of the bayonet, to leave their dear and native glens, the green graves of their sires. The late disruption between the free and aristocratic churchmen of Scotland, has brought this legalized system of banishment to a climax. Universally, the people, against the will of the Duchess, clung to the more liberal free church, but they had to meet on the highways, and on the sea shore, to worship God, after the dictates of their own consciences; no place to build church or cottage would be sold, or granted. Nineteen churches stand on the Sutherland estates, but the preacher and precentor are generally the majority of the congregation. Three thousand hearths have been extinguished this spring, and twelve thousand emigrants have been forced to seek other homes. Whither could they go? The great miseries of the manufacturing districts, a few years ago, were still fresh in their memories, and there they could not go, as the famine and sickness brooded o'er the pent up workshops of Glasgow and Paisley; behind was the soldiers of Fort George, whom the Government had sent this year in great numbers, to aid the Duchess in her designs, and there they could not stay. America was before them, but far far away; once there, their children might hope to sit under their own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest, or make them afraid. But few, very few, were possessed of the means to pay for a passage across the stormy Atlantic. A deputation of some clergymen and respectable individuals waited on the Duchess of Sutherland, to solicit her aid for the purpose of their emigration, but the answer, we are told, which that tigress gave them, was, that

"there was plenty of room for them in the Big Ferry."* This was the answer they received from one whose income is about One Thousand Dollars per day, received from the lands won by the good broadswords of the sires of those poor people,

"Now forced to roam
O'er the stormy Atlantic,
To seek for a home,"

and to a share of which, they have as just a title as Lord or Duke, but unlike Clovis, of the Franks, some have more than their share.

Great numbers, however, have emigrated to the United States, and Canada. The young may reap the happy fruits of their transportation, and unite with us in exclaiming "*God save the Republic,*" but the old, (and great numbers attain to extreme age in the healthy regions of mountain and glen) if they survive the passage, generally live only a few years in their new home. To a people possessing that strong passion for their native land, which philosophers ascribe to all mountaineers above any other people, it must be like parting with their right hand or eye, to leave the beloved scenes of their childhood and first love, to leave their cottage by the river, and the clear silver fountain in the glen, and to break up those customs which have become part of their nature. No wonder it has been said that they come here to plant a home in the wilderness, and die.

We regret to say, that the Peers of Scotland, since the accession of James to the crown of England, have been characterized by greater servility than any other noblemen in the world. None but English Peers have a legal right to a seat in the House of Lords. Scotch Peers have the qualification, but they must be elected, and this insult they have meekly put up with since the days of Annie (Queen Anne). The Campbells alone, have been distinguished for love of country and countrymen; the Graemes have been persecuting butchers; Loudon and Eglington have kind hearts, if they had wise heads; the noble Gordon is penniless; and who could discover the military genius, and strong arm of the ancient Douglas, in the inert Dukes of Hamilton? And what have the Scotch Commons done for their country? Lord Brougham kneels upon the "wool sack," and says of the Reform Bill, "Upon my bended knees I beseech you, my Lords, to pass the Bill;" the Reform Bill is passed, ten pound renters are ejected from the estates of the rich, and the election of a county member may depend upon a single nobleman, and if he is an English Peer, like Richmond, all that he has to do, is to whistle, and his dog, either terrier or mastiff, in the house of Commons barks for him. Aberdeen, Peel, Brougham, and T. B. M'Cauley, may bluster about human rights and human freedom, but their conduct reminds me strongly of that huge machine in a manufactory, vulgarly denominated "the Devil," which in preparing the cotton in its first process, oftentimes raises such a dust, that the great iron teeth, which knaws and tears the wool, are completely obscured. To those gentlemen, we would say,

* A ferry something like the Hudson, at New York.

if they wish to raise a monument of their philanthropy, let them read and ponder upon the inscription of Sir Christopher Wren, "Look around you." If any part of the British people are to be sacrificed, let it not be the virtuous, rural population, driven from their country, or wedged up in the districts of temptation and crime, that the price of physical consumpt might be raised; so that the descendants of the Feudal Barons might still tower above the rich and avaricious merchant. To those noble people, driven by their landlords from the homes of their love, we would say, seek for a more free country than the down-trodden land of Wallace. Scotland can have no charms for you, for ingratitude, black ingratitude, is the sin of your rulers. What, though the corpses of your fathers and brothers manure the fields of Corunna and Waterloo, what of all that; if you ask for bread, "they will give you a stone; for a fish they will give you a serpent." Go to the land of true freedom, where the lands you tread may be your own, a Lord yourself, a legislator too, and if difficulties and troubles meet you, we say toil on, strive on, you will yet have your reward; in the mean time, remember the saying of one of your own poets, "To bear is to conquer our fate."

(Original.)

K N O W T H Y S E L F .

BY EIDOLON.

SCIENCE, in its various phases, but represents the yearnings of the immortal mind, while the unity, observable throughout long courses of ages, in man's endeavours after knowledge of that kind which contributes the highest power of intellect incarnate, shews not only his unity with it, but it is, in its extent, as identical with self in its highest and noblest manifestations. A Kepler, a Copernicus, and many others of spher'd [incarnated immensity, lived and died, and had some bright glimpses of heavens whole, but it remained to the individual mind of a Newton, to bring to earth, and hold in intimate communion, the vast concerns of immensity, to reduce to the compass of the dome of thought, "the laws which regulate, beautify, and in glory rule the great Universe, the heretofore fathomless abyss of wandering speculation, and confused cogitation of doubt, and hope, and expectations unrealized.

How vast the thought, but how consoling to the mind of the seeker after real knowledge and rest, amidst the thousand distracting theories of ephemeral growth and strife for fame, is the persuasion, that within the extent of mind, and in mind rest all the facts of science, the truth of theory, and the freedom of knowledge.

Astronomy now is thought of as knowledge, certain, definite, and fixed, though much remains to be ascertained within its vast connections.

The truth of calculations, in view of the phenomena of astronomical research, is regarded as evidence of the truth of the system, yet no respect is had to the fact, that apart from the source of that truth, the verity of astronomical theory, as a subject of research or thought, could not, cannot be assented to, and thus in this, as in many other departments of science, the cause is less regarded than the effect, the Creator than the created.

The laws of mind, which give being to science, and nerve the efforts of the most successful of its votaries, are but reflected in the various appearances which scientific effort assumes, and the theretical master of heaven's laws, seen in the various bodies of the field of his discoverings, acknowledged that mastery obtained "by patiently thinking thereunto."

There shall yet come the man who will unveil the mysteries of heaven's depths, and make common the unfathomed parts of its now "obscure," only because in himself is embodied the light and the power that there reigns and rules in yet unascertained strength, for that no man is yet found to unseal its mysteries, now an uncertain law, and perhaps, therefore, an unmitigable tyrant.

Superstition and ignorance appear to have been, in all ages of the world, co-existent and dependent mutually for their continuance. Knowledge, like the spirit of sanctity, regenerates mind, and adapts it to the requisitions of that known; before it, fear, and awe, and dispositions akin to these, sink not to rise again; that known is part of ourselves, while the knowable is not without us, and minds of much more importance than matter, though rolling in spheres thousand fold size of earth, at vast distances, inconceivable to mind, (as calculation requires us to believe) and negativing every possibility of sensible apprehension.

A thing of earth has no being in sense, at the short remove of some score miles, but stars and spheres of upper worlds, though millions of spaces inconceivable intervene, are reduced to the certainty of calculable reality, and their connections seen into with the ease that attends a ramble through the ways of an ancient homestead. The truth will one day come to light, that we have been, and are cherishing fondly and foolishly, an immensity that hath no being apart from self, and a space, which sight and organization alone create, but "the proper study of mankind" is apparently not man.

A TRUE SKETCH.

Insatiate monster, would not one suffice?
Thrice flew thy shaft and thrice my peace was slain.—YOUNG

THE beams of the autumn sun were lingering along the hills and tinging the fading leaves of the forest with their soft, yellow hue, as the stage coach rolled into my native village and deposited me, with its other live freight, at the "Antelope," the principal hotel, where often in my boyish hours I had heedlessly passed away my idle time

listening to the current gossip of the village. Ten years had passed by since, on one cold frosty morning, I had turned my back on the same spot, saddened by the pain of parting with the friends and companions of my childhood, the parents I loved and the thousand familiar scenes of the homestead, but still with a bosom beating fond with visions of hope. I had tried the great world; drank deep at the polluted fountains of fashion; experienced my share of hollow friendships, until sickened by the nauseating draughts, I sought again the healthy atmosphere of home, as a relief from the contagion of moral leprosy. During all this long, long absence from the home of my fathers, one bright vision burned with intensity, not even obscured by the clouds of vice that darken the purlieus of St. James, or the busy haunts of Parisian gaiety. It was the image of Mary Vernon. We had gamboled together through the first years of childhood, and though no vows had passed, no confessions of attachment had been spoken, the tearful glance at parting had unsealed the hidden treasures of our mutual hearts, and had remained indelibly engraven on my mind. Twelve months had elapsed since I had received tidings from home; and the heart fondly anxious for the fate of those it treasures, can alone divine the tumultuous emotions that filled my bosom as I alighted from the stage] and gave my hasty directions to mine host of the Antelope concerning my luggage. The villa of my father was but a short mile from the village, and thither I determined to proceed at once, on foot, that I might enjoy a pleasing surprise. As I approached the old house it seemed as but yesterday I had left it; there was the high terrace that overlooked the garden, where the regular rows of box and yew defined the borders of the flower knots. There, too, was the fish-pond, where, with boyish indolence, I had warred with the finny tribe. Every thing looked fresh and beautiful as when I paid my last visit to the grounds. I was a child once more—and the feelings of the wayward boy returned upon me again; the very pony upon which I used to ride, was quietly grazing a short distance off. For my life I could not refrain from clapping my hands with a childish glee and rushing, as I was wont, to the house. Not a soul met my sight until I entered the old hall, upon the walls of which was suspended the trophies of my ancestors' prowess in the battle field, as harrassed knights, and in the chase as able hunters. As I crossed the threshold an old servant met me with an exclamation of surprise, but his sable dress and melancholy countenance told too plainly that all my expectations, like earth's fairest dreams, were destined to blight and disappointment. His first remark confirmed my fears, and told me that a coronet adorned my brows at the expense of a father's life. Blow followed blow. Father, mother, all, all in a short twelve months had gone to another and a better world. O, God! to think with what feelings of love, and reverence I was flying to their embrace; and then to find no answering voice—no beaming eye—no outstretched hand, to welcome the wanderer home. There was the little mounds that marked their resting places, freed from the sorrows of earth, but their smile of affection was to beam on me no more; every object on which my eye fell as I tottered, leaning on the servant's arm into the usual family sitting room, spoke with a voice of desolation to my poor heart. There was

my father's arm chair—my mother's couch—yea, and even the stool on which I had so often sat, while my young mind was enchain'd by the lessons of piety that fell from the lips of my sainted mother. Misery, I thought thy cup was full; but a drug more potent was yet to be mingled in the cup.

The clergyman of the village had hastened to the house as soon as he heard of my arrival. From him I learned the particulars of my parents' pleasing exit from time. They died as they had lived, the disciples of the blessed Jesus.

During all this melancholy detail, one star of hope glittered through the gloom, and promised an anodyne for my bruised heart. I inquired for Mary Vernon. The same fatal epidemic that had taken off my family had borne her to the tomb.

It was enough; the shaft was quivering in my heart, and the last drop of youthful feelings run out from the wound. In a few days I was enabled to visit the tombs of those I had loved—and the brightest ray that shone upon my heart, as I bent in the old churchyard beside the graves of my parents, was the reflection that in the very waywardness of my childhood I had never caused a pang, by my ingratitude, to visit the hearts now pulseless below.

The grave of Mary Vernon was a spot I loved to visit—she died in her beauty, ere yet her young heart had learned to throb with agonizing cares—for there is a communion of spirits between hearts which love, and they intuitively feel when the prized object is constant. I expect to be laid beside her when I die; for oh! the voice of ambition and the lust of fame is dead in my heart; earth hath nothing worth living for to me, and the quiet of my library, and the sweet promises of God's book, teach me as I look to the future, that I shall meet my loved and lost.—“Independent Odd-Fellow.”

UNITED ANCIENT ORDER OF DRUIDS.

As a large number of the readers of the Gavel are members of this Order, we publish for their especial benefit, the following extract from Buck's Theological Dictionary:

“Druids, the priests or ministers of religion among the ancient Gauls, Britons, and Germans. They were chosen out of the best families; they had the honors of their birth, joined with those of their function, procured them the highest veneration among the people. They were versed in astrology, geometry, natural philosophy, politics and geography; they were the interpreters of religion, and the judges of all affairs indifferently. Whoever refused obedience to them, was declared impious and accursed. We know but little as to their peculiar doctrines, only that they believed the immortality of the soul, and as is generally supposed, the transmigration of it to other bodies; though a recent author makes it appear highly probable they did not believe this last, at least, not in the sense of the Pythagoreans. The chief settlement of the Druids in Britain was in the isle of Anglesea, the ancient Mona, which they might choose for this purpose, as it is well stored

with precious groves of their favorite oak. They were divided into several classes or branches, such as the priests, the poets, the augurs, the civil judges, and instructors of youth. Strabo, however, does not comprehend all these different orders under the denomination of Druids; he only distinguishes three kinds: bardi, poets; the vates, priests and naturalists; and the druids, who, besides the study of nature, applied themselves likewise to morality.

" Their garments were remarkably long; and when employed in religious ceremonies, they likewise wore a white surplice. They generally carried a wand in their hands, and wore a kind of ornament, enchased with gold, about their necks, called the druid's egg. They had one chief, or arch-druid, in every nation, who acted as high priest, or pontifex maximus. He had absolute authority over the rest, and commanded, decreed and punished at pleasure. They worshipped the Supreme Being under the name of Esus or Hesus, and the symbol of the oak; and had no other temple than a wood or a grove, where all their religious rights were performed. Nor was any person permitted to enter that sacred recess unless he carried with him a chain in token of his absolute dependence on the Deity. Indeed, their whole religion originally consisted in acknowledging that Supreme Being, who made his abode in these sacred groves, governed the universe; and that every creature ought to obey his laws, and pay him divine homage. They considered the oak as the emblem, or rather the peculiar residence of the Almighty; and accordingly chaplets of it were worn both by the druids and people, in their religious ceremonies: the altars were strewed with its leaves, and encircled with its branches. The fruit of it, especially the mistletoe, was thought to contain a divine virtue, and to be the peculiar gift of Heaven. It was, therefore, sought for on the sixth day of the moon, with the greatest earnestness and anxiety; and when found, was hailed with such rapture of joy, as almost exceeds imagination to conceive. As soon as the druids were informed of the fortunate discovery, they prepared every thing for the sacrifice under the oak, to which they fastened two white bulls by the horns; then the arch-druid, attended by a prodigious number of people, ascended the tree, dressed in white; and, with a consecrated golden knife, or pruning hook, cropped the mistletoe, which he received in his robe, amidst the rapturous exclamations of the people. Having secured this sacred plant, he descended the tree; the bulls were sacrificed, and the Deity invoked to bless his own gift, and render it efficacious in those distempers in which it should be administered."

BENEVOLENCE.

TRUE benevolence is an active principle, prompting those whom it controls to exert themselves in all the modes of beneficence which are in their power, and required by the circumstances of their fellow-creatures; its sole tendency is to employ itself in the solid and useful acts of kindness by which the real good of others is efficaciously promoted.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO OUR PATRONS.

THIS No. completes the first volume of the "Gavel," and as we have determined to continue its publication, we would now solicit the renewal of your subscriptions.

Of the past, we have little to say. It has not been without labor and anxiety on our part, but our courage has been sustained by the kindness and forbearance of our friends, and if our efforts have been useful to the cause which we have espoused, then have we been fully rewarded for all our trials and difficulties. Whether, in the conduct of the Gavel through the first year of its existence, we have fulfilled the promises made at its first appearance, you are the best judges. We would merely say that we have endeavoured to do so; and at least deserve credit for good intentions, even though we have failed of success. Our purpose, however, is now with the future rather than the past, therefore rendering our grateful acknowledgments for favors heretofore received, we proceed at once to the subject-matter of this communication.

To each and all of our patrons then we would say—**WILL YOU RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE GAVEL?** Will you aid us in extending its circulation? Of the usefulness, or the expediency of a periodical devoted to the interest of our Order there is, there can be, no question; but the question is, Will you aid in sustaining and supporting the Gavel in the career on which it has commenced? Will you lend your aid to the dissemination of the doctrines and principles of our beloved Order? In this magazine questions of importance to the general welfare of the Order are discussed, information of passing events transmitted, and occurrences, local in their nature, yet often of universal interest, are recorded. Prejudices against, and ignorance of, the objects of our Order, still exist in the minds of many a worthy person, who by a "plain unvarnished" statement of facts, or by a timely and well argued appeal, may be converted from opponents into friends. We design, moreover, that the Gavel shall be a medium for the free interchange of opinion on subjects relative to the Order, that thus our action may be concentrated and rendered beneficial to all. How, we would ask, are these objects to be accomplished in any other manner with so fair a prospect of success as by means of an organ, known and recognized as belonging to and approved by the Order. Such an organ has the Gavel been during the past year—and now, with renewed energies and increased facilities, we again present our claim to your patronage. Friends and brethren, shall it have your aid for the coming year, not only to maintain but to increase its influence and ability for good, and to enlarge its sphere of action?

The cost to you individually is small—the favor to us great, and we trust even greater to the cause of the Order. Brothers, will you then "come up to the help" of the Order?

Reader! these queries are addressed to you. What is your answer?

OUR NEXT VOLUME.

THE encouragement extended to us during the last year, has induced us to continue the publication of the *GAVEL* with an increased number of pages monthly. It is, with its present amount of reading matter, the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States, and with the addition which will be made to the next volume, will place every other magazine, in this respect, far in the background. As regards the *quality* of the repast which will be from month to month spread before our readers, we are willing that it should be judged by that which has heretofore been provided; but in this, as well as the *quantity*, we intend there shall be a corresponding improvement. Several well known writers, who have not as yet been contributors, will lend their assistance to those who, during the past year, have filled our pages. By these means, we hope not only to retain the subscribers who have prized our labor sufficiently to give us their patronage, but largely increase the list. The Directory, which was compiled for, and *first* published in the *GAVEL*, will be given from time to time, and in all instances carefully corrected and filled up, as far as possible, to the time at which it is published. This, of itself, to many whose duties or inclination prompt them to be familiar with the names, location, &c., of lodges, will be worth more than the subscription price for the whole work.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THAT the *GAVEL* is one of the best and cheapest mediums of Advertising ever offered to the brotherhood, is now admitted on all hands. As none but members of the Order are allowed the use of its columns, it will have the effect of bringing the Advertisements of Odd-Fellows directly before their brethren, and as the next number commences a new year of publication, it will be an excellent opportunity for those wishing their cards inserted to commence.

THE ORDER IN THIS DISTRICT.

THE annexed statement will show the work of the several lodges in this district, for the quarter commencing April 1st and ending July 1st:

No. initiations.....	90
No. of degrees conferred.....	214
No. of contributing members.....	1000
Amount of lodge receipts,.....	\$1749.41

The reports of relief for the year ending July 1st, show the following items:

No. of brothers relieved	156
Amount paid for relief of brothers.....	\$1977.72
" " burying the dead.....	234.00
Total amount of relief.....	\$2211.72

LITERARY NOTICE.

History of Schoharie County and Border Wars of New York; containing a sketch of the causes which led to the American Revolution, and interesting memoranda of the Mohawk Valley, together with much other critical and miscellaneous matter, never before published. Illustrated with more than thirty engravings. By JEPHTHA K. SIMMS. Albany, Dunsell & Tanner, Printers.

Much, very much of the early history of our country, of those "times that tried men's souls" remains unwritten. Much will doubtless ever remain so. Many incidents of "soul stirring" interest have already passed into oblivion, and as our hoary headed revolutionary fathers are gathered into "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," so passes irrecoverably away, the opportunity of recording in story or in song, the tales of "accident by flood and field" that fall from their quivering lips. When the late lamented Col. Stone published his "Life of Brant," we rejoiced that there was one of our countrymen possessed of sufficient patience and perseverance, sufficient devotion to his country, to delve into the mines of our unwritten history, and bring before the popular mind, the half forgotten tales of the early struggles of our patriotic sires, of which we are reaping the precious benefits. But though Col. Stone brought to light many things which, but for him, would ere this have been lost for ever, many incidents, the actors in which have already passed to their long home—yet we were sensible that the gleanings of that field would still afford a rich reward to whoever, possessed of proper qualifications, should undertake the labor. Such a person is Mr. Simms, and we are well pleased to find his "History of Schoharie County and Border Wars of New York" upon our table. The author in his preface, informs us that he commenced the collection of materials for his work in 1837, and obtained much of his information from aged persons, who could truly say of the incidents related,

"I was an actor in, or I witnessed them."

These incidents relate not only to the "History of Schoharie County," but to that of the entire State of New York—and indeed the author intimates that on finding that his subject matter occupied a wider range than he had originally proposed—he had thought of adopting a less local title for his volume—but then as the poet says—"What's in a name?" The book is a good one, whether with a name or without one, valuable alike to the antiquarian and the general reader—and we trust it will meet with that favor at the hands of the public, that the laborious and diligent research of the author so richly merits. We have been amused and interested in looking over the pages of this work (for we have not yet read it in detail), for without containing any connected account of the early history of the country, its details of matters of peculiar interest are exceedingly minute—and the sketches of characters who figured in the Border Wars, peculiarly characteristic of the times and of the men.

In closing our notice of this work, we take occasion to say that such men as Mr. Simms deserve well of their country, and we trust that others will be stimulated by his success to "go and do likewise."

At a regular Meeting of the City Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5, held on the 23rd day of May, 1845, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the report of the Committee be accepted and adopted.

Resolved, That the report of the Committee and these resolutions be sent to the Editors of the COVENANT, and the GAVEL, for insertion in their respective publications.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and seal of our Lodge, this 30th day of May, 1845.

GEO. N. GOODNO, Secretary.

THE Committee of this Lodge appointed to investigate the truth of the charges preferred against John M. Dexter, would state that so far as the facts of the charges are concerned, they have no evidence except that contained in a letter received in answer to a communication sent by this Lodge to Boston, asking information as to the acts charged against said Dexter, in a printed circular from Franklin Lodge, of that City. That in reference to that answer, and the facts stated therein, they have no choice but to believe that the charges are true and correct, while the consequences of such acts are, they believe, truly stated in such charge. They would also state, that they consider it quite impossible that any other person would have practised the acts spoken of, than John M. Dexter, (without he was an accomplice of said Dexter,) when, as the Committee think, he would be alike culpable. As the abode of said Dexter is unknown to the Committee, they could not summon him to appear before them, and in view of this fact, they would recommend that he be suspended indefinitely, for the purpose of enabling him to make defence hereafter, if he should require.

Albany, 22nd May, 1845.

Signed by the Committee. Brothers LANSING VAN WIE, P. GRANDS J. P. PEWTRESS, FRED. INGMIRE, DAVID McCULLOCH, W. B. SCOTT.

Died,

On Friday morning, 18th inst. after a severe and lingering disease of 7 months, borne with true fortitude and resignation, Bro. William H. Noyes, of Firemen's Lodge No. 19, aged 33 years.

At a special meeting of Firemen's Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. held at Commercial Buildings, to make arrangements for the funeral obsequies of Bro. Wm. H. NOYES, the following preamble and resolutions, offered by P. G. Cornelius Glen, were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, It having pleased the Almighty Dispenser of all good to call from our midst by death, after a lingering and severe illness of near seven months, which has been borne with great fortitude and resignation, our well-beloved Bro. Wm. H. NOYES; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Firemen's Lodge No. 19 deplore the loss of Wm. H. Noyes, our Worthy Brother, and hereby deeply sympathise with the family and friends of the deceased, in this, their early bereavement, whose virtues have endeared him to us; and that we will attend his funeral in full Regalia as the last tribute of respect to departed worth. Also that invitations be and are hereby fraternally extended to the Brethren of the Order in this and the adjoining districts, to unite with us in the performance of these our last and duties to his memory.

Resolved, That the charter and insignia of this Lodge be clothed in mourning for the remainder of the term.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing, signed by the three first officers of this Lodge, be forwarded to the family of our deceased brother, and the same be published in the city papers.

SAML. H. JOHNSON, N. G.
JOHN COOPER, V. G.
JOHN NIBLOCK, Sec'y.

July 18, 1845.

TERMS OF THE GAVEL.—Single copies per annum \$1. Any person forwarding us the names of five subscribers, (enclosing \$5) will be entitled to the sixth copy gratis. All payments must be made invariably in advance.

Address,

JOHN TANNER, Publisher of the Gavel,
58 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

RECORD OF THE ORDER FOR ALBANY.

CHARLES HOLT, DDGM, PRO. TEM.

EN-HAKKORE ENCAMPPMENT, No. 5.—Van Buren Lockrow, CP; Corn's Brooks, HP; Charles Holt, SW; Jetur Gardiner, Scribe; A. Heyer Brown, Treasurer; Geo. Quackenbush, JW.

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TENNESSEE—W. H. Chaplain, *Memphis*.

MISSOURI—William Childs, *Booneville*.

